



OXFORD  
UNIVERSITY  
SCHOOL OF  
ENGLISH



8432

XN 11.3 DAV

L. Twysden  
Gulston Cottage  
Nr Lowestoft  
April 10<sup>th</sup> 1855.

---



51



DAVIDSON'S  
UNIVERSAL MELODIST,

CONSISTING OF

THE MUSIC AND WORDS

OF

POPULAR, STANDARD, AND ORIGINAL SONGS, &c.

ARRANGED SO AS TO BE EQUALLY ADAPTED FOR

THE SIGHT-SINGER,  
THE PERFORMER ON THE FLUTE, CORNOPEAN, ACCORDION,  
VIOLIN, OR OTHER TREBLE INSTRUMENT.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

G. H. DAVIDSON, 19, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS.

MDCCCLIII.

## PREFACE.

THE appearance of such a volume as this is of itself conclusive evidence of the progress made in this country, within the last few years, in the cultivation and appreciation of the science of Music. Till the delusion was dispelled by the appearance and triumphant success of "The Musical Treasury," the musical public had been accustomed to rate themselves as so insignificant a section of the public at large, as to be induced to believe that while the greater class, from its immensity, could be supplied with literature of a high order at a price almost nominal, the lesser one was so limited in number, that nothing short of shillings for the quantity of paper and print vended to others for their peace, could possibly repay those who were magnanimous enough to minister to their circumscribed demands;—and this notion continued to prevail for a length of years, although there is hardly in England at this time a respectable house which does not count a Piano-forte in its inventory of furniture. At length, however, appeared "The Musical Treasury," with the declared object of furnishing the Piano-fortist with Songs at Threepence each, instead of Eighteenpence; Quadrilles at Threepence, instead of Three Shillings; Overtures and Waltzes at Sixpence, instead of from Three to Five Shillings each; and all other Pieces in like ratio. The ancients of the Music Trade took their first exception to the intruder on the ground that Cheap Music could not be correct, forgetting, or not choosing to admit, that correctness is a matter of capacity, not of expense—that the cost of engraving, paper, and printing, is the same for incorrect as for correct work;—and this insinuation no doubt had its influence among small minds, till the intellectual began to compare the cheap with the dear Music, when they were rewarded by the discovery of the fact, that the one was as far above the other in general accuracy as it was below it in price. This point unwillingly conceded, the next assertion was, that correct Music at such a price must result in the ruin of those foolhardy enough to produce it. The production, however, has continued on to the extent of considerably more than 400 different Pieces, the proprietor has demonstrated the capability of paying largely out of small profits, by engaging on the work whatever talent he has thought likely to advance its ultimate importance; and "The Musical Treasury" is now the self-chosen medium of bringing before the public the writings of some of the most esteemed composers of the day—Mr. Henry Russell alone having contributed to it above Sixty of his popular Songs and Scenes.

It is the experience derived from this speculation that has given rise to the following pages. A few years ago the project would not only have failed for want of support, but the mechanical means of accomplishing it did not exist. The old-fashioned style of printing from dirty pewter-plates, clumsily punched, is wholly at variance with the production of a handsome library volume; and the uneducated character of the poor people employed in punching pewter-plates is an utter denial to their producing the literary portions of Vocal Music in a condition at all satisfactory to educated persons. Until lately, Music Type, also, was so imperfect, that its inefficiency was hardly counterbalanced by the more scholastic character of all Music Printing emanating from Letter-Press Printers, as distinguished from the Printer from pewter plates. But, through the enterprise of the English Type-Founders, the Letter-Press Printer is now supplied with Music Type perfectly capable of delineating every mark and direction required for the most recondite compositions; and, although the first cost of Music thus produced, instead of being cheaper, as those interested against the system would wish to be believed, amounts to about five times as much as that created under the olden system, its mathematical precision and elegance recommend it so strongly, and its great durability holds out a prospect of profit, if not large at first, yet so long-continuing, that the Publisher has felt himself justified in incurring the great outlay necessarily occasioned in the collecting, revising, and printing of above 800 Songs, with the Music adapted alike for the Vocalist and the Performer on most Treble Instruments, and in laying them before the Musical World at the unprecedented price of Eight Shillings, in an elegant and durable binding.

Another volume of similar dimensions will follow in due course, extending the collection to above 1600 Songs, printed into volumes suitable for the shelves of the library, yet easily portable to musical unions. Simultaneously, the Publisher's Edition of "The Songs of Charles Dibdin" is reprinted for the fifth time, with numerous additions in the Musical Department—the paper, typography, and dimensions corresponding with those of this volume, and care being taken that none of the Songs of either work shall appear in the other; so that, while each has an entirety in itself, the subscriber to the whole will not be unumbered with any thing in duplicate.

# CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

A Cavalier gallop'd.....	page 26
A Chierlain to the Hilarious Sound.....	424
A Christmas Carol—H. Russell, Poetry by C. Dickens.....	387
A Farewell, to an Air by Mozart.....	37
A fawn-headed Cow-boy.....	166
A Frog he would a Wooley go.....	106
A Goblet of Wine—J. M. Jolly, Poetry by J. W. Leslie.....	139
A Hero's Life I sing, his Story shall my Pen mark.....	303
A Knight and a Lady once met in a Grove.....	406
A Lay of Greeting from afar—H. R. H. Prince Albert.....	286
A Life by de Guller Pier—Parody, as sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders.....	358
A Life in the West—H. Russell, Poetry by G. F. Morris.....	218
A Life on the Ocean Wave—H. Russell.....	353
A Man's a Man for a' that—Burns.....	26
A poor Soul sat sighing beneath a tall Tree.....	272
A Prey to tender Anguish—Haydn.....	278
A Tale I'll tell you without any Flair.....	190
A Thousand Years ago—Spohr.....	288
A traveler stopp'd at a Widow's Gate—Gilbert.....	25
A weary lot is thine, Fair Maid—Poetry by Scott.....	123
A wee Bird cam' to our Ha' Door.....	243
A while the Maid the Stranger eyed.....	172
A Wolf, while Julia slept—Kellie—Words by Lewis.....	413
A young Rose in my Garden grew—H. Russell.....	206
Across the Down, this Morning.....	160
As I rose the twinkling Lock I see.....	425
Adieu, my lov'd Harp.....	534
Adieu, my Native Land! adieu.....	279
Adown to the Valley.....	159
Advertisement for a Wife.....	271
As Nicht! 'tis the Gloom! as late I pass'd by.....	355
Awgine down to New Orleans.....	156
Ab, sore a Fair was never seen—From the Duenna.....	109
As I went to the Fair—From Opera of Tarrare.....	95
Alone Gray—Mrs. F. Millard.....	134
All around the May-Pole—Dr. Arne.....	384
All hail, happy Meeting—T. B. Pratt.....	201
All built were the Brecon.....	279
All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd.....	304
All the World has been ask'd to the Party To-night.....	356
All to astonish the Browns, as song by H. Russell.....	16
Allen Brooke of Wyndermere—Hook.....	369
Alions, Enfants de la Patrie—the Marseilles Hymn.....	586
Alone by the Light of the Moon—Hook.....	386
Alva—Irish Melody, Moore's 'Rich and Rare,' the Poetry by Leman Bede.....	110
An Irish Drinking-Song—C. Dibdin.....	272
An' thou were my Ain Thing.....	217
Anseroon, they say, was a Jolly Old Blade.....	236
And how are they then in her Fair.....	167
And must I part with thee.....	251
And this I think a Reason Sir—C. Dibdin.....	284
And we're a Noddin'.....	192
Annie and Jamie—Scottish Melody, J. Sanderson.....	425
Annie Dear—Irish Melody, Poetry by T. Davis.....	166
Annie Laurie—Scottish Melody.....	132
Another Cup, and then—C. Dibdin.....	214
As I down on Burns's Banks—the Marseilles Hymn.....	586
As I roam'd the Fields alone.....	264
As I was a walking.....	26
As I was rambling down de Street.....	269
As I was sitting in my Room.....	426
Ask if you Damsel Rose be sweet.....	240
Aslet me, ye Lads who have Hearts.....	242
As walking forth to view the Plains.....	435
At Batehill Green, the other Day.....	354
At Sixteen Years old.....	244
At the Baron of Mowbray's Gate was seen.....	335
At the peaceful Midnight Hour.....	369
Attend to me, Landamen and Sailors.....	251
Attend unto me for a While.....	157
Attune the Pipe; attune the gladsome Lay—Pi-yel.....	375
Auld Lang Syne—Scottish Melody, Poetry by Burns.....	104
Auld Robin Gray—Words by Lady Anne Lindsay.....	8
Away, away, with the Willow.....	146
Away down in New Orleans I gets upon de Landin'.....	363
away! we know that Tears are rare—P. W. Porter.....	407
—Poetry by Lord Byron.....	407
—Poem with Me anebolty—Mozart.....	407

Bachelor's Fare—Henry West, R.A.....	page 354
Banners are waving o'er Women's dark Health.....	354
Barney Brailshan's Courtship—Blewitt.....	346
Be a good Man, and take care of yourself.....	404
Be gone, Gull G, and take care of yourself.....	314
Be ye ready, your Country is calling.....	246
Beauties! there is nothing new.....	288
Beautiful Streamlet, how precious to me.....	10
Beauty in Tatters—Augustus Volpi.....	430
Before and after Marriage—T. A. Brett.....	178
'Behold me!' sang Hassan, the fearless and free.....	259
Believe me, the Spell is a shrover—H. West.....	428
Believe not the Tales they have told thee—H. Russell.....	73
Ben Battle, or Faithless Nelly Gray.....	200
Beside a Fountain Border.....	209
Beside the lone Sea—Melody by Bellini.....	290
Betty Wade and Mr. Solomon—Hook.....	320
Bide ye yet—Old Scotch Song.....	375
Billy Vite and Nelly Green.....	284
Blind the Brow—J. M. Jolly, Poetry by J. W. Leslie.....	146
Black-eyed Susan—Old English Air, Poetry by Gay.....	304
Bliss'd Day! thrice happy will it prove.....	374
Blind Mary—Irish Melody, 'In the Morning of Life'.....	469
Blow, blow, thou Winter's Wind—Dr. Arne.....	54
Blow, ye gentle Breezes—From Auber's 'Crown Jewels,' Poetry by G. Soane.....	81
Blow, ye Winds—Verdi's 'Aida,' Poetry by G. Soane.....	116
Blue Bonnets over the Border.....	162
Bonnie Charlie—Hook, Words by Upton.....	286
Bonnie Charlie—A Jacobite Song.....	309
Bonnie Jean—Poetry by B. Burns.....	262
Bonny Lammie, will ye go.....	424
Bonnie Lassie Bailie—Scottish Melody.....	197
Bonny Bel, sweet Blossom—Shird.....	49
Bonny Bree Scotchman! bid me go.....	174
Bound 'Frestles to a Waterman—J. Sanderson.....	281
Boys, when I play, cry 'O criminal'.....	412
Breathe not again that Dreadful Word—Irish Melody, Moore's 'Where'er I see those smiling Eyes,' the Poetry by Leman Bede.....	49
Brian Born—Irish Melody, 'Garry Owen'.....	31
Bring me the Wine—Hindustanee Melody, the Poetry by W. Keeler.....	361
Bruce's Address—'Scots who have'.....	34
Bubbin, Squash, and Petticoats—C. Dibdin.....	209
Had not yet, ye gentle Flowers—From Verdi's 'Nina,' the Words G. Soane, A.B.....	64
Buffalo Gals, as sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders.....	229
Bugle Song—Marie J. Kluit, Poetry translated from the German.....	428
Burial of the Lord—Verdi—the Poetry from the German.....	359
Bush ye, bush ye, my Bonny Bride—Scottish Melody.....	207
But are ye sure the News is true?.....	370
By a Murmuring Brook—Sir J. A. Stevenson.....	349
By Moonlight he met her.....	196
By Rhine's Blue Waters, or 'On Yonder Rock Reclining'—Scene in 'Fra Diavolo'.....	35
By the gaily circling Glass—Dr. Arne.....	35
By the side of a murmuring Stream.....	281
C'en native Scenes delight me.....	434
Can't you dance the Polka?—S. D. Saunders.....	12
Caroline Wall—P. W. Porter, Poetry by Sir W. Scott.....	42
Could I kiss the Wind from North to South.....	207
Cease, ends Breeze, hie't'ring Raller—Falconer.....	126
Chains on the Violets, Bloom in the Air.....	352
Charlie is my Darling.....	36
Charlie's to be my Wife—As sung by the Ethiopians.....	36
Cherubim.....	416
Choose ye, who will.....	41
Chundah's Song—Hindustanee Melody.....	336
Clen Grogg—Philip Knapton.....	283
Clouds that sweep the Midnight Heav'n.....	312
Come all ye jolly Sailors hold.....	294
Come all ye Blades, both high and low.....	294
Come, boat me over.....	86
Come, Brothers, arouse—Henry Russell.....	1
Come, buy my Ballads—M. P. King.....	399
Come, cheer up, my Lads—Dr. Boyce.....	308

# CONTENTS.

Come, dance, and put your Work away	97
Come, fill the Cup—H. Russell, Poetry by H. G. Sharpe	72
* Come, gie's a sang, Montgomery cried	588
Come hither, thou beautiful Rover	344
Come, if you dare—From Antaresen	218
Come in the Evening	187
Come, Lads, here's good Luck	95
Come, list, ye fair Maids	126
Come, listen, kind Gentlefolks all—H. Russell	322
Come, live with me and be my Love—C. Morley	145
Come, Lovers, to me—Serenade—J. M. Jolly	47
Come, my Friends!—Druid's March in Norma, the Words by G. Seane, A. B.	55
Come now, all ye Social Poets	246
Come, I've with me—J. F. Dunne, Poetry by C. Mackay	290
Come, sweet One! come—H. H. H. Prince Albert	297
Come to these Arms, my own true-hearted	329
Comin' thro' the Rye	8
Could the Voice that I love's wake again—Irish Melody, Moore's 'She is far from the Land,' the Poetry by Leman Rede	143
Crave Jane—Miss Abrams, Poetry by Monk Lewis	203
Cupid! lovely charming Boy!	404
Cupid mid the Flowers playing—J. P. Knight	97
Cushamachree—Irish Melody	248
Dance, Boatman, dance—As sung by H. Russell	21
Dandy Jim of Caroline—As sung by H. Russell	25
Dart-eyed Beauty—Air 'Tu non sals La Sonnam-bula, Poetry by Leman Rede	140
Dark, dark, was the Dungeon, and bomid the Walls	296
Dark leard the Night, loud road's the Main	297
Day again is ending, from Rosini's 'Benimramida'	482
Daylight blanches o'er the Mountain	212
Days of Yore—W. A. Nield	260
De Dandy Broadway Swell—As sung by the Ethio-pian Serenaders	433
De Jaw-bone hung ober de Log-hot Fire	102
De Merry Shoe—Lark—Negro Melody	154
De Querecot Chap! I ever see	46
Dear Erin, how sweet thy green Bosom rises	249
Dear Father, smile!—Airy Lee, Poetry by Bailly	165
Dear Heart! how this World	38
Dear Land—Irish Melody, Poetry by Silabh Cullin	193
Dear Mary, Adieu!	215
Dear Scenes of Youth—Miss Dixon	212
Dear Tom, this broken Jug	96
Dearest Girl! I soon must leave thee—Stevenson	296
Derby in the Abyss—From Flotow's 'Ständelin', Poetry by G. Seane, A. B.	198
Deep o'er Alva's Tower falls	110
Der Trinker, the Tippler—C. Walther	372
Der's some one in de House wid Dinah	321
Descend, ye chaste Nuns!	105
Despair—Haydn	29
Devotion—D'Aleone, Poetry by Storm	329
Dicky Gosling—As sung by the celebrated Mr. Smet	283
Did ye see the red Rose on its becoy green Stem	267
Did you ne'er hear a Tale	155
Die Feen Konigin—The Fairy Queen—C. Walther	303
Diogenes, sorry and proud	254
Does my Brother think of me—Translated from the German of Prince Ernest, Music by Prince Albert	412
Donald—Old Scotch Song	121
Don't be so such a Harry—W. J. F. F. F.	24
Druid's House	258
Don't ask me how I am!	153
Down among the Dead Men	74
Down by the River there grows a Green Willow—Norace, Words by G. Colman	212
Drumming them away	245
Dunlop the Brave—French Romance	163
Early Days! how fair and fleeting!—Stevenson	213
Earth, to thy Bosom	60
Eleven Years have pass'd away	171
Emcompassed in an Angel's Frame—Jackson	316
England, Home of the Free—Oscar Perry	91
Ere around the Huge Oak—Hilch	23
Erin Go Bragh	98
Faint and Wearily—Dr. Arnold	223
Fair Janet—Mozart, the Poetry by Miss Mitford	271
Fair Jessie, the Maid of the Moor—Dr. John Clark, Poetry by Mrs. Hemans	226
Fair Ladies! I, being rather shy	271

Fair Lake! whose bright Crystal	page 297
Fare thee! take this Rose	116
Farewell of the Virgin Train	218
Farewell, James—Sir J. A. Stevenson	245
Fare ye! clip'd her Feet in Dew—Whitaker	245
Far, far from me—M. P. King	245
Far in the wild Wood	245
Far over yon Hills of the Heather sea green	207
Far removed from Noise and Smoke	156
Far removed from the Town	419
Fare thee Well—Mozart, Poetry by Lord Byron	21
Farewell, Sweet!—C. Gilfert, Poetry by H. F. F. F.	245
Farewell, thou Stream—Burns	10
Farewell to old England! thy white Cliffs, Adieu!	212
Father! I call on Thee, German Prayer—Himmel	21
Fight on!—From Flotow's 'Stradella'	143
Fill! fill! fill the Glass run o'er—Der Freyschütz	77
Fill up each Glass	129
Fisher's Song—Adapted to an Air by Von Rhyn	226
Flora MacDonald's Lament—Nell Gow, Jun.	10
Flow, thou regal purple Stream—Dr. Arnold	215
Fly not yet—Moore's Irish Melody	127
For England, when, with thy'ing Gale	13
For Freedom and his Native Land	549
For Tenderness form'd	149
Forget me not	249
Forgive the Muse that slumber'd	249
—Moore's 'I'd mourn the Hopes, Poetry by L. Rede	46
For there all the Handshakes of Life I could leave	296
Fresh and strong the Breeze is blowing—Dr. Arne	16
Friend of my Soul, when all has fled—Auber	243
From aloft the Sailor looks—Storace	85
From Distant Climes—J. Magrath	141
From Night till Morn	293
From the Jungle we be led—Sir J. A. Stevenson	245
From the steep Promontory gas'd	312
From the white-blossom'd Shrub	8
Funny and free are the Bachelor's Revelries	304
Gaffer Grib, Gaffer's Son	84
Gaiety de Cour—Adapted to an Air by Winter	216
Gentle Youth! an' tell me thy—Dr. Arne	21
Gentle Zephyr! whither away	74
Get up and bar the Door—Old Scotch Song	273
Git a Body meet a Body	6
Git I had a wee House, and a canny wee Fire	275
Growing with Love, on Fire for Fame	297
Go at Midnight's Dreamy Hour	307
God or Peace! before thee, peaceful, here we kneel	307
God save the Queen	249
Gramachree, Molly—Irish Melody	248
Gratitude—W. Beech	214
Green grow the Rushes, O!—Poetry by Burns	24
Green were the Fields where my Forefathers dwelt	98
Had I a Care no more distant Shore—Burns	115
Had I a Heart for Palashood from'd—Irish Melody, Moore's 'The Harp that once'	112
Hail! to my Fellows! arise and advance	454
Hamlet—Mock Heroic, by Hook, to the Tune of 'Luonon is the Devil'	3903
Happy Friendship—Old Scotch Air, Poetry by Burns	262
Happy be, to whom kind Heaven	436
Happy we are! together	362
Hark! I hear the Ocean's whelming noise—Moore's 'Love's Young Dream', Poetry by Leman Rede	129
Hark, Phillis! hark!	244
Hark! the Merry Bells—From Flotow's 'Stradella'	143
Hark! the Bells are gaily ringing—Verdi's 'Nino'	127
Hark! the Song of the moaning Vesper Gale—Hill	421
hastace Melody, Poetry by W. Reader	421
Hark! what Glee thy happy Chorus	245
Harvest Home—J. Darty, Poetry by J. D. D.	192
Human the Brave—Poetry by Sir Walter Scott	216
Haste! haste! I primer haste away—J. Nathan	212
Have I then the Love forsaken	412
Have ye Faith in Ourselves—T. A. Brett	210
He comes from the Water	22
He lives and he rides away—C. K. Horn	316
He's a little bit	245
He was laid V for Dreads of Arms—Court	223
He's comin' again	164
He's over the Hills that I love well	239
Hear me! Love!—From Weber's 'Der Freyschütz'	65
Heigho for a Husband	83
Heleu—Irish Melody, Moore's 'Meeting of the Waters', the Poetry by Leman Rede	28

# CONTENTS.

<i>Her Lover's Lute</i> .....	page 23	<i>I'll think upon Thee</i> .....	page 164
<i>Her Mouth, with a Smile</i> .....	171	<i>I'm Alone—Henry Russell</i> .....	8
<i>Here was there ever a wandering Willie</i> .....	261	<i>I'm Alone—A New Song for the Yacht Club, by</i>	
<i>Here we Met, in Room to Part—Rossini</i> .....	219	<i>Eliza Cook, to Henry Russell's Music</i> .....	91
<i>Here's a Health to those far away</i> .....	256	<i>I'm a General, 'tis well known</i> .....	261
<i>Here's a Health to the Queen, and a lasting Peace</i> .....	74	<i>I'm a Joiner by Trade</i> .....	106
<i>Here's a pretty Set of us</i> .....	268	<i>I'm a little forlorn, and my Tale is of Sorrow</i> .....	430
<i>Here's to the Maiden of Mountain Pines—Sheridan</i> .....	47	<i>I'm a Spirit of the Ocean</i> .....	219
<i>Hey, Junny, come down to Jack</i> .....	381	<i>I'm givin' sherry de Mountain—Negro Melody</i> .....	66
<i>Hi! Maid Mary! Poetry by Burns</i> .....	157	<i>I'm givin' to see my Ichty Dinah</i> .....	296
<i>Hither, Mary! Hither come!</i> —Book.....	142	<i>I'm not such a Fool as I look</i> .....	144
<i>Home—One of the Classical Songs of Germany,</i>		<i>I'm often ask'd by plodding Sods</i> .....	294
<i>with Translation by G. Soane, A.B.</i> .....	147	<i>I'm Simon Bore, just come from College</i> .....	332
<i>Honest Rob of the Mill</i> .....	163	<i>I'm Single yet</i> .....	67
<i>Hope, thou Nurse</i> .....	160	<i>I'm wearin' ewa, 'dean</i> .....	180
<i>Hope told a flattering Tale—Dr. Arne</i> .....	265	<i>I'm with you once again—W. H. Dempster, Poetry</i>	
<i>Hope, with her Rainbow beaming bright—Sir J.</i>		<i>by G. F. Morris</i> .....	137
<i>Stevenson, Words by J. A. Wade</i> .....	418	<i>In a stately Hall of Wars, one Day</i> .....	336
<i>How dear to this Heart are the Scenes of my Child-</i>		<i>In a Village there liv'd</i> .....	131
<i>hood</i> .....	271	<i>In a young Lady's Heart once a Secret was lurking</i> .....	310
<i>How fair the Heavens—Rossini's "Semiramide"</i> .....	346	<i>In Dublin, that City of Riches and Fame</i> .....	316
<i>How happily my Life I led—Storace</i> .....	197	<i>In Griefs and in Dangers—H. Russell, Poetry by</i>	
<i>How I love to see thee, golden Evening Sun</i> .....	273	<i>H. J. Sharpe</i> .....	194
<i>How it rattles mid the Flowers</i> .....	264	<i>In Infancy our Hopes and Fears—Dr. Arne</i> .....	21
<i>How lost the Miled, which, cold and dark</i> .....	204	<i>In my Cottage near a Wood—K. A. Moreland</i> .....	30
<i>How'st London, hast thou said—From the "Damen"</i> .....	253	<i>In my way Ho!</i> .....	106
<i>How slowly move the Hours—Sir J. Stevenson</i> .....	106	<i>In Peace Love laves the Shepherd's Kneel</i> .....	392
<i>How stands the Olive around</i> .....	290	<i>In Remembrance of thee—Adapted from a Waltz</i>	
<i>How sweet are the Flowers</i> .....	180	<i>by Strauss, by T. H. Philpott</i> .....	407
<i>How sweet are the Moments</i> .....	249	<i>In Spite of Wisdom's warning Voice</i> .....	267
<i>How sweet the Sound, when Woods around</i> .....	226	<i>In Tennessee, as I've heard say</i> .....	8
<i>How well I remember the Ninth of November</i> .....	292	<i>In the Dead of the Night</i> .....	96
<i>Hoarding the Hap—Old English Air</i> .....	328	<i>In the Downfall of Life—Written by Collins</i> .....	136
<i>Husband for the Girl of our Hearts—Bewitt</i> .....	57	<i>In the Land of Eternity—Book</i> .....	366
<i>Husband! Husband! cease your Strife</i> .....	341	<i>In the lone Hour of Life</i> .....	184
<i>Naah, every Breeze—Book</i> .....	246	<i>In the Midst of the Sea, like a tough Man-of-War</i>	
<i>Naah'd be Sorrow's Hook—Irish Melody, Moore's</i>		<i>In the Praise of Queen Bess</i> .....	318
<i>"Nora Creina," the Poetry by Leman Rede</i> .....	150	<i>In the Woody Wilds we dwell—Hindustanee Melody,</i>	
<i>Byman to Freedom—Irish Melody, "Down beside</i>		<i>adapted to Poetry by J. W. Reader</i> .....	392
<i>me," the Poetry by W. J. Barry</i> .....	391	<i>In thee I bear so dear a Part</i> .....	406
<i>Myra to Solitude—To Mozart's "Susanne et le Nain"</i>		<i>In this inspiring Age</i> .....	196
<i>I am a brisk and sporty Lad</i> .....	85	<i>In Wine there is all in this Life we can name</i> .....	354
<i>I am a Child of the Mountain</i> .....	298	<i>In Winter, when the Rain rain'd cold</i> .....	373
<i>I am a fairy Queen's my Magic Pow'r</i> .....	393	<i>Ireland for ever</i> .....	221
<i>I am a young Man that's most highly Respectable—</i>		<i>Is thy Heart with me?—Poetry by G. J. De Wilde,</i>	
<i>Comic Song by Leman Rede, to Irish Melody</i> .....	49	<i>adapted to an Air by Anber</i> .....	286
<i>I and my Bottle, we're always salted</i> .....	372	<i>It fell about the Martinmas Time</i> .....	275
<i>I ask thee not to think of me</i> .....	377	<i>It is the Hour—To an Air by Donizetti</i> .....	268
<i>I came across St. Cecilia</i> .....	377	<i>It is the Hour—Hebrew Melody, adapted to Poetry</i>	
<i>I cannot like you, gentle Sir—Scottish Melody</i> .....	153	<i>of Lord Byron</i> .....	349
<i>Care not for Spring</i> .....	39	<i>It was an English Lady bright</i> .....	423
<i>Could never Lustre see—From the "Vivienne"</i> .....	303	<i>It was Dunote the young and brave</i> .....	103
<i>I gas'd upon her Face</i> .....	217	<i>It was in the Winter</i> .....	191
<i>Have a silent Sorrow here—Duchess of Devonshire</i> .....	117	<i>It was summer, and sofly</i> .....	174
<i>Hear thee speak</i> .....	31	<i>I've a Toast now to give—Bewitt</i> .....	62
<i>Heard old Meena say</i> .....	186	<i>I've been among the mighty Alps</i> .....	124
<i>Let there where I found thee, Love—A. Gilbert</i> .....	36	<i>I've lost my heart</i> .....	223
<i>Let's and could not be</i> .....	306	<i>I've lovers kind, and Sultans many—Book</i> .....	221
<i>I love my Love to the Morning—Adapted by J. N.</i>		<i>I've travel'd afar from my dear native Home</i> .....	374
<i>Solo to an Irish Melody</i> .....	135	<i>I've wandered oft in Childhood</i> .....	56
<i>I love the little laughing Rill</i> .....	277	<i>I've a poor Country Lad</i> .....	19
<i>I love the Night—H. Russell, Poetry by G. P. Morris</i>		<i>I've a Yorkshireman just come to Town</i> .....	430
<i>I love'd a Maid call'd Betty Wade</i> .....	320	<i>Jack and I saw them no more—Book</i> .....	354
<i>I look in vain distraction</i> .....	82	<i>Jack and I were both Seamen</i> .....	354
<i>I met upon a Journey—To an Air by Beasley</i> .....	212	<i>John, get your Out-Cake done</i> .....	78
<i>I said I would love thee</i> .....	170	<i>Joseph's Daughter—Hebrew Melody, adapted to</i>	
<i>I think on thee when on the Sea</i> .....	354	<i>Poetry of Lord Byron by I. Nathan</i> .....	400
<i>I thought our Quarrels ended—From "No Song no</i>		<i>Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane—R. A. Smith</i> .....	71
<i>Supper</i> .....	298	<i>Jack o' Henrican—Scottish Melody, Poetry by Sir</i>	
<i>I wander'd once, at Break of Day</i> .....	306	<i>Walter Scott</i> .....	71
<i>I was born in Albama</i> .....	5	<i>Jockey, he came here to woo</i> .....	331
<i>I was born in a neat Country Town</i> .....	144	<i>John Anderson, my Jock—Poetry by Burns</i> .....	238
<i>I was not the Purple</i> .....	78	<i>John Bull was a Bumpkin born and bred</i> .....	371
<i>I went to the Fair</i> .....	46	<i>Johnny Brock, from Cheltenham</i> .....	35
<i>I would sing of her I love—Poetry by J. W. Dalby,</i>		<i>Jolting Gales—Charles Dibdin</i> .....	240
<i>adapted to an Air by Rossini</i> .....	206	<i>Julia to the Wood Robin—Spofforth</i> .....	73
<i>Ich denke drin—I think on Thee—C. Walther, the</i>		<i>Kate Kearney</i> .....	11
<i>Poetry translated from Goethe</i> .....	354	<i>Katherine Ogie—Scottish Melody</i> .....	436
<i>If for me other Maid thou shouldst leave—Voigt</i> .....	394	<i>Kathleen O'More—Irish Ballad</i> .....	158
<i>If my Song can fondly move thee—Mozart, Poetry</i>		<i>Keen blows the Wind o'er the Brass o' Gleniffer</i>	
<i>by D. Thomson</i> .....	413	<i>Kind Boatman, lend me</i> .....	138
<i>If that high World—Hebrew Melody, Poetry by</i>			
<i>Lord Byron</i> .....	371		
<i>If thou wouldst win a lasting Fame</i> .....	393		
<i>If you're waking, call me early</i> .....	44		
<i>I'll sing you a Song I am singing for ever</i> .....	229		
		<i>I, A, W</i> .....	157
		<i>Lady of Night—H. Oakley, Poetry by Mrs. Price</i> .....	76
		<i>Land ho!—Henry Russell</i> .....	162

# CONTENTS.

Last May a brave Wooer—Words by Burns.....	page 86
Last New Year's Morn, as I've heard say.....	245
Let gay morn and great.....	77
Let the Feeble-hearted pine.....	42
Let us haste to Kelvin—Verse—Written by John Lyle.....	10
Lewis Gordon.....	40
Liberty's Appeal—Familiar Melody, Poetry by John Bowring, L.L.D.....	344
Life let us cherish—Mosses.....	98
Life with me begins to dwindle—From <i>Bolidieu's</i> "La Dame Blanche," Poetry by J. H. Payne.....	227
Life's as like as you be to me 1798 W.M.S.....	227
Life's like a Ship in constant Motion.....	243
Light as Yuletide Doves.....	172
Olives and Roses.....	168
Listen, listen, to the Voice of Love—Hook.....	207
Little Pools and Great Ones—Henry Russell, Poetry by Charles Mackay.....	237
Little Tullie—Stanzas.....	191
Louis of Buchan.....	20
Long I've been an Orphan—J. Devy.....	239
Look you now—W. Morris.....	117
Lord Lovel.....	148
Lord Ulula's Daughter—G. Thomson, Poetry by T. Campbell.....	434
Lost Gertrude—P. H. S. Fendleton.....	60
Love, roses the sweetest—Dante.....	125
Love among the Roses—J. C. Doyle.....	60
Love, little blind Urethra.....	128
Love, one Day, recruiting wait.....	248
Love rules the Court, the Camp—Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.....	200
Love smiles our Cares away—A. Loder, Poetry by J. F. Kingston.....	181
Love, they say, is like the Meteor—From <i>Flotow's</i> "Hindels," Poetry by G. Sossé, A.B.....	148
Love wakes and weeps while Beauty sleeps—J. McMurdie, the Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.....	407
Love's Apology—G. Nickle.....	254
Love's Call, or Young <i>Agnes</i> —Serenade from Auber's "Fra Diavolo".....	87
Love's like a Summer's Day—J. Biewitt, Poetry by G. Macfarren.....	284
Love's Recruits—J. B. Wardell.....	348
Love's Riddle—J. C. Doyle, Words by J. K. Planché.....	24
Love Song—Henry Russell, Words by Leman Bede.....	60
Lucy Ness—As sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders.....	8
Ma chère Amie.....	160
Maiden—Scottish Song, Miss Ross.....	378
Maidens—Vanderbrugg—Charles Webb.....	128
Maiden's Song—E. J. Loder, Poetry by G. Sossé, A.B.....	33
Maiden who art bower'd.....	264
Maidens I would you know—From <i>Flotow's</i> "Stran- della," Poetry by G. Sossé, A.B.....	161
March! march! <i>Ettrick and Tishdale</i> .....	137
March to the Battle-Field—Irish Melody, Moore's "Oft in the Silly Night".....	13
Marche des Marcellins.....	422
Margaret's Bower—J. M. Kelly, Poetry by J. W. Leslie.....	154
Margery Grindler.....	96
Mark the sad Rose—P. Knappton, Poetry from Forbes's "Oriental Memoirs".....	361
Marcellina Hymn, in French and English.....	422
Mary I believe'd thee true—Sir J. Stevenson.....	218
Mary Merion—Old Scotch Melody, Poetry by Burns.....	224
Mary, thy Name no longer in Scotland.....	268
Mary's Bower—Hook.....	268
Mat Mudge, the Neeson of our Town.....	214
Maxwellton Brans are bonnie.....	132
Meet me in the Grove—S. D. Saunders.....	7
Merrily, merrily, merrily, G. I.....	36
Mias be a Cot beside the Hill.....	407
Minstrel, strike the Harp—The "Da Costa," in Bel- liet's "Norma," Words by G. Sossé, A.B.....	82
Miss Mox, the Milliner.....	267
Miss Winkle—G. Nickle.....	131
Master Sprague, the Grocer, he married Miss Havel Moderation and Alteration—The Original of the Old English Gentleman.....	211
Money is your Friend.....	143
Moonlight soliloquy in <i>Switzerland</i> .....	243
Moorish Unlending Song—Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.....	232
Mother's O'ring me to <i>Scott's</i> Familiar Melody, Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.....	247

Mother! thou didst watch my Infant Eye.....	page 273
Mrs. Waddle, of Chickabiddy Lane.....	338
Murmur, gentle Lyre.....	269
Must I leave the Friends that love me!—From Vendé's "Nina," Poetry by G. Sossé, A.B.....	269
Must Peace and Pleasure's meeting Marry.....	264
My ain Fire-side.....	405
My ain kind Deary G—Old Scotch Song, Burns.....	435
My Bonnie Little Ballads.....	197
My Bonnie Plaid—W. Spark.....	20
My Bosom Flower—New Scottish Song—J. Pearman.....	331
My Boy Tammy—Poetry by Hector Macneil.....	231
My Dog and my Gie—Dr. Arne.....	27
My Father's Home—Arranged to an Air by Mozart.....	89
My Fiddler's my Fairer!—G. Lisle, to Hummel's "A la Tyrolienne".....	136
My Friend is the Man, or the Model—Hook.....	122
My Gauntlet's Down—I. Nathan, Poetry by James Kenney.....	260
My Gentle Isabel—A. Loder, Poetry by Mrs. Crawford.....	161
My Heart is a breaking, dear Thistle.....	232
My Heart is as honest and brave.....	128
My Heart is Sair—Scottish Song.....	28
My Heart's my own.....	246
My Heart's on the Rhine—W. Speyer, the German translated by G. Sossé, A.B.....	4
My In Janet—Ancient Scotch Song.....	341
My Lullaby is on the cold Ground—Giardin.....	240
My Love, I'm sorry—Words from <i>Joseph's</i> Papers.....	176
My Love, still I think.....	38
My Love was born in Aberdeen.....	28
My Maiden Aunt—Miss Smith.....	274
My Moorside—Bow-T. B. Brett.....	181
My Mother's Bible—Henry Russell, Poetry by G. P. Morris.....	17
My Mother bids me bind my Hair—Haydn.....	23
My Nannie's eye—Scottish Melody, Poetry by Burns.....	197
My Native Isle.....	140
My Old Aunt Sally—As sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders.....	202
My Old Wife—Henry Russell, Poetry by J. B. Phillips.....	102
My own dear Somebody.....	338
My Philosophy—Poetry by John Jarvis, arranged to an Air by Mozart.....	241
My Seventeenth Year scarce over.....	247
My Skirt is on de Shore, as sung by the Serenaders.....	209
My Spouse Nannie—The Poetry by Burns.....	341
Nancy's to the Green-wood gaze—Scottish Melody, the Poetry by Alastair.....	380
Near Moorfields is a House of Fray.....	218
Near the Hill where in Boileau.....	154
N'er ask where radiant Summer lies—James Ions New Zealand's Battle-Song—Samuel, the Po- etry from the German of Berger.....	364
Nice young Maidens—The Words by F. L. Hodgson.....	308
Night is a Grave that was newly made.....	264
Night is Falling—To Hindostanee Melody.....	342
Night Song—Adapted to an Air by Retinger.....	299
No Flower that blows is like the Rose—Lanier.....	410
No more I'll court the Town-bred Fair.....	40
No more shall I seek in the red Field of Danger— Irish Melody, "Tis gone and for ever".....	37
Nobody knows I nobody knows—A. D. Koche.....	409
Not Married yet—Henry Russell.....	67
Not wisely, but too well—Miss Louisa H. Sheridan.....	116
Not yet Keating—From <i>Beethoven's</i> "Fidelio".....	114
Not yet Keating—G. Sossé, A.B.....	114
Noted for Lanes kind and sweet.....	114
Now in her Green Mantle bright Nature arrays.....	197
Now, my Seed, thy Grave is made—Weber.....	209
Now the dancing Bubbles play.....	210
O a dainty Plant is the Ivy Green.....	148
O a mournful Sound has the Old Church Bell.....	212
O bless'd be the Liddle, I mean to tell who.....	47
O Brothers, come hither, and list to my Story.....	216
O bud not yet, ye gentle Flowers.....	64
O call me not happy—Miss Willington.....	147
O come! 'tis the Hour thou didst promise to meet me.....	267
O come with me! I'll row thee o'er.....	195
O could I bid my mournful Heart.....	368
O could I bid the Days return—Irish Melody, "Moore's" When first I met thee.....	38
O dear! O dear! good Gentlefolk.....	292
O dearly do I love to row.....	292

# CONTENTS.

O do not think, though I have learn'd.....	page 137
O Erin! the Land of the Fair and the Bold—J. G. Clifton.....	267
O give us a sweet and a shady Bow'—.....	138
O had I a Cate on some wild distant Shore.....	115
O had I Jubal's Lyre, or Miriam's tuneful Voice.....	401
O had my Lover's eye smile'd on me—From the Poetess.....	136
O how shall I in Language weak—From 'Love in a Village'.....	353
O how sweetly Love smiles.....	181
O I have seen great ones.....	39
O Italy! my native Land!—From Flauto's 'Stardelia,' the Poetry by G. Soane, A.B.....	195
O it was not for me that I heard the Bells ringing—Whitaker.....	48
O Jeanie Gray!—Arranged to an Air by Bellini.....	269
O Kilmurry Mc Mahon's a Place you would bless.....	31
O listen, listen, to the Voice of Love.....	339
O long I've been wand'ring through a Valley and a Wood.....	284
O Logic o' Buchan! O Logic the Laird!.....	36
O Love! I defy'd thee this Broom to more.....	338
O Love is just like Gaming—Irish Melody, Moore's.....	158
'To Ladies' Eyes, the Poetry by Lennox Rede.....	158
O Love is the Soul of a neat Irishman.....	80
O mark my little boonding Bark!—Melody by Spohr.....	283
O Mary! at thy Window be.....	250
O my Love's like the red, red Rose.....	88
O name not those Days—To an Air by Louis Spohr.....	217
O Nansey! wilt thou gang wi' me—Carter, the Poet—by Dr. Percy.....	120
O never more—Irish Melody, Moore's 'The Harp that once,' the Poetry by Lennox Rede.....	11
O no, my Love!—J. M. Kelly, Poetry by M. Lewis.....	43
O not for me—H. Drake, the Poetry by Mrs. Price.....	91
O 't is been my happy Lot.....	161
O first love, babe!—Whitaker.....	78
O lonely, ye dark rolling Waves.....	284
O my not Woman's Heart is bought.....	50
O never me not as a famous Thing.....	82
O Scotland! my Country!—Davis.....	34
O send Lewis Gordon Home.....	10
O should you meet with Kate Kearney.....	111
O summer, my Darling.....	78
O sweet is the Foot of Love.....	284
O sweet as the mild Sighs of Evening—Dunleath.....	274
O sweet is the Blossom that hangs on the Tree.....	228
O sweet is the Hour—Spokane Melody.....	10
O sweet Sir, for your Courtesy.....	241
O swift we go—Miss Abrams.....	206
O take this Leaf—Pyepl, the Poetry by J. A. Wade.....	359
O tell me, Mary dear—Sir J. Stevenson.....	310
O tell me not of fairer Lands.....	140
O tell me not that Love can fade—To an Air by Dunleath.....	220
O the Days when I was courted—T. J. Boardman.....	288
O the Marriage!—Irish Melody, Poetry by T. Davis.....	184
O the Gravel's V-lee is a mighty Pow'r.....	418
O the Prairie Rose is the Home for me.....	367
O then shall our Meeting be—J. Watson, the Words by J. R. Planché.....	232
O think not that the fairest Face—Mozart's 'Die Madchen und der Vogel,' arranged to the Poetry of W. Thomson.....	350
O this is no my ain Lasses—Poetry by Burns.....	10
O this Love! this Love!—Henry Russell, the Poetry by G. F. Morris.....	144
O those whose my soul lov'd.....	357
O Tinkle! I have seen the Day—Old Scotch Melody, the Poetry by Burns.....	317
O 'tis Love—Adapted by Henry Phillips to the French Air, 'Cent l'Amour'.....	56
O turn those dear, dear Eyes away—J. De Pinna.....	262
O twine me a Bower—Alexander D. Roche, the Poetry by T. C. Croker.....	158
O Woe me for Prince Charlie—Abelbie Scott.....	323
O Woe upon that fearful Day.....	323
O Wally, Wally, up the Banks.....	47
O woe! may the Battle row—Scottish Song.....	197
O weep for those that wept by Rachel's Stream.....	382
O welcome, Charlie, o'er the Main.....	251
O welcome, sturdy Winter.....	79
O were I a Bird—Louis Sp. Jr.....	128
O wix is the Day to me—Poetry by Burns.....	25
O what a charming Fellow!.....	25
O what once I was Men or Dad.....	36
O when in Days that are yet to rise—Irish Melody, Moore's 'Legacy'.....	164

O where are you going.....	page 149
O whistle, and I'll come to thee, my Lad—Burns.....	428
O who wouldst let a Millor's Wife.....	426
O Wonders are will we create.....	182
O would that I had never known.....	111
O yonder is the well-known Spot.....	329
O young Lochievar has come out of the West.....	178
Och, when I was Christen'd 'twas on a Fast-day.....	109
Och, when I—Old Scotch Melody.....	323
Od's Blood, what a Time for a Neeman to skulk.....	216
O'er Aaron Hitt and Lowry Deverghill.....	138
O'er the dark Waters—Mrs. W. M.....	414
O'er the Airs the Win' can blow—Poetry by Burns.....	33
O'er all Heart's gave to comfort Man.....	252
O'er all the Girls that are so smart.....	112
O'er all the Lands that on Earth are found—H. West.....	235
O'er Friendship I have heard.....	152
O'er the Ancients I speaking, my Soul.....	272
O'er the World's sea will I go.....	371
O'er have I mark'd the Evening Shade—Dr. Johnson.....	368
O'er Adam's Song—E. J. Leder, Poetry by G. Soane, A.B.....	87
Old Dan Tucker—As sung by Henry Russell.....	63
Old Joe sat side Garden Gate.....	321
Old King Time—H. Russell, Poetry by Elias Cook.....	73
Old Tare River—Negro Melody, Words by L. Rede.....	84
Old Time has dimm'd the Luster of her Eyes.....	182
Old Time, to-day, to-morrow Flower.....	322
Old Tidal Cove was a Man of Mirth—H. Russell.....	59
Old Bull and Old Dan Tucker—As sung by H. Russell.....	63
On a lone barren Tale.....	141
On a rocky Cliff I stood.....	124
On by the Spur of Valour goaded.....	264
On old Long Island's sea-girt Shore.....	129
On Richmond Hill there sits a Lass.....	278
On the Banks of Aino, Water.....	161
On like Brave who have fallen.....	61
On the dark lonely strand—Irish Melody, Moore's.....	158
'At the Mid Hour of Night, Poetry by L. Rede.....	158
Once my Heart the Transit play'd.....	216
One Motile more.....	262
One day from de old Raccons to see.....	78
One kind Kiss before we part—R. Doolley.....	256
One Moment, my Mermaid, come from I Fairer.....	327
One Night came on a Hurricane.....	164
Onwards, my Bark! o'er the green Waves.....	258
Oods! Neighbour! ne'er blush for a Trick like this.....	308
Open thy Lattice, Love!—Serenade, J. P. Knight.....	17
Our Country is our Sulp—Revere.....	280
Our Mountain Brook were rushing.....	168
Our Way across the Mountains—Henry Russell.....	63
Our Youth is like the Fairy Tale—Poetry by D. Thomson.....	428
O'er the sunny Hills I stray.....	79
O'er the Water to Charlie—Old Scotch Melody.....	86
Overboard be vent, or the Waterman of Fountain Stairs—J. Sanderson.....	368
Paddy Shannon, high mounted on his trotting little Pony.....	368
Paddy's Balloon—Revere.....	288
Pale Daisy, gentlest Flower.....	24
Patty Kavanagh—Poetry by C. Dibdin, Jun.....	362
Peaceful slumbering on the Ocean—Stoutace.....	23
Pestal's Song, written on his Prison Wall, the Translation by G. Soane, A.B.....	113
Pibroch of Donald Dubach—Old Scotch Melody, Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.....	283
Plat, a Bride—Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.....	283
Pleanty of Love—Dr. J. H. H. the Poetry translated from Benaeger's Songs.....	257
Poor Mr. Sprague—Revere, the Word by T. Dibdin.....	271
Pope Joan—Written and composed by Dibdin.....	420
Potatoes grow in Limekiln, and Beef at Bailymore.....	296
Pray, Goddy! From 'Bible'.....	78
Prince Charlie's Welcome to Sage.....	411
Queen Catherine's Death—E. J. Leder, the Poetry by G. Soane, A.B.....	183
Rain de Vaches—The National Air of Switzerland.....	374
Recollection—Canonet, Haydn.....	84
Red is the Willow Spray—Hindostanee Melody, the Poetry by W. Reeser.....	324
Remember, Love! remember!—Parks.....	380
Remember me—The Poetry by G. J. De Wilde, arranged to the Air 'Souvenir du Himplon'.....	322
Remember me when far away—Whitaker.....	465
Rest, Warrior! rest!—Michael Kelly.....	23

# CONTENTS.

Return, O my Love!—The Poetry by Sarina, arranged to a popular Swiss Air .....	296
Roberto! dear Roberto! who deem'd me once so fair—From Meyerbeer's "Der Diable" ..	417
Robin Adair .....	296
Robin Hood is lying Dead—E. J. Loder, the Poetry by G. Soane, A.B. ....	61
Robin's saw—Old Scottish Melody .....	395
Rockaway—Henry Russell, Poetry by H. J. Sharpe ..	129
Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep—J. F. Knight ..	58
Rose of the enchanted Vale—Hindustani Melody, Poetry by W. Readie .....	382
Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch—Poetry by Mrs Grant ..	121
Saint Anthony sat on a lowly Stool .....	178
Saint Patrick was a Gentleman .....	304
Sally in our Alley—H. Curry .....	112
Sally Pell—C. E. Horn .....	398
Saw ye aught o' my Love—Scotch Air, the Poetry by T. Dibdin .....	373
Saw ye my wee Thing—Old Scotch Song, the Poetry by Hector Macneil .....	382
Saw ye the Shadow o'er his Brow .....	177
Say, have you to the Village come .....	399
Say, little foolish fluttering Thing—Dr. Arne .....	263
Says Plato, "Why should Man be vain?" .....	390
Scots, who he's w' Wallace bled .....	61
Shall we meet ere Ev'ning's gray .....	302
She had twid's her Bowing Hair .....	313
She heard the Night was over .....	82
She never told her Love—Linnest, Haydn .....	35
She walks in Silence, like the Night—L. Nathan, the Poetry by Lord Byron .....	404
Shelter'd wall by friendly Mountains .....	336
Shepherds! I have lost my Love! .....	185
Shr's all my Fancy painted her .....	134
She's all that Fancy painted her .....	135
Should auld Acquaintance be forgot .....	104
Should e'er the Fortune be my lot .....	313
Silly Maids—Beattie's Song—E. J. Loder, Poetry by G. Soane, A.B. ....	433
Nine Artists who are for the Trophies of Fame ..	306
Nine Fate of Sailors hourly varies .....	324
Nice our Country—our God! O my Sire! .....	400
Nice our Foes to invade as have long been preparing ..	428
Nice Pride is the Parent of Pain .....	541
Nice, then, I'm deem'd—Italian Air .....	88
Sing me the Song of our Days—T. B. Brett, the Words by Mrs. Abney .....	177
Sing on! sing on!—J. C. Clifton, the Poetry by T. H. Bayley .....	158
Mr. Strephe be courted the fair Widow Gibb .....	167
Sitting on the young Day is dawning—Irish Melody, Moore's "Sing, sing" Poetry by Leman Rede ..	61
So Young and so Lovely—Henry Russell .....	224
Some have travers'd the fathomless Ocean .....	258
Some love to Roam—H. Russell, Poetry by C. Mackay ..	173
Some Nations may boast of their Walls .....	125
Somehow my Spindle I mislaid—From "The Deceiver" ..	312
So, I give my Spear to thee .....	369
Song of the Mariners—Henry Russell, the Poetry by Eliza Cook .....	41
Songs of Shepherds, in rustical Roundelay .....	324
Spring has Violet blue .....	65
Spring is blooming over Earth .....	61
Spring Song—Reisinger the Poetry from the German ..	515
Slay, sweet Enchanter of the Grove .....	72
Slay, Traveller, slay—From "La Donna del Lago" ..	7
Scap together—From Duff's "Spirit of the Nation" ..	250
Scap, strewn with Roses .....	8
Serv'd Winter—The Music from "Der Freischütz" ..	89
the Poetry by G. Soane, A.B. ....	206
Such a Beauty I did grow .....	206
Sunshine on thy Pathway—Irish Melody, Moore's "Through the last Glimpse of Erin" ..	9
Such, dear, I'm only thine .....	7
Sweet Anne Page—Welsh Air, Poetry from "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ..	154
Sweet Ellen, the Maid of the Mill—W. H. Cutler .....	256
Sweet Lilies of the Valley—Hook .....	414
Sweet Kitty Clover—Kess, the Poetry by Knight .....	226
Sweet Maid! if thou wouldst charm my Sight .....	306
Sweet Maid! then think of me—Portuguese Melody, Poetry by G. E. Giffard .....	418
Sweet Nymph of Liffey's Side—G. Broad, Words by C. Dibdin the Younger .....	427
Sweet Robin .....	149

Sweet Spring is returning .....	page 319
Sweetly o'er the rural Scene—Steibelt, Poetry by Hall ..	421
Sympathy—Haydn .....	405
Take ye and Clank about ye—Old Scotch Song .....	373
Take the Helm from my aching Brow .....	199
Take this Rose—J. V. Wessels .....	118
Tam Glen—Old Scotch Melody, Poetry by Burns ..	374
Tell her I'll love her—Shield .....	35
Tell me, babbling Echo—Dr. Arne .....	125
Tell me, have you seen a Toy—W. H. Ware .....	277
The Absent Lover, Scotch Song—Poetry by Miss Blamire .....	261
The Adieu—Jackson .....	374
The Adventure of Major Longbow .....	364
The Anguish of my beating Heart .....	29
The Appeal of Spain—Feminine Melody, Words by John Bowring, L.L.D. ....	370
The Arethusa—W. Shield, Poetry by Prince Hoare ..	294
The Belgie o'—Old Scotch Song .....	340
The Banks of Allan Water .....	51
The Banks of the Dee—Old Scotch Melody .....	174
The Banks of the River were lovely and bright .....	82
The Bark is on the swelling Wave—Irish Melody, Moore's "St. Senanus and the Lady," Poetry by Leman Rede .....	11
The Barrel of Pork .....	102
The Bay of Hiscay—J. Davy .....	102
The Bees—W. H. Ware .....	236
The Beautiful Boy .....	81
The Better Land .....	31
The Bewilder'd Knight .....	302
The Bilet-Daus—Shield .....	87
The Birks of Aberfeldy—Poetry by Burns .....	424
The Board is dress'd—come deal away .....	420
The Bold Dragon .....	416
The Brass of Gleniffer—Old Scotch Song, Words by Tennant .....	352
The Brave Irish Boy .....	69
The Bride and her Love—Dixon, Poetry by Neale ..	367
The Bride, she is winsome and bonnie .....	306
The Bridemaid—Miss Mounsey, Poetry by Fitzball ..	217
The Broken Heart—Adapted to an Air by Meyre ..	121
The Bud of the Rose—W. Shield .....	171
The Canary Bird—Charles Dibdin .....	324
The Carrier Pigeon—American Melody and Poetry ..	348
The Chamote-Hunter—Poetry by G. J. de Wilde, the Song of an Air by Nipbor .....	800
The Chapel—Translated from the German of Uhland, and adapted to an Air by H. Froch .....	328
The Chieftain's Daughter—Henry Russell, Poetry by G. F. Morris .....	375
The Clever Woman—J. H. Wright, Poetry by the Hon. Granville Fitzhardinge Becket .....	229
The cold Wind swept the Mountains' Height .....	142
The Convent Bell—F. Ashwood .....	265
The Cork Leg .....	190
The Cottage of Love—W. Reeve .....	194
The Cuckoo—Dr. Arne, Poetry from Shakespeare ..	106
The Dawn of Day—Poetry by Mrs. Corwell Baron Wilson, adapted to an Air by Weber .....	212
The Day is departed, and round from the Cloud ..	66
The Death of Tom Moody—Shield .....	128
The Deep Blue Sea—Charles Arnold .....	204
The Deep Blue Wave—F. H. S. Pendleton .....	58
The De'il saws w' the Exciseman—Poetry by Burns ..	397
The De'il can't bodlin' through the Toun .....	357
The Discomfited Sailor .....	361
The Long Legacy—Poetry by Burns .....	177
The Echoes—Words by W. Hall, to an Air by Weber ..	245
The Echoing Horn—Dr. Arne .....	315
The English may boast of their sweet-scented Roses ..	411
The English Padlock .....	300
The Equivalent—Reeve .....	405
The Evening Sprites are sleeping .....	87
The Fairy—H. Russell, Poetry by Charles Mackay ..	253
The Fairy Song—Dr. J. Smith, Words by J. Graham ..	248
The False Heart—Feminine Melody, Poetry by the Hon. Mrs. Norton .....	357
The Father of Nancy a Forester was .....	104
The Female Crier—Hook .....	222
The Fine Old Colour'd Gentleman—Negro Melody, as sung by Henry Russell .....	5
The First dear Thing that ever I lov'd—Henry Russell, Poetry by Rev. A. C. Cost .....	109
The Fisher Boy—H. Russell, Poetry by Eliza Cook ..	36



# CONTENTS.

The Flowers of the Forest—Hook .....	page 128
The Flowing Bowl—Charles Dibdin .....	232
The Forget-me-Not—Translated from the German of Möller, and adapted to a German Air .....	301
The Friend of my Heart—Miss Abrams .....	398
The Friends .....	258
The Gallant Troubadour—Poetry by Sir Walter Scott, adapted to a favourite French Air .....	237
The Galvanic Ring—Irish Melody, Moore's 'O Nothing in Life can adden us' Poetry by L. Rede ..	38
The Garland of Love—Hook .....	180
The Golden Days of good Queen Bess—Old English Melody, Poetry by Collins .....	218
The Golden Days we now possess—Sequel to above ..	218
The Gondola glides like a Spirit of Night—John Rogers, Poetry by T. K. Hervey .....	284
The Grasp of a Friend—Adapted to an Air by Donizetti, Poetry by W. Jones .....	334
The Grass had no Freedom n' growin' .....	306
The Grave of Bonaparte—L. Heath .....	141
The Graves of a Household—Arranged to an Air by Donizetti—Poetry by Mrs. Hamans .....	296
The Green Bushes—Old Irish Melody, as sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam .....	25
The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland—Shield ..	25
The Groves of Starnes .....	254
The Happy Days of Childhood—Henry Russell ..	86
The Hardy Sailor Braves the Ocean—Shield .....	254
The Heath, this Night—Poetry by Sir Walter Scott ..	108
The Hearing of the Lord—Shield .....	14
The Hero who, to live in Story .....	402
The Humble Thatch'd Cottage in the Village of Love—J. Sanderson .....	473
The Hunter and his Bride—Poetry by Bertaldi ..	313
The Invitation—Poetry arranged to an Air by Ballini ..	287
The Irish Duet—Words by T. Dibdin .....	290
The Irish Jockey—J. Biewitt, Words by J. Lunn, Esq. ..	186
The Irish Wake—Charles Dibdin .....	227
The Ivy Green—Henry Russell, Poetry by Charles Dickens, Esq. ....	145
The Jolly Ringers—Charles Dibdin .....	234
The Jug of Punch—From the 'Green Bushes' ..	426
The King and the Jackets of Blue—J. Biewitt, Poetry by Douglas Jerrold .....	305
The Kiss, dear Maid—Poetry by Lord Byron .....	117
The Knitting-Girl—Haydn .....	244
The Lad with the Carrotty Poll—Knight .....	292
The Laird o' Cockpen—Old Scottish Song .....	230
The Land in the Ocean—T. Attwood, Words by T. Dibdin .....	378
The Land o' the Leal—Poetry by Burns .....	180
The Land we live in—W. Reece .....	420
The Landlady's Daughter—Poetry from the German of Uhland, adapted to an Air by T. Schubert .....	367
The Lass o' Gowrie .....	25
The Lass o' Fannie's Mill—Old Scotch Melody, Poetry by Ramsay .....	255
The Lass of Richmond Hill .....	348
The last Chord has fled the sweet Serenade .....	402
The Last Words of Marston—Poetry by Sir W. Scott ..	182
The Laughing Song—From 'Der Freyschütz,' Words by G. Seane, A. B. ....	4
The Lay of the Mountaineer—Poetry by J. W. Duff, adapted to an Air by Rossini .....	308
The Lily—J. M. Kelly, Poetry by J. W. Leslie ..	39
The Lily of the Vale—F. M. S. Pendleton .....	148
The Little Haymaker—Reeve .....	327
The Lord Mayor's Show—Biewitt, Words by T. Hood .....	282
The Lover's Lute—Irish Melody, Moore's 'Minstrel Boy,' Poetry by Leman Rede .....	23
The Maid of the Green, Pretty Sally—Hook .....	374
The Maid that tends the Gossie—Old Scotch Melody ..	192
The Maid—Henry Russell, Poetry by H. J. Sharpe ..	228
The Marseillais Hymn and March—French National Air, with French and English Words .....	422
The May Queen—W. Dempster, Poetry by Alfred Tennyson .....	44
The Memory of the Dead—From 'Duffy's Spirit of the Valley' .....	188
The Mermaid's Song—Haydn .....	119
The Miniature—J. F. Knight, Poetry by G. F. Morris ..	7
The Minstrel holds the Standard—Beecher's Watch ..	153
The Minstrel to his Harp—Poetry by Wilmington Fleming, arranged to an Air by Anden .....	243
The Minstrel's Lament—C. Jewell, Poetry by J. E. Carpenter .....	111

The Modest Bachelor—T. B. Brett .....	page 126
The Moment Across peep'd into my Room—Dibdin ..	172
The Mountain Maid .....	172
The Mountain Maid—John Sinclair .....	220
The New Submarine Telegraph—H. West, R.A.M., Words by H. J. Athol Wood .....	195
The News from Moldart cam' Festreen .....	261
The Night Watch, a Song of the Sentinel—Poetry by Crichton, arranged to Air by Mayhew .....	326
The Norwegian Maid—Norwegian Melody, adapted to Poetry of David Thomson .....	297
The Old Church Bell—Henry Russell .....	142
The Old Commodore—Reeve .....	310
The Old Farm Gate—H. Russell, Poetry by E. Cook ..	158
The Old Jaw Bone—Negro Melody, Words altered and adapted by F. A. D. ....	100
The Old Mill Stream—H. D. Russell, Poetry by E. Cook ..	161
The Old Oaken Bucket—Frederick Smith .....	271
The Old Sexton—H. Russell, Poetry by F. Benjamin ..	264
The Old Hussar's Warrior's Address to his Son—Thibault Conte de Champagne, Poetry translated from the German of Steinberg .....	336
The Oven, or Lodgings to Let—George Colman .....	282
The Parson's Clerk—Thomas Hudson .....	218
The Patriot's Welcome—Henry Russell, Poetry by Miss Jane Anna Porter .....	80
The Peasant Boy—Poetry and Music by John Perry ..	157
The Piper came to our Town .....	281
The Piper o' Dundee—Jacobite Song .....	261
The Plough Boy .....	37
The Poachers .....	154
The Poet's Blessing—From the German of Uhland, adapted to an Air by Möller .....	306
The Policeman's Love—From 'Merry England in the Golden Time,' by George Daniel, Esq. ....	130
The Post Captain—Shield, Words by Randle .....	300
The Prairie Lea—J. F. Knight, Poetry by Dr. J. K. Mitchell .....	367
The Rejected—Poetry by Miss Wollaston .....	187
The Richest Prison—Translated from the German of Körner, and adapted to an Air by Wolff .....	336
The Right Road—Irish Melody, 'Castle Thronen,' Moore's 'Remember me,' Poetry by T. Davis .....	427
The Rising Sun—H. Russell, Poetry by H. J. Sharpe ..	194
The Rivulet—Reisinger, Poetry from the German ..	277
The Robin's Petition—Whitaker, Poetry by Miss Edgeworth .....	276
The Rose had been wash'd—Webb, Poetry by Cooper ..	78
The Rose of the Valley—Reeve, Poetry by G. Dibdin ..	139
The Rose's rich Blossom .....	334
The Rosebuds—Hook .....	244
The Rover's Song—Arranged to an Air by Donizetti ..	26
The Sunlight—H. Russell, Poetry by Eliza Cook ..	82
The Sailor Boy—T. F. Ulip, Poetry by S. May .....	278
The Sailor's Allegory—Poetry by G. S. Carey .....	245
The Sailor's Consolation—L. A. Morris .....	144
The Sailor's Wife—John Kimlin .....	263
The Sappling Oak—Stephen Barrow .....	291
The Savoyard's Return—J. Addison, Words by H. K. White .....	370
The Scene was more beautiful far to my Eye .....	328
The Sea Boy on the giddy Mast—Whitaker .....	297
The Sea-girl Rocks, my native Isle .....	31
The Season comes when first we meet .....	314
The Secret—Arranged to celebrated German Waltz ..	84
The Sign of her Heart was sincere—Sir J. Stevenson, Poetry by Peter Pindar .....	26
The Sky with Clouds was overcast .....	40
The Sleeping Beauty—Translated from the German, and adapted to a German Air .....	206
The Snow Storm—L. Heath, Poetry by Seba Smith ..	142
The Soldier and his Bride—Henry Russell .....	322
The Soldier's Strung Harp—T. B. Brett .....	263
The Spider and the Fly—As sung by Henry Russell ..	42
The Spirit and the Stream—To the Old Arm-Chair—Henry Russell, Poetry by Eliza Cook .....	62
The Spirit of the Sea—To an Air by Donizetti .....	319
The Spring of Shillelagh .....	30
The Standard Watch, or Standard News—Poetry suggested by G. Seane, A. B. ....	133
The Steam Arm .....	120
The Storm—Falconer .....	128
The Streamlet that flow'd round her Cot—Shield ..	17
The Struggle for Fame—Henry Russell, Poetry by Charles Mackay .....	300
The Sun—John Barnett, Poetry by F. W. N. Bayley ..	182
The Sun has gone down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond ..	71

# CONTENTS.

The Swains who wake Erato's String.....page	424	Though dark be the Woe—Pleyel, Poetry by Wade	308
The Tear—G. J. Goddard, Poetry by Lord Byron ..	25	Though far away, o'er Hill and Sea—Arranged in an Air by Cerny .....	513
The Tentative Society—Henry Russell .....	322	Though my Fire-side I be but smug .....	300
The Temptations of the good St. Anthony .....	178	Though Providence may press me .....	314
The Thistle of Scotland for ever—A. D. Koche .....	411	Though the Pine has leaved it green .....	325
The Thorns—Shield—W. Kirby, Poetry by Rose- mond Wadams .....	384	Though Winter blast the Weeping Yew .....	403
The Tight Irish Boy .....	108	Three Students were travelling over the Rhine .....	367
The Tippler—C. Walther .....	272	Thrown on the wide World .....	127
The Tired Soldier—T. Coombe .....	299	Thy Sea-girl Rocks, my native Isle .....	51
The Tussock silver in the Wind—Dr. Arne .....	319	Time Flies—The Music arranged by T. Cook .....	302
The Treasure-Finder—From Amos's Opera of 'The Crown Jewels,' Poetry by G. Soane, A.B. ....	100	Time is on the Wing—Rever .....	67
The Truth I have plighted—Words by Neale, adapted to the Air of an Italian Waltz .....	170	'Tis Life an Equivalent yields .....	404
The Two Lovers—J. P. Knight, Poetry by Heber .....	408	'Tis sweet on Summer Eve to rove .....	12
The Village Bell, or May-Day—T. Welsh .....	538	'Tis that dear Song I've loved so long—C. M. Sole, Poetry by Harry St. Leger .....	425
The Village Smithy—From the German of Korner, adapted to an Air by Godfrey Weber .....	346	To Anacreon in Heaven—Old English Air .....	300
The Voice and the Foe—Irish Melody, 'Is it the Priest you want,' Poetry by D. F. McCarthy .....	418	To distant Climes, far, far away—A. D. Koche, Po- etry by T. C. Croker .....	498
The Valtors of the Alps—Music by J. J. Hutchinson, of the American Hutchinson Family .....	134	To England's Towers of Oak Farewell .....	297
The Wake of Teddy Roe .....	515	To Mary's Bow-wow haunts came—M. Sharp, the Po- etry by Toms .....	434
The Wanderer—Thomas Dibdin .....	86	To my Mother—Translated from the German of Uhland, and adapted to an Air by Andre .....	278
The Wanderer's Return—Mozart, Poetry by D. Thomson .....	484	To my Maes girl Attention .....	516
The War that for a Space did fall .....	180	To the Brook and the Willow—Sir J. A. Stevenson	226
The Warrior's Return—J. M. Jolly .....	198	To the Clouds—Translated from the German of Goethe, and adapted to an Air by J. P. Lott .....	319
The Washing Day—To the Air 'There's one Luch about the House' .....	49	To the Daisy—The Air 'Ah vello e mi Ritorna,' in Norma, Poetry by G. Soane, A.B. ....	34
The Way was dark and dreary—M. P. King .....	343	To the Feast while we may .....	118
The Wedding of Baillypore .....	105	To the Maid I love best—Hook .....	404
The Welcome—Irish Melody, Poetry by T. Davis .....	187	To the Setting Sun—Translated from the German, and adapted to an Air by Desnoes .....	279
The Welsh Harper—T. Smith .....	70	Tom Starboard was a Lover true—Rever .....	345
The West Country Bumpkin .....	377	Tom Steady left his native shore—M. P. King .....	346
The White Cockade—Favorite Jacobite Song .....	5	Too late I stay'd—C. Olfert .....	50
The Wife—From the German of Stolberg, adapted to an Air by Mozart .....	405	Trotting along the Road—Rever .....	94
The Wife's Song—Henry Russell, Poetry by a Lady	171	Truism, or Incontrovertible Facts .....	332
The Wig, the Hat, and the Cane .....	75	Tubal Cane—H. Russell, Poetry by Charles Mackay	60
The Wild Irish Boy .....	106	Tullochgorum—Old Scotch Song, Poetry by the Rev. John Skinner .....	358
The Wild Irishman—Whittaker, Words by C. Dibdin	361	Turn to me, Love—Sir J. A. Stevenson, Poetry by Moore	231
The Willow—Book .....	272	'Twas down by the Streamlet .....	69
The Wish—J. P. Fisk .....	407	'Twas in June, my June, that I wander'd .....	227
The Wolf—Shield .....	360	'Twas on a Summer's Afternoon .....	39
The Woodman—Charles Dibdin .....	163	'Twas on a windy Night .....	346
The World is a well-furnish'd Table—From 'Love in a Village' .....	351	'Twas sweet to look upon thine Eyes—F. Robinson	421
The Wraith you wove—Kelly, Poetry by T. Moore	375	'Twas Ten o'clock one Moonlight Night .....	350
The Yorkshire Beauty, or the Misfortune of being Handsome .....	230	'Twas within a Mile of Edinburgh Town .....	423
The Yorkshire Concert—W. Keers, the Poetry by C. Dibdin the Younger .....	400	'Twill be all the same a Hundred Years hence—E. J. Leder, Poetry by G. Soane, A.B. ....	118
The Yorkshireman in London .....	123	'Twill nebbor do to gib it up so—As sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders .....	152
There are two bonny Maidens, and three bonny Maidens	411	Two Lament Brothers in New York once dwell .....	162
There flows from her Spirit such Love and Delight	409	Two Rose-Buds, on their native Stem .....	344
There grows a bonny Brigs-Bush—Scottish Ballad, composed of Five different Melodies .....	250	Uncle Gabriel, or Come along, O Sandy Boy—as sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders .....	192
There is a gentle Flower .....	140	Up among yon rifly Rocks .....	400
There is a Frowny ferry old .....	117	Up and down, all Day long .....	236
There is a sweet pale Flower .....	59	Up in the Morning early—Scotch Melody, Words by J. Hamilton .....	207
There is not a Breath—Alexander D. Koche, Poetry by Delta .....	296	Up, up, with the Signal .....	162
There thr'd, and may be living still .....	16	Upon the barren Sand .....	276
There was a Jolly Miller—From 'Love in a Village'	325	Victoria's Scourge o'er the Waves—C. Neale, Po- etry by T. Campbell .....	314
There was a Lass, and she was fair .....	362	Wake! Maid of Lorn! the Moments fly—Sir J. Stevenson, Poetry by Sir Walter Scott .....	419
There was a Time, ere I was born—F. Winter .....	99	Wake, my Love! the Moon of Summer—Weber .....	406
There was an ancient Fair, O she lov'd a saile young Man .....	403	Walk along, John—Negro Melody, as sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders .....	53
There was one Mr. Grigg wore a Camellia Wig .....	309	Waly, Waly—Ancient Scotch Song .....	261
There's a dear little Plant .....	90	Wandering Willie—Old Scotch Song, Poetry by Burns	261
There's na Luck about the House .....	340	Wapping Old Stairs—Percy .....	58
There's Naught but Care on ev'ry Man .....	34	Was I oblig'd to beg my Bread .....	356
They grew in Beauty Side by Side .....	393	Water parted from the Sea—Dr. Arne .....	249
They tell me that Love is a Folly .....	216	Waters of Eile—From 'Glenarvon,' adapted to a French Air .....	86
They tell me thou art chang'd .....	161	Way down Caroline, as sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders .....	94
They tell me there are other Lands—Rossini, Poetry by Mark Lamon .....	166	We all love a pretty Girl under the Rose—Dr. Arne	308
They tell, one Day, that Love, at Play—Steibelt, Poetry by J. A. Wade .....	356	We Tars have a Maxim .....	51
This Cold is all that's left me now .....	17		
This cold fitty Heart—Dr. Arne .....	423		
Those who lov'd the Desert well .....	380		
Though all may forget thee—Irish Melody, Moore's * When he who adores thee,' the Poetry by L. Rede	18		

# CONTENTS.

We were Boys together—Henry Russell, Poetry by G. P. Morris .....	3	When Volcan fired the Boats of Jove—Corri, Poetry by T. Dibdin .....	161
Weep for Those—Hebrew Melody, Poetry by Byron 382		When waken'd by the Convent Bell .....	265
Weep not, my Love! since we must part .....	257	When William bl Eve—Shield .....	37
Welcome, Royal Charlie—Jacobite Song .....	251	Where does the clear Stream clearest flow .....	33
We're a' Noddie!—Old Scottish Melody .....	192	Where in Charters the Grape's purple blush .....	184
Who wadna fight for Charlie—Jacobite Song .....	397	Where is the Land which Scotland surpasses .....	174
Who'll be King but Charlie—Jacobite Song .....	261	Where the Bee sucks—Arne, Words from Shakespeare .....	84
Who has ye been e' Day—Old Scottish Song .....	531	Where, where is my Fair One?—T. B. Brett .....	130
What ails this Heart of mine .....	261	Where, where, is the Gate .....	158
What can I do? What can I say .....	54	Where's the Heart so cold—Irish Melody, Moore's .....	
What can the Matter be—Irish Melody .....	244	' All that's brightest must fade'—Words by L. Rede .....	46
What is in Riches? What is in Honour .....	410	White Day's last Smile was shining—Prince Albert .....	92
What! off once more .....	178	While I hang on your Bosom distracted .....	45
What shall I do?—Purcell .....	50	White Folks, I will sing to you .....	49
What shall we have for Dinner, Mrs. Bond?—From 'The Mayor of Garret' .....	226	Will ye gang e'er the Lea-Rigg .....	435
What'er may be my wayward Lot—Arranged to Mozart's 'Wer unter clues Madchens Hand' .....	363	Who asks my Fair One—Cannonet, Haydn .....	29
Poetry by D. Thomson .....	365	Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? .....	189
What though on heavily Fare we dine .....	38	Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown Place .....	262
What's the Matter, Patsy? .....	268	Why asks my Fair One—Cannonet by Haydn .....	29
What's the Use of all this Thinking .....	4	Why chimes the Bell so merrily—J. F. Knight, Poetry by J. P. Phillips .....	46
What's this dull Town to me .....	286	Why does Emmeline wander—M. W. Balfe, Poetry by G. Soane, A.B. .....	49
What welcome Sounds now meet mine Ear .....	104	Why don't you come, Love?—J. M. Kelly, Poetry by J. W. Leslie .....	76
When a trembling Lover dies—J. Nathan, Poetry by James Kenney .....	230	Why, fair Maid, in e'er'y Feature .....	273
With an old Song made by an old ancient Fete .....	311	Why serves my Knight—Mrs. W. Marshall .....	265
When are Mead and Water sweet?—To the Air, 'Vivid in Rome,' in Norma, Poetry by G. Soane, A.B. 12		Why weep ye by the Tide, Lady? .....	71
When at the Social Board you sit—Henry Russell 337		Widow Glib and Sir Stickle—Poetry by G. Daniel .....	167
When Bibo went down—Travers, Words by T. Dibdin 229		Widow Walmsley's Shiner—Charles Dibdin .....	211
When bidden to the Wake or Fair—Shield .....	202	Will Nobody marry me?—Henry Russell, Words by G. P. Morris .....	65
When comes the Day all Hearts to weigh .....	186	Will you walk into my Parlor? .....	32
When Dulcinea pined and Viola bled—Shakespeare .....	106	William was holding in his Hand .....	7
When Eve's dark Shadow's closing .....	418	With Jewly Salt and plaintive Ditty—Stanzas .....	290
When first in London I arriv'd .....	125	With my Jug in one Hand and my Pipe in the other—J. Smart .....	327
When first the sprightly Fife and Drum .....	431	With thee fair Summer's Joys appear .....	136
When first this humble Roof I knew .....	14	Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town—Hook .....	323
When first you courted me, I own .....	121	Woodman! spare that Tree—Henry Russell, Poetry by G. P. Morris .....	79
When forc'd from dear Hebe to go—Arne .....	2	Wood, and married, and a'—Old Scotch Melody, Poetry by Joanna Baillie .....	306
When Friendship or Love our Sympathies move .....	24	Would I were, sweet Bird, like thee—To Air in Flotow's 'Stradella,' Poetry by G. Soane, A.B. 186	
When I gas'd on a beautiful Face—M. P. King .....	133	Yarico to her Lover—Himmel .....	119
When I parted from Erin .....	74	Ye Banks and Braes—Poetry by Burns .....	120
When I think on this World's Feil .....	540	Ye Banks and Braes, and Streams around .....	131
When I was a Boy in my Father's Mind Edifice .....	268	Ye Gentlefolks so rich—John Davy .....	415
When I was a Lad—To Irish Melody, Moore's 'Katty O'Lyoch,' Words by Leman Rede .....	100	Ye Sons of France, awake to Glory .....	422
When I was a little Boy .....	206	Ye Streams that round my Prison creep .....	118
When I was a mighty small Boy .....	96	Yes, the Morning breaks .....	113
When I was a Younger, I was an apprentice'd .....	225	Yes, yes, 'twas Presumption in me .....	354
When I was at Home, with my Father and Mother .....	422	Yonder Chapel on the Mountain .....	375
When I was bound Apprentice .....	154	You all knew Tom Moody the Whipper-in well .....	183
When I was taken from de Shell .....	192	You ask me why these Tears are flowing .....	414
When I went down to Sandy Point .....	400	You must call me when de Bantam crows .....	415
When lurking Love—Richardson, Poetry by Mrs. Pissal .....	833	You must wake and call me early .....	44
When my Money was gone that I gain'd in the Wars .....	261	You tell me, dear Girl! .....	15
When my very first Day—Kelly .....	64	Young Ben the Carpenter, and the faithless Sally Brown—Words by T. Hood .....	290
When Night spreads her Shadows around .....	119	Young Ellen Loraine—Alexander Lee .....	74
When peace I thought on my Love—Kelly .....	39	Young Lochielvar—Poetry by Sir Walter Scott .....	175
When shall we Three meet again—Dr. Horsley, Poetry by a Lady .....	114	Young Love sew to the Paphian Bower .....	30
When Steerwell heard me first impart .....	380	Young Paddy is merry and happy, but poor .....	166
When sweetly e'er the rural Scene .....	421	Your Motly has never been fairer, the declaim .....	56
When the Breeze is softly singing .....	204	You've heard oh Dandy Niggers—Negra Melody, as song by the Ethiopian Serenaders .....	453
When the bright-hail'd Morn .....	233	You've heard of Nykeg Numchull, of Yorkshire .....	390
When the Dove left the Ark—Irish Melody, Moore's 'Bellevs me if ah,' Poetry by Miss M. L. Rede .....	170		
When the Levees had forsaken the Trees .....	276	Zekiel Homespun's Trip to Town .....	19
When the Rosebud of Summer—Sir J. Stevenson, Poetry by E. J. B. Fitzmaurice .....	154	Zephyr among the Flowers—A. Bennett .....	253
When the Sheep are in the Fold .....	6	Zorico—The Blackman to his Mistress—Fenian-Lair Melody, Poetry by the Hon. Mrs. Norton .....	394
When the sprightly Fife and Drum—Hook .....	431		
When the Sun has sunk so red .....	252		
When Time, who steals our Years away—T. Moore .....	19		

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## COME, BROTHERS, AROUSE.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

*Vinace.*

Come, bro-thers, a - rouse, let the owl go to rest; O! the sun - mer sun's  
in the sky; The bee's on the wing, and the hawk's in his nest, And the  
ri - ver runs mer-ri - ly by— and the ri - ver runs mer-ri - ly by. Our  
mo - ther, the world, a good mo-ther is she, Says to toll is to wel-come her  
fare; Some boun - ty she hangs us on ev - a - ry tree, And bless - es us  
in the sweet air. O! - - - come, bro-thers, a - rouse! let the owl go to rest; O! the  
sun - mer sun's in the sky; The bee's on its wing, and the hawk's in his nest,  
and the ri - ver runs mer-ri - ly by— and the ri-ver runs mer - ri - ly  
by. Come, dance, lads— come, dance, lads— oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Come,  
dance, lads— Come, dance, lads— come, dance, come, dance a - way, a - way, a -  
way, a - way a - way, a - way, oh! oh! - - - - -

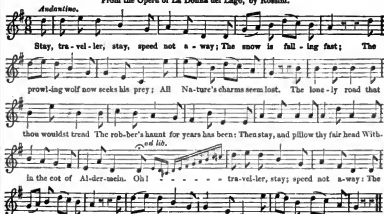
And this is the life for a man, a man,  
And this is the life for me:

The prince may boast if he can, he can,  
But he never was half so free.  
Our mother, the world, &c.

## STAY, TRAVELLER, STAY.

From the Opera of *La Donna del Lago*, by Rossini.

*Andantino.*



Stay, tra-vel-ler, stay, speed not a-way; The snow is fall-ing fast; The  
prowl-ing wolf now seeks his prey; All Na-ture's charms seem lost. The lone-ly road that  
thou wouldst tread The rob-ber's haunt for years has been; Then stay, and pillow thy fair head With-  
in the cot of Al-der-wein. Oh! - - - - tra-vel-ler, stay; speed not a-way; The  
snow is fall-ing fast; The prowl-ing wolf now seeks his prey; All Nature's charms seem lost.

No dainty fare my cot contains,  
With wealth I ne'er was bless'd;  
Though small my store, still what remains  
Thou'rt welcome to, my guest.  
Oh! traveller, stay, &c.

Ah! 'twas on such a night as this  
My aged grandsire's spirit fled;  
Then stay—or thou like him may miss  
Thy path, be robb'd, and left for dead.  
Oh! traveller stay, &c.

## WHEN FORC'D FROM DEAR HEBE TO GO.

The Poetry from Shenstone's Pastorals, the Music by Dr. Arne.

*Andante con Espressione.*



When forc'd from dear He-be to go, What an-guish I felt at my heart! And I thought, but it  
might not be so, She was sor-ry to see me de-part. She cast such a lan-guish-ing view, My  
path I could scarce-ly dis-cern; So sweet-ly she bade me a-dieu, I  
thought that she bade me re-turn,—I thought that she bade me re-turn.

I thought she might like to retire  
To the grove I had labour'd to rear;  
For whatever I heard her admire,  
I hasten'd and planted it there.  
Her voice such a pleasure convey'd,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak, and whatever she says,  
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,  
Come, shepherds, and talk of her ways:  
I could lay down my life for the swain  
That would sing me a song in her praise.  
While he sings, may the maids of the town  
Come flocking, and listen awhile;  
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,—  
But I cannot allow her to smile.

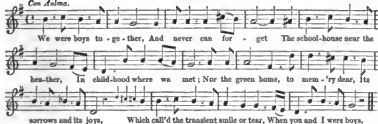
To see, when my charmer goes by,  
Some Hermit peep out of his cell;  
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,  
How fondly he wishes her well.  
On him she may smile if she please,  
'Twill warm the cold bosom of age;  
But cease, gentle Hebe, oh! cease,—  
Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow  
To paint the dear charms I approve;  
For what can a blossom bestow,  
So sweet, so delightful as love.  
I sing in a rustical way,  
A Shepherd, and one of the throng;  
Yet Hebe approves of my lay:—  
Go, Poets, and envy my song.

### WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

The Poetry by G. F. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Edition of his Songs.

*Con Alma.*



We were boys to - ge - ther, And never can for - get The school-house near the

hea - ther, In child-hood where we met; Nor the green home, to mem - 'ry dear, its  
sorrows and its joys, Which call'd the transient smile or tear, When you and I were boys.  
We were youths together,  
And castles built in air!  
Your heart was like a feather,  
While mine was dash'd with care!  
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,  
To me it brought alloys,  
Ne'er imag'd in the primrose time  
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together!  
The friends we lov'd of yore,  
With leaves of Autumn weather,  
Are gone for ever more!  
How bless'd to age the impulse giv'a,  
The hope time ne'er destroys,  
Which led our thoughts from earth to heav'n,  
When you and I were boys.

### THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Favorite Jacobite Song, supposed to have been written by a Lady of Aberdeenshire.

*Allegro.*



My love was born in A-berdeen, The bon-nest lad that e'er was seen; But  
now he makes our hearts fu' sad, He's ta'en the field wi' his whitecockade. Oh!

he's a rant-ing rov-ing blade! Oh! he's a brisk and a bon - ny lad! Be -

tide what may, my heart is glad To see my lad with his white cockade.

O, leave me on the phillabeg,  
The hairy bough, and garter'd leg!  
But aye the thing that glads my e'e  
Is the white cockade about the tree.  
Oh! he's a ranting roving blade, &c.  
I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,  
My rippling-kame, and spinning-wheel,  
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,

A braidsword, and a white cockade.  
Oh! he's a ranting roving blade, &c.  
I'll sell my rokely and my tow,  
My gude gray mare, and hawket cow,  
That every loyal Burchan lad  
May tak' the field wi' his white cockade.  
Oh! he's a ranting roving blade, &c.



## LUCY NEAL.

As sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders.—Published by Davidson.

I was born in A-la-ba-ma,—My mas-sa name was Beale: He us'd to own a  
yal-ler gal, her name was Lu-cy Neal. My mas-sa he did sell me,—for fear that I should  
steal, Which caus'd a se-pa-ration ob my-self and Lu-cy Neal. O! poor Lu-cy  
Neal, O! poor Lu-cy Neal! If I had you by my side, how hap-py I should feel!

One night de Niggers gabe a ball; Miss Lucy  
danc'd a reel—

Dere was no darkee in de hall could dance like  
Lucy Neal.

She us'd to go out wid us, picking cotton in de  
fel'!

And dere's whare fast I fell in lub wid my sweet  
Lucy Neal. O! poor Lucy Neal, &c.

Miss Lucy she was taken ill, how bad it makes me  
feel!

De doctors' drey did gib her up—alas! poor Lucy  
Neal!

One morn I got a letter, and jet black was de seal—  
It was de 'ouncement ob de death ob poor Miss  
Lucy Neal. O! poor Lucy Neal, &c.

Dey bore her from my bosom, but de wound dey  
cannot heal;

And my heart, my heart is breaking, for I lub'd  
sweet Lucy Neal.

O! yes, and when I'm dying, and dark visions  
round me steal,

De last low murmur ob dis life shall be, sweet  
Lucy Neal. O! poor Lucy Neal, &c.

## THE FINE OLD COLOUR'D GENTLEMAN.

As sung by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Moderate.*

In Ten-nes-see, as I've heard say, dere once did us'd to dwell A fine old co-lour'd  
gen-tle-man, and dis Nig-ger know'd him well: Dey us'd to call him Sam-bo, or some-ting oar de  
same; And de rea-son why dey call'd him so, was be-cause it was his name. So come a-long, my  
dar-ling, be-cause you know me well,—O! come a-long, my dar-ling, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha!

He had a good old banjo, and well he kept it  
strung;

And he us'd to sing de good old song, ob 'Go it  
while you're young!'

He sung so long, and sung so loud, dat he scar'd  
de pigs and goats,

For he often took a pint of yeast, to raise his up-  
per notes. So come along, my darling, &c.

When dis nigger took a snooze, 'twas in a nigger  
crowd,

And he us'd to keep dem all awake, because he  
slept so loud;

Den de niggers held an inquest, when dey heard ob  
his deaf,


And de verdict ob de jury was, he died for want  
ob breff. So come along, my darling, &c.



# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

*Recitative.*



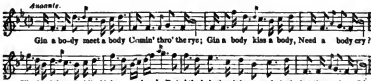
When the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the kye at hame, And a' the weary waird to sleep are  
gone, The wae n' my heart fall in showers from my e'e, While my gude  
man sleeps sound by me. Young Ja-nie lo'ed me weel, And sought me for his bride, Bet  
sav-ing a crown he had naithing else be-side: To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie went to  
sea, And the crown and the pound were wath for me. He had nae been gone a  
year and a day, When my Faither brake his arm, and our cow was stole away; My Mither she fell  
sick, and Ja-nie at the sea, And auld Robin Gray cam' a court-ing to me.

My father cou'd na wark, my mither cou'd na spin  
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I could na  
win; [his ee,  
Auld Rob maintain'd 'em baith, and w' tears in  
sae, 'Jennie, for their sakes, oh marry me.'  
My heart it said nay, for I look'd for Jamie back,  
But the wind it blew hard, and the ship was a wrack—  
The ship was a wrack, why did na Jamie dee?  
'O why was I spared to cry, Wae's me!  
My father nrred me sair, my mither did na speak,  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to  
break; [sea,—  
They gif'd him my hand, though my heart was at

So Auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me!  
I had na been a wife a week but four,  
When, sitting sae mournfully out a' my door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he;  
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.'  
Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,—  
We took but ae kiss, and tare nersels away:  
I wish I were dead, but I am na lik' to dee,—  
Oh, why was I born to say, Wae's me!  
I gang like a ghaist, and I care not to spin;  
I dare na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;  
So I will do my best a gude wife to be,  
For Auld Robin Gray is klad unto me.

## COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

*Quadrille.*



Gin a bo-dy meet a body Comin' thro' the rye; Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body cry?  
Ilka lassie has a laddie, Ne'er a one has I; But a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And what the war' am I?  
Gin a body meet a body,  
Comin' frae the well;  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body tell? Ilka lassie, &c.  
Gin a body meet a body,  
Comin' frae the town;  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body frown? Ilka lassie, &c.  
Ilka Jenny has her Jocky,  
Ne'er a one has I;  
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,  
And what the war' am I? Ilka lassie, &c.

## MEET ME IN THE GROVE.

The Words by G. L. Saunders; the Music by S. D. Saunders, of the Académie Royale, Paris.  
Published by Davidson.

Su - san dear, I'm on - ly thine; Then meet me in the grove, Where the ro - ses  
gen - tly blow, And lis - ten to my love. Su - san, when the world's at rest,  
*ad lib.*  
meet me, meet me, where The night-in-gale still builds her nest, De - void of guile or  
care. Su - san dear, I'm on - ly thine! Then meet me in the  
grove, Where the ro - ses gen - tly blow, And lis - ten to my love.

Susan dear, my love return,  
And meet me there to-night,  
To chase away the rising sighs  
That now my moments blight.

Susan, I am whoso thine!  
Then meet me at the bow'r,  
Where the modest virginine  
Clasps the rosy flow'r.

Susan dear, believe me true!  
And meet me in the grove,  
Where the roses gently blow,  
Emblems of her I love.

## THE MINIATURE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by J. P. Knight.—Published by Davidson.

William was hold-ing in his hand The like - ness of his wife,  
Fresh, as if touch'd by fai-ry wand, With beau - ty, grace, and life; He  
al-most thought it spoke; He gas'd up - on the trea - sure still ab -  
sorb'd, de - light-ed, and a mar'd, To view the ar - tist's skill.

'This picture is yourself, dear Jane—  
'Twas drawn to nature true;  
I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,  
It is so much like you.'

'And has it kiss'd you back, my dear?'  
Why, no, my love,' said he—  
'Then, William, it is very clear  
'Tis not at all like me!'

## THE THORN.

Composed by Shield.—Published by Davidson.

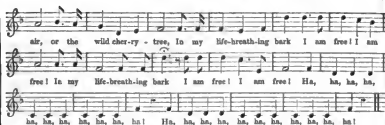
*Andante.**With Energy.**Tenderly.**With energy.*

When I show'd her the ring, and impior'd her to marry, 'Yes, I'll consent,' she replied 'if you'll promise  
She blush'd like the dawning of morn:— That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.'

## I'M AFLOAT!

The Music composed by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

*With animation.*



I have watch'd when the voice of the power of  
might  
Has call'd forth the storm in the dead of the night;  
When the lightning's broad flashes were gleaming  
around,  
And a mighty voice spake in the thunder-ton'd  
sound.  
But the sun in his glory arises again,  
And his mantle of splendour throws o'er the wide  
main:—

O! beautiful ocean, I'm wedded to thee,—  
A rich dowry is mine, I'm a child of the sea!  
For, rock'd in thy cradle and rear'd on thy  
breast,  
Where so well as with thee could I take my last  
rest;  
And while life be spar'd me, my sea-song shall be,  
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, I am free, I am free!—  
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

### ELIZA COOK'S SONG FOR THE YACHT CLUBS, TO THE SAME MUSIC.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and my home has no bound;  
There's no wall of dark limit to circle me round:  
Far away on the wave, I look back to the shore,  
With a heart that scarce heeds if I see it no more.

There are playthings & pleasures on land, it is true,  
But there's naught like the billow, so fresh and so  
blue!

There are things of rare speed, but my own little  
bark  
Runs a beautiful race, in the day or the dark!

On, on through the tide! let the wind do its worst;  
Let the lightning leap out, and the thunder-cloud  
burst;

Up, up with my flag, there's no thing that I love  
Like my own little cruiser, the gallant Sea-Dove!

She rides in the sunshine with pinions of snow,  
But like shaft in the quiver she's ready to go;  
Gently breathes on her wings, she is up from her  
nest,  
And right onward she starts with a foam-cleaving  
breast.

She will turn with a touch when the waters are  
wild,  
Like an Arab steed rul'd by a fair-handed child.  
She is fast—she is free—as that Arab can be,  
And is firm in the storm as a young forest tree.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, in my own little bark;  
My home has no bound, in the day or the dark;  
Up, up with my flag! there's no thing that I love  
Like my own little cruiser, the gallant Sea-Dove!

### SUNSHINE ON THY PATHWAY.

Irish Melody, to the Air, 'Tho' the last glimpse of Erin.'

*Andante.*



Lightly, dear maiden,  
Thy bosom may prize  
The vows of my breathing,  
The glance of my eyes;  
Lightly thy heart may  
Bound gaily and free,  
Whilst mine must, unceasing,  
Ache sadly for thee.

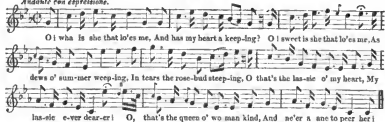
Yet blessings upon thee,  
My light-footed fair,  
Though for me or my fate  
You confess not a care:  
The star that in yonder  
Bright heaven I see,  
Is as lov'd of my soul,  
Though it beam not for me.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## O! WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

Words by Robert Burns.

*Andante con espressione.*



O! wha is she that lo'es me, And has my heart a keep-ing? O! sweet is she that lo'es me, As  
dews o' sum-mer weep-ing, In tears the rose-bud steep-ing, O that's the las-sie o' my heart, My  
las-sie e-ver dear-er! O, that's the queen o' wo man kind, And no'er a ane to peer her i  
If thou shalt meet a lassie If thou hadst heard her talking, If thou hast met this fair one,  
In grace and beauty charming, And thy attentions plighted, When frae her thou hast parted,  
That e'en thy chosen lassie, That lika body talking, If every other fair one  
Erewhile thy breast saw warming, But her, by thee is slighted, But thou hast deserted,  
Had ne'er sic powers alurning, And thou art all delighted, And thou art broken-hearted,  
O, that's the lassie, &c. O, that's the lassie, &c. O, that's the lassie, &c.

## O, THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

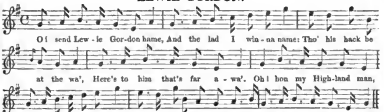
Words by Robert Burns.

*Allegretto.*



O, this is no my ain las-sie, Fair tho' the lassie be; O, weel ken I my  
ain las-sie,— Kind love is in her e'e. I see a form, I see a face, Ye  
weel may win the fairest place; It wants to me the witching grace, The kind love, that's in her e'e.  
O, this is no my ain, &c.  
She's bonny, blooming, straight, & tall, A thief saw pawkie is my Jean, It may escape the courtly sparks,  
And lang has had my heart in thrall, She'll steal a blink by a' unseen, it may escape the learned clerks,  
And aye it charms my vera soul, But gie as light as lovers' e'en, But weel the watching lover marks  
The kind love that's in her e'e. When kind love is in the e'e. The kind love that's in her e'e.  
O, this is no my ain, &c. O, this is no my ain, &c. O, this is no my ain, &c.

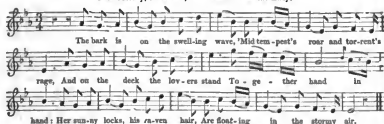
## LEWIE GORDON.



O! send Lew - ie Gor-don hame, And the lad I win - na name: Tho' his back be  
at the wa', Here's to him that's far a - wa'. Oh! bon my High-land man,  
Oh! my bonny Highland man, We'll won'd I my true love ken, Amang ten thousand Highland men.  
The princely youth that I do mean,  
Is fitted for to be a king:  
On his breast he wears a star,—  
You'd take him for the God of war,—  
Oh! bon my Highland. &c.  
Oh, to see his tartan trews,  
Bonnet blue, and haigh-heel'd shoes,  
Phillabeg shoon his knee:—  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!  
Oh! bon my Highland, &c.

## THE BARK IS ON THE SWELLING WAVE.

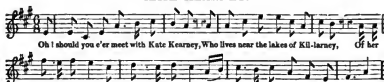
Irish Melody, to the Air, 'St. Brendan and the Lady.'



In Italy's bright land of flowers,  
They spent their young and ardent hours;  
An instant! and their tomb will be  
Beneath the dark blue sea:—  
But the worst horrors death can bring  
Will only make them closer cling.

'Tis pass'd! the weltering waves now clasp  
That fated vessel in their grasp!  
'Mid human misery's piercing cry,  
Their lips gave one fond sigh;  
And, form in form entwined, they sleep  
In the blue bosom of the deep.

## KATE KEARNEY.

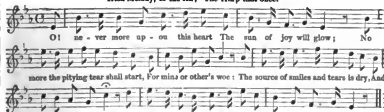


For those eyes, so seducingly beaming,  
Will kill ere of mischief you're dreaming;  
And who dares to view  
Her cheek's rosy hue,  
Must die by the spell of Kate Kearney!  
At eve should you meet this Kate Kearney,  
On the balm-breathing banks of Killarney,

Of her smile, oh! beware,  
For fatal's the snare  
Conceal'd in the smile of Kate Kearney!  
Though her hair o'er her snowy neck's streaming,  
Her looks with simplicity teeming,  
Beware ere you sip  
The balm from her lip,  
For fatal's the breath of Kate Kearney!

## O! NEVER MORE.

Irish Melody, to the Air, 'The Harp that once.'



The blandishments of life that lit  
My hopes when youth was wild  
Have vanish'd; would they'd linger'd yet,  
And I was still a child!  
Oh! for those happy hours of peace  
When trifles gave delight,  
Ere sorrow bade those raptures cease,  
Or malice brought her blight!

Those joys I never more must know,  
But mem'ry pictures yet  
The blisses that I must forego,  
But never can forget.  
Hope flutters still within its urn,  
And cools my burning brain;  
In dreams my bosom still will burn,  
And echo joy again.

## THE STREAMLET.

A Ballad, composed by Mr. Shield.

*Andante.*

The stream-let that flow'd round her cot, All the charms, all the charms of my Em - l - ly  
 knew; How oft has its course been for - got, While it paus'd, while it paus'd her dear im - age to  
 view! How oft has its course been forgot, While it paus'd, while it paus'd her dear image to view!  
 Believe me, the fond silver tide Till, silently swelling with pride.  
 Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize; It reflected her back to the skies.

## WHEN ARE MEAD AND WATER FAIREST.

To the Music of 'Vinci in Roma,' in Bellini's Opera of Norma; by George Soane, A.B.  
Published by Davidson.*Moderato.*

When are mead and wa - ter fair - est, Open - ing bud and blos - som  
 ra - rest? When is heaven's blue the bright - est? Night most love - ly? day the  
 light - est? 'Tis with her we love be - side us, When the world is far a -  
 way; At her voice each sound is w - sic, Brightens at her smile the day.  
 When is winged time the fleetest?  
 When does ev'ry pause seem sweetest?  
 When does even winter's wildness  
 Please us more than summer's mildness?  
 'Tis when she we love first whispers  
 That we have not lov'd in vain;  
 'Tis when merry bells are telling  
 Hours too sweet to come again.

## CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA?

Adapted to the Music of the Cracovienne, by S. D. Saunders.—Published by Davidson.

'Tis sweet on sum - mer eve to rove A - down the ri - ver Tol - ka; But oh! it is a  
 sweeter thing, By far, to dance the Pol - ka. Can't you dance the Polka? Won't you dance the  
 Pol - ka? The joys of earth are lit - tle worth, Un - less you dance the Pol - ka.  
 Young ladies wanting husbands true, Now, married folks of each degree,  
 O! you must dance the Polka; If your children you would see  
 And bachelors, if you would woo, Happy, prosperous, and free,  
 Why you must dance the Polka. Pray teach them all the Polka.  
 Can't you dance, &c. Can't you dance, &c.

## I LOVE THE NIGHT.

Words by G. P. Morris; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

*Can am. u. allegro.*

1 love the night, when the moon beams bright On flow'rs that drink the dew; When  
cas-cades shout as the stars peep out, From boundless fields of blue; But dear-er far than  
*ad lib.*  
moon or star, Or flow'rs of gau-dy hue, Or gurgling trills of moun-tain rills, I  
love, I love, love you! I love, I love, I love, I love, love  
you! I love, I love, I love, I love, I love, love you!

I love to stray, at the close of the day,  
Through groves of linden-trees;  
When gushing notes from song-birds' throats  
Laden the perfum'd breeze;

I love the night, the glorious night,  
When hearts beat warm and true;  
But, far above the night, I love,  
I love, I love, love you!

## MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

To the Air, 'Oft in the Still Night.'

*Tempo di Marcia.*

March to the bat-tle-field,—The foe is now be-fore us, Each heart is  
free-dom's shield, And Heav'n is smil-ing o'er us. The woes and pains, the  
gall-ing chains, that kept our spir-its un-der, In proud dis-dain we've broke a-gain, And  
burst each link a-sun-der! March to the bat-tle-field,—The foe is now be-  
*ad lib.*  
fore us, Each heart is free-dom's shield, And Heav'n is smil-ing o'er us.

Who, for his country brave,  
Would fly from her invader?  
Who, his base life to save,  
Would, traitor like, degrade her?

Our hallow'd cause, our home and laws,  
'Gainst tyrant pow'r sustaining.  
We'll gain a crown of bright renova,  
Or die our rights maintaining.  
March to the battle-field, &c.



## WHEN FIRST THIS HUMBLE ROOF I KNEW.

*Andante Pastorale.*

When first this hum - ble roof I knew, With va - rious cares I strove : My  
grain was scarce, my sheep were few, My all of life was love. By mu - tual toll our  
board was dress'd, The spring our drink be - stow'd ; But when her lip the brim had press'd, The  
cup with nec - tar flow'd, . . . . the cup with nec - tar flow'd.

Content and peace this dwelling shar'd,  
No other guest came nigh,—  
In them was giv'n, though gold was spar'd  
What gold could never buy :

No value has the splendid lot,  
But has the means to prove,  
That, from the castle to the cot,  
The all of life is love.

## THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

By William Shield.

*Andante.*

For Eng - land when, with fav'ring gale, Our gal - lant ship up  
chan - nel steer'd, And, scud - ing un - der ea - sy sail, The high blue wes - tern  
lead ap - pear'd, To heave the lead the sea - man sprung, And to the pi - lot  
cheer - ly sung, ' By the deep, Nine ! by the deep, Nine ! ' To heave the lead the  
sea - man sprung, And to the pi - lot cheer - ly sung, ' By the deep, Nine ! '

And, bearing up to gain the port,  
Some well-known object kept in view,—  
An abbey tower, an harbour, fort,  
Or beacon, to the vessel true ;  
While oft the lead the seaman sung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
' By the mark, Seven ! '

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,  
With transport we behold the roof  
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
Of faith and love a matchless proof ;  
The lead once more the seaman sung,  
And to the watchful pilot sung,  
' Quarter less Five.'

*Cheerfully.*

## YOU TELL ME, DEAR GIRL.

You tell me, dear girl, that I'm given to rove; That I sport with each lass on the green; That I  
join in the dance and sing son-nets of love, And still with the fair-est I'm seen. With my  
hey der-ry down, and my hey down der-ry, Round the green mea-dows so blithe and so mer-ry! My  
songs are of plea-sure and beau-ty, 'tis true, But I ne-ver lov'd a-ny, I ne-ver lov'd a-ny,  
ne-ver lov'd a-ny, dear Ma-ry, but you! but I ne'ver lov'd a-ny, dear Ma-ry, but you.

Though Phillis and Nancy are nam'd in my song.  
Yet my thoughts shall still wander to you;  
Nor to Phillis or Nancy my raptures belong.  
But to you and you only they're due.

With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry;  
'Round the green meadows, so blithe and so merry,  
With black, brown, and fair, I have frolic'd, 'tis true;  
But I never lov'd any, &c.

## OH! COULD I BID THE DAYS RETURN.

Irish Melody, to the Air, 'When first I met thee.'

*Allegretto.*

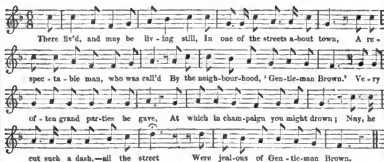
Oh! could I bid the days re-turn That once with joys were glow-ing, Ere  
first from sor-row's e-bon urn The bit-ter stream was flow-ing, And choose from all the  
va-ried light Of pleasures pure and ma-ny, But one to make my path-way bright, 'Twould  
be the smile of Fan-ny! Still, still that beam-ing smile 'Mid mem-ry's joys I  
num-ber; Oft, oft I meet it while My eyes are clos'd in slum-ber.

'Tis ever thus: in vain we view  
The hope we nourish'd blossom,  
When, bright in bloom and bath'd in dew,  
It fades upon the bosom.  
Oh! Fanny! thy fond smiles of bliss,  
Thy tears of tender sweetness,  
Beam'd all too bright for me to guess,  
That such would be their fleetness.  
At morn those smiles were mine,  
In light and love unclouded;  
At eve that form divine  
In death was darkly shrouded.

But like the sun, in that pure clime,  
Where night is daylight mellow'd;  
Beneath the holy touch of time,  
Thy loss has long been hallow'd.  
And now beyond the bliss most bright,  
If earth for me has any,  
I prize the pure and calm delight  
Of thinking of my Fanny.  
My vesper star! my love!  
My soul to thee was giv'n;  
Oh! plead for it above,  
And summon it to heav'n!

## ALL TO ASTONISH THE BROWNS.

As sung by Henry Russell.

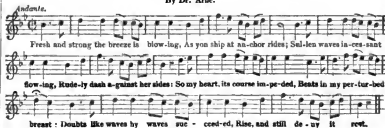


The Cags, who resided next door,  
Were ever in sneers and in frowns,  
And bursting with spleen, when they saw  
Such fine goings-on at the Browns.  
One night Mrs. C. said to Caggs,  
'Some husbands are such stingy clowns,  
Or they would give dinners and balls,  
And show off as well as the Browns.'  
'Consider my income,' said Caggs;  
'Don't talk in that way, Mr. C.  
I warrant I'd make it suffice,  
If you would but leave it to me:  
Last Monday, I saw well enough,  
When the tradesmen were going their rounds,  
Although they had money from us,  
I'm sure they had none from the Browns.'  
Caggs submitted to his better half,—  
Or rather two-thirds, I should say;  
And she soon sent her orders about,  
Determined to make a display.  
Her daughters were full of delight:  
On Sunday they sported new gowns,  
And exclaimed, as they strutted to church,  
'O! she's at we astonish the Browns!'  
Preparations were made for a feast—  
Tinted cards, highly glazed and emboss'd,  
Invited the neighbours, who came,  
And many in wonder were lost.

Champaign, claret, ices, milk-punch,  
And cakes ornamented with crowns;  
Soups, jellies, and scented pastilles—  
And all to astonish the Browns.  
One party soon drew on another;  
And then, to continue the game,  
As the Browns to the races were going,  
The Caggs must, of course, do the same.  
'Lawk! how very surpris'd they will be,  
When they see us appear on the Downs!  
We will go in a carriage and four,  
And we shall so astonish the Browns.'  
Whatever was done by the B's,  
The C's tried to do more than equal;  
But, as they had not the same means,  
They fail'd, as you'll see by the sequel.  
They were forc'd to run off from the street,  
As fortune look'd on them with frowns;  
And, what was more galling than all,  
It didn't astonish the Browns.  
My tale I'll conclude with a proverb,  
In which there's a good deal of sense;—  
Your pounds may be left to themselves,  
If you will but take care of the pence.  
In this you'll discover my moral,  
A moral worth mitres and crowns—  
If you wish to save silver and gold,  
You must always take care of the browns.

## FRESH AND STRONG THE BREEZE IS BLOWING.

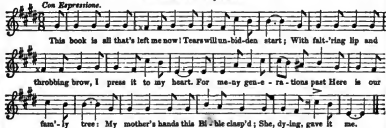
By Dr. Arne.



## MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Con Espressiono.*



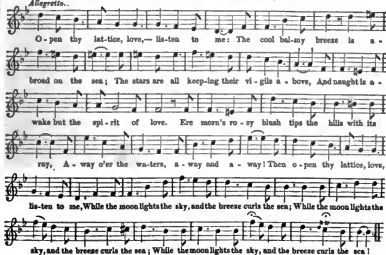
This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start; With falt'-ring lip and  
throbbing brow, I press it to my heart. For me-my gen-e-ra-tions past Here is our  
fate-ly tree: My mother's hands this Bi-ble clasp'd; She, dy-ing, gave it me.  
Ah! well do I remember those,  
Whose names those records bear!  
Who round the hearth-stone us'd to close,  
After the evening pray'r,  
And speak of what this volume said,  
In tones my heart would thrill;—  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here are they living still!  
My father read this holy book,  
To brothers, sisters, dear;—  
How calm was my poor mother's look,  
Who lean'd God's word to hear!—

Her angel face!—I see it yet!  
What thronging mem'ries come!—  
Again that little group is met  
Within the halls of home!  
Thou truest friend man ever knew  
Thy constancy I've tried;  
When all were false I found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide:  
The mines of earth no treasures give  
From me this book could buy;  
For, teaching me the way to live,  
It teaches how to die!

## OPEN THY LATTICE, LOVE.

A Serenade, composed by J. P. Knight.—Published by Davidson.

*Alliegretto.*



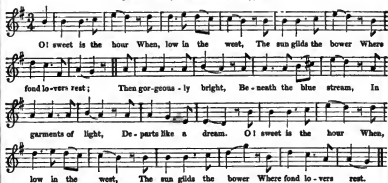
O - pen thy lat-tice, love,—lis-ten to me: The cool bal-ny breeze is a -  
broad on the sea; The stars are all keep-ing their vi-gils a - bove, And naught is a -  
wakes but the spi-rit of love. Ere morn's ro-sy blush tips the hills with its  
ray, A - way o'er the wa-ters, a - way and a - way! Then o - pen thy lattice, love,  
lis-ten to me, While the moon lights the sky, and the breeze curls the sea; While the moon lights the  
sky, and the breeze curls the sea; While the moon lights the sky, and the breeze curls the sea!

Open thy lattice, love,—listen to me:  
In the voyage of life, love our pilot will be;  
He'll sit at the helm, wherever we rove,  
And steer by the loadstar he kindled above!

His gem-circled pinnace will cut the bright spray,  
Or skim like a bird o'er the waters away!  
Then open thy lattice, love,—listen to me,  
While the moon lights the sky, and the breeze  
curls the sea!

## O! SWEET IS THE HOUR.

Spanish Melody.—Published by Chappell.

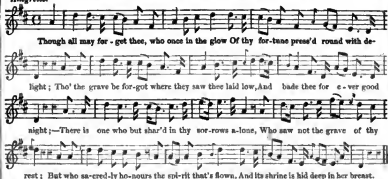


O! sweet and serene the spell that beguiles,  
When night's sable queen more tenderly smiles:  
The coldest are coy—the wildest are grave—  
The sad feel a joy loud mirth never gave!  
O! sweet is the hour, &c.

The spirits of love, to hallow the time,  
From the regions above, pour music sublime;  
Their harmonies cheer the dull gloom of the night,  
And wake the sweet tear of voluicous delight.  
O! the sweet hour, &c.

## THOUGH ALL MAY FORGET THEE.

Irish Melody, by Leman Kede, to the Air, 'When he who adores thee.'

*Allegretto.*

She remembers thy sighs, as they breath'd on her ear,  
In the accents of sorrow and pain;  
And feels that thy sufferings have made thee more dear  
Than any will e'er be again.  
She would have thee once more, with the waste of thy woe,  
With feelings of fondness and pride;  
But, since that is a thought she must ever forego—  
She would joy to lay down by thy side.

Then, though all may forget thee, who once in the glow  
Of thy fortune press'd round with delight;  
Though the grave be forgot where they saw thee laid low,  
And bade thee for ever good night;—  
That one who for thee could resign ev'ry dream,  
That from youth and ambition arise,  
Will still think on thee here, as her life's dearest beam,  
And her beacon of worlds in the skies.

## ZEKIEL HOMESPUN'S TRIP TO TOWN.

Published by Preston.

*Moderato.*

To London I comb'd upon bus'ness, d'ye see,  
But contriv'd to make pleasure and bus'ness agree;  
For when I gets back wi' our chaps on the green,  
They'll be sure to be axing me what I ha' seen.  
Now, having in town but a short time to stay,  
Thinks I, while the sun shines I'd better make hay;  
So I ax'd what the play were?—They told me, by  
gun,  
'Twas a very fine tragedy, call'd 'Tommy Thumb.'  
Io Yorkshire, I'd oft heard our knowing ones say,  
That a very good moral was learn'd from a play,  
And that tragedy boasted of language so fine;  
So I thought that as how it might help me wi' mine.  
Well, the curtain drew up, and the first to appear

Were two gentlemen dress'd, to be sure, mortal  
queer:  
Says one,—'To the king this petition I'll shew;  
Then the other to him answer'd, 'Do, Doodle, do.'  
Io oext scene were the king and the queen on their  
throne,  
To whom the petition was presently shown;  
But King Arthur from Doodle indignantly shrunk,  
'For,' says he, 'tis our pleasure this day to get  
drunk.'  
So thinks I to myself, an' that's what you're about,  
There's sa. sus'ness for me, sure, to see the play out.  
To my own native parts I will quickly go down,—  
I can learn to get drunk there as well as in town.

## WHEN TIME STEALS OUR YEARS AWAY.

Music and Words by T. Moore, Esq.



Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl—  
I drink to love and thee!  
Thou never canst decay in soul,—  
Thou'lt still be young for me.  
And as thy lips the tear-drops chase,  
Which on my cheek they find,  
So hope shall steal away the trace  
Which sorrow leaves behind.  
Then fill the bowl! away with gloom!  
Our joy shall always last;

For hope shall brighten days to come,  
And mem'ry gild the past.  
But mark, at thought of future years,  
When love shall lose its soul,  
My Chloe drops her timid tears—  
They mingle with my bowl!  
How like this bowl of wine, my fair,  
Our loving life shall fleet!  
Tho' tears may sometimes mingle there,  
The draught will still be sweet!  
Then fill the cup, &c

## WHEN BLUST'RING WINDS ARE HEARD TO BLOW.

Composed by J. Blewitt.

*Andante.*

When blust'ring winds are heard to blow, - And foam-ing sur-ges rage be-  
low, When thun-der rat-tles in the sky, And fierce the nim-bles - - light'-nings fly,  
My ten-der bo-som beats with pain, For Wil-liam on the rag-ing main,  
My ten-der bo-som beats with pain, For Wil-liam on the rag-ing main.

Though courage fills his manly breast,  
Yet he, alas! may be distress'd,  
For rocks and quicksands may appear,  
To wreck my joy, my only dear;—  
My tender bosom beats with pain,  
For William on the raging main.  
Yet Providence may crown his toil,  
To meet his Nancy with a smile,  
When safely he shall come on shore,

Then all my trouble may be o'er;  
Till then, alas! I must feel pain,  
For William on the raging main.  
Ye waves propitious gently sweep,  
Along the surface of the deep,  
Ye billows swift and kindly fling,  
To ease my anxious bosom's woes;  
Till his return, I must feel pain,  
For William on the raging main.

## WHEN FLOW'RS AGAIN THEIR DAY-LIGHT BLOOM.

Music by Steibelt; Poetry by J. A. Wade.

*Grazioso.*

When flow'rs a-gain their day-light bloom, Close in dew-y sleep; When moon-light  
shows the dis-tant dome, Glanc-ing o'er the deep; When scarce is heard the ev'-ning  
tide, Soft mur-m'ring to the shore—Or e-cho of a leaf that sigh'd To breeze that  
fann'd it o'er: Then Love will row my bark a-long, O'er the star-ry sea; And  
then my well-know'n ves-per song Shall sweet-ly breathe for thee.

But farewell now,—the morning ray  
Rises o'er the deep;  
If we could make the moonlight stay,  
How long the sun would sleep!

O! yes—but now, unwelcome light,  
He makes thy window close;  
But love, 'twill open soon, at night,  
When next the vi'let blows.  
And then I'll row, &c.

## DANCE, BOATMAN, DANCE.

As sung by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Spring is bloom-ing o-ver earth, Dis de time for joy and mirth; Del-phins and  
por-poise wal-low in de brine, Lil-ly birds sing in de glad sun-shine:  
Dance, boat-man, dance; O! dance, boat-man, dance; When stars burn bright, By the  
fire-fly's light, Till the ear-li-est dawn of de morn-ing. Boat-man dance, boat-man sing,  
Boat-man he do eb-'ry ting. Re, row, a-way we go; go-ing down de ri-ber on de O-hi-o!  
Re row, a-way we go, Go-ing down de ri-ver on de O-hi-o!

Alleghany mountains terrible high,—get at de top  
you touch de sky;Merry 'neath dere shadow, sitting on a log, boat-  
man sing and drink him grog.

Drink, boatman, drink,—drink, boatman, drink;

Drink all night wid a heart so light,

But take care ob your head in de mornin'.

Boatman sing, boatman drink,—daylight dawn,

starlight wink. Re row, away we go, &amp;c.

Boatman he's de lady's man,—none can max-

lub as de boatman can;

I neber saw a pretty gal in all my life, but she

was nick'd for de boatman's wife.

Court, boatman, court,—court, boatman, court;

We court all night by de glow-worm's light,  
And are off to de church in de mornin'.Boatman court, boatman tink, boatman dance,  
boatman drink. Re row, away we go, &c.In de log-hut Rosa stay,—tink ob her boatman  
far away;

Pecaninkees play about de floor,—p'raps tra or

twice on 'em, p'raps many more.

Lub, Rosa, life,—lub boatman's wife;

Dreem, young bride, him by your side,

And weep when you wake in de mornin'.

Boatman brave, boatman true; boatman got no

lub but you. Re row, away we go, &amp;c.

## IN INFANCY OUR HOPES AND FEARS.

*Andante.*

By Dr. Arne.

In in-fan-cy our hopes and fears Were to each o-ther known, And  
friend-ship, in our ri-per years, Has twin'd our hearts in one, - - Has  
twin'd our hearts in one. O! clear him, then, from this of-fence; Thy  
love, thy du-ty prove; Re-store him with that in-no-cence which first in-  
spir'd my - - love which first in-spir'd my love.



## REST, WARRIOR, REST.

Music by Michael Kelly.

*Moderate.*

He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight.—He comes thro' the storm and the  
dark-ness of night; For rest and for re-fuge now fain to im-plore, The war-rior bends  
low at the cot-ta-ger's door: Pale, pale, pale is his cheek, there's a  
gash on his brow! His locks o'er his shoul-ders dis-tract-ed-ly flow! And the  
fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye, Like a lan-guish-ing lamp that just  
flash-es to die. Rest, war-rior, rest! Rest, war-rior, rest!

Sunk in silence and sleep in the cottager's bed,  
Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;  
Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell.  
Of his lady love's bow'r, and her latest farewell.

O! then Hope's fond dreams chase the battles array,  
And sweet Love to his home guides the warrior's way;  
All the calm joys of peace to his head shall yield rest:  
Ah! warrior, wake not, such slumber is bless'd.

*Rest, warrior, rest, &c.*

## MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.

Music by Haydn.

*Allegretto.*

My mo-ther bids me bind my hair With bands of ro-sy hue, Tie  
up my sleeves with rib-bons rare, And lace my bod-dice blue; Tie up my  
sleeves with rib-bons rare, And lace, and lace my bod-dice blue. 'For  
why,' she cries, 'sit still and weep, While others dance and play?' A-las! I scarce can  
go or creep, While Lu-bin is a-way! A-las! I scarce can go or creep, While  
Lu-bin is a-way! While Lu-bin is a-way, in a-way, in a-way!

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,  
When those we love were near;  
I sit upon this mossy stone,  
And sigh when none can hear:

And while I spin my flaxen thread,  
And sing my simple lay,  
The village seems asleep or dead,  
Now Lubin is away.

## THE LOVER'S LUTE.

Irish Melody, to the Air, 'The Minstrel Boy.'

*With Expression.*

Her lo-ver's lute, that so often woke With thrill-ing tones to hail her, Met  
 Em-ma's eyes un - tun'd and broke, And it turn'd her pale cheek pa - ler.  
 'Harp of love!' she soft - ly sigh'd, 'Thy mas - ter light - ly flies thee; His  
 heart beats high to war - like pride, Mine on - ly lives to prize thee.'  
 But yet again, as so oft before, And sang—'How well is he repaid,  
 She heard its notes so tender; Who, from toil of war returning,  
 When her warrior-youth return'd once more, Beholds in eyes like thine, sweet maid,  
 His country's best defender; Love's brightest warmest welcome turning!

## PEACEFUL SLUMB'RING ON THE OCEAN.

Composed by Storace.

*Andante.*

Peace-ful slum - b'ring on the o - cean, Sea - men fear no dan - ger night,—The  
 wind and waves, in gen - tle motion, Soothe them with their lul - la - by; Lul - la - by,  
 lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by; Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - by.  
 Is the wind tempestuous blowing, The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,  
 Still no danger they desery; Soothes them with its lullaby—  
 Lullaby, lullaby, &c.

## ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

Composed by Shield.

Ere a-round the huge oak, that o'er- sha-dows yon mill, The fond l - vy had dar'd to en -  
 twine; Ere the church was a ru - in that nods on the hill, or the  
 rook built his nest on the pine, Or the rook built his nest on the pine.  
 Could I trace back the time to a far distant date, He, dying, bequesth'd to his son a good name,  
 Since my forefathers toil'd in the field; Which unsullied descended to me; [shame,  
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate, For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with  
 Is the same which my grandfather till'd. And it still from a snot shall go free.

## LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

Words by J. R. Planché; Music by T. Cooke.—Published by Chappell.

Gen - tie Zi - tel - la,      whi - ther a - way?      Love's Ri - tor - nel - la,  
 list, while I play.'      'No! I have lin - ger'd too long on the road,—  
 Night is ad - vanc - ing,      The Bri - gand's a - broad;      Loos - ly Zi - tel - la hath  
 too much to fear;      Love's Ri - tor - nel - la      she may not hear.'

'Charming Zitella, why should'st thou care?  
 Night is not darker than thy raven hair;  
 And those bright eyes if the Brigand should see,  
 Thou art the robber, the captive is he.'  
 Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear;  
 Love's Ritornella tarry and hear.'

'Simple Zitella, beware! oh! beware!  
 List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer!  
 To your light footsteps let terror add wings  
 'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings—  
 Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear;  
 Love's Ritornella tarry and hear.'

## TO THE DAISY.

To the Music of 'Ah! vello a mi Ritorna,' in Bellini's Opera of Norma; by George Soane, B.A.  
Published by Davidson.

*Allagre.*  
 Pale Dai - sy, gentlest flower      That grows in mead or bow - er,      Or wel - comes A - pril  
 show - er      When cuc - coos loud - ly sing;      Thy modest form - - dis -  
 clo - - ses      More grace than lord - - ly ro - - ses,      Or vi - o - let  
 that re - po - ses Up - - on - - - - the breast of spring, - -  
 - - - up - on - - - - the breast of spring.

Repine not, gentle daisy,  
 That none are found to praise thee.  
 Or from thy lowness raise thee—  
 Far longer is thy time;

While rose and tulips vying,  
 To am'rous breezes sighing,  
 Are pull'd, and, oh! are dying,  
 All in their early prison.

## THE GREEN BUSHES.

An Old Irish Melody, as sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam in the popular Drama.—Published by Davidson.  
*Andante Moderato.*



'O! why are you loitering here, pretty maid?'  
'I'm waiting for my true love,' softly she said;—  
'Shall I be your true love, and will you agree  
To lave your own true love and folly with me?'

'I'll give you fine bavers, and fine silken gowns,—  
I'll give you smart petticoats, flounc'd to the  
ground;—

'I'll buy you fine jewels, and live but for thee,  
If you'll lave your own true love, and folly with me?'

'I want none of your bavers, nor fine silks or  
hose,—  
For I'm not so poor as to marry for clothes;

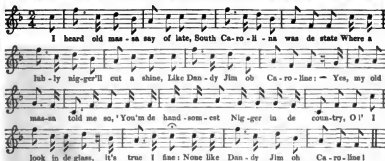
But if you'll be constant and true unto me,  
I'll lave my own true love, and marry with thee.

'Come, let us be going, kind Sir, if you please—  
O! let us be going from under these trees;  
For yooder is coming my true love, I see,  
Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to  
meet me.'

And when he came there and found she was gone,  
He look'd very sheepish, and cried quite forlorn,—  
'She's gone with another, and forsaken me,  
And left the green bushes, where she vow'd to  
meet me.'

## DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE.

As sung by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.



I dress myself in de long tail blue,  
As well-bred Nigger gemmeo do;  
My hat what 'em call de Lilly-shaller—  
Creation couldn't find its faller.  
I'm sure de hatter told me so,  
And de deuce is in it if he didn't know.  
De giggling gals cry, 'How divine  
Is Dandy Jim ob Caroline!'

My pantaloons a tartan check,  
A yaller fogie-um round my neck;—  
In my patent boots I've got her face,  
And was fairly rooted to de place.  
Indeed, Miss Peggy told me so,  
Dere wasn't such a heel in de country, oh!  
Says she, 'I'm your's, if you am mine,  
Dear Dandy Jim ob Caroline.'

White beauty's but skin-deep alone,  
De nigger's go right thro' to de bone;  
She's as lubly black as you can find,  
And her heel sticks out a foot behind;  
For de shoemaker told me so,—  
She's eighteen inches from de heel to de toe,  
She's form'd hy Nature to be thine,  
Great Dandy Jim from Caroline.

I marry her, and soon shall see  
Elegant lads d'innag' ob me;  
De gals shall show, in form and face,  
Mammy's beauty—daddy's grace,—  
My expectation tell me so,  
We'll hab four and twenty little nigs all in a row,  
Boys and gals almost divine,  
Liks Dandy Jim ob Caroline.

## THE TEAR.

The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by G. J. Godan.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

When friend-ship or love our sym-pa-thies move, When truth in a glance should ap-  
pear, The lips may beguile with a dim-ple or smile, But the test of af-fec-tion's a  
tear. Too oft is a smile but the hy-po-crite's wile, To mask de-tes-ta-tion or  
fear: Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul - telling eye Is dimm'd for a time with a tear, a  
tear, a tear, a tear - - - Is dimm'd for a time with a tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the region of night,  
And my corse shall remain on its bier,  
As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume,  
O! moisten their dust with a tear.

May no marble bestow the splendour of woe,  
Which the children of vanity rear;  
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name.—  
All I ask, all I wish, is a tear!

## HELEN.

Irish Melody by Leman Rede, to the Air of Moore's 'Meeting of the Waters.'

*Scherzando*

A ca - va-li-er gal-lop'd in haste o'er the glade, And his steed and his  
master were gal - ly ar - ray'd, And bright was his form, and blithe was his air; In his  
hat was seen flow-ing the gift of his fair, In his hat was seen flow-ing the gift of his fair.

And Helen look'd out from her window that night,  
And he wav'd his gay plumes, when the maid was  
in sight;  
Clapping spurs to his steed, swiftly onward he  
press'd,—  
In a moment he folded the fair to his breast.

And lip meeting lip, there as mately they clung.  
Their eyes glowing rapture, spoke more than the  
tongue;  
While her breath panting quickly, in sighs only  
spoke  
The echoes of rapture his presence awoke.

The morning beam'd brightly, the cavalier's  
steed  
Flew lightly along o'er the dew-spangled mead;  
But never again came that knight, and no more  
Wears the maiden the smile which that ev'ning  
she wore.

She weeps not, but looks from her lattice all  
day,  
On the road where the cavalier wended his way;  
In vain her heart throbs, or her bosom may  
burn,—  
That knight and those blisses will never return!

## NO MORE SHALL I SEEK IN THE RED FIELD OF DANGER.

Irish Melody—"Tis gone and for ever.

No more shall I seek, in the red field of danger, The phan-tom of honour, the  
 hopes that be-tray: I will roam like a pil-grim, and ask of the stranger The  
 crust and the cup that will serve for the day. For how have I found all my  
 darings re-ward-ed? And how have my life-wounds and love been re-ward-ed? And where is that  
 one who, had she but ap-plaud-ed, Had brighten'd in-gra-ti-tude's drear-i-est way?

That chosen of all—that best beam of my glory,  
 Who promised to light me to heaven's own shrine,  
 Has thrown the first blight on the dawn of my  
 story,  
 And wither'd the wreath that she taught me to  
 twine.  
 Oh! vain was the hope that she kindled so brightly,  
 And which rose 'mid the stars that watch'd over me  
 nightly:  
 She has cast off the chain that but fetter'd I'd  
 lightly,  
 And left all its weight and its chillness on me.

No matter! when years shall have sadden'd her  
 spirits,  
 And taught her how false is the flatterer's breath,  
 Sad, deserted, declining, she'll think of my merits—  
 She'll seek me, perhaps—she must seek me in  
 death!  
 She will ask—they will tell her, when hope from  
 life parted, [start'd;  
 One heart-burst escaped, and one burning tear  
 Then, silent and lone, I went forth broken-hearted,  
 To seek some lone spot that might serve for a  
 grave.

## NE'ER ASK WHERE RADIANT SUMMER FLIES.

The Words by W. Dodsworth, Esq; the Music by James Ions.—Published by Davidson.

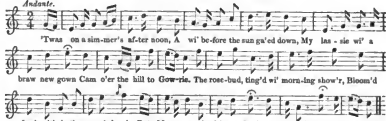
Ne'er ask where radiant Sum-mer flies, When win-try tempests cloud the skies: Un-  
 mark'd the sea-sons may depart, For love makes summer, makes sum-mer in my heart.  
 Ask me not where the sun-beam goes, When fades its lus-tre from the rose: -  
 Ro-ses and sun-light far more bright In thy sweet face for me - a - nite.  
 Ask me not why unbreed sing  
 The linnets in the laughing spring:  
 Love's siren notes mine ears enchain,  
 And thus the warblers pipe in vain.

Nor ask why lovers deem the hue  
 Of maidens' eyes is deepest blue:  
 To mortal men from Jove was given  
 To bask in light deriv'd from heav'n.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

*Andante.*

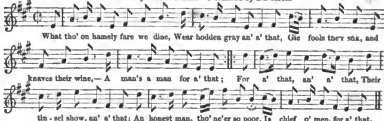


'Twas on a sim-mer's af-ter noon, A wi' be-fore the sun ga'ed down, My las-sie wi' a  
braw new gown Cam o'er the hill to Gow-rie. The rose-bud, ting'd wi' morn-ing show'r, Bloom'd  
fresh with-in the sun-nle bow'r, But Ma-ry was the fair-est flow'r That e-ver bloom'd in Gow-rie.  
I had na thought to do her wrang,  
But round her waist my arm I flang,  
And said, ' My lassie, will ye gang  
To view the Carse o' Gowrie?—  
I'll tak ye to my father's ha',  
In yon green field beside the sha',  
And mak ye lady o' them a',  
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid—  
The blush upon her cheek soon spread—  
She whisper'd modestly and said,  
' I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie.'  
The auld folks soon ga'ed their consent,  
And to Mess John we quickly went,  
Wha tied us to our hearts' content;—  
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

## A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

The Words by Robert Burns.—Published by Davidson.



What tho' on hame-ly fare we dine, Wear hoddin gray an' a' that, Gie fools their snk, and  
knaves their wine,— A man's a man for a' that; For a' that, an' a' that, Their  
tin-sel show, an' a' that; An honest man, tho' ne'er so poor, Is chief o' men, for a' that.  
Wha wad for honest poverty Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord, A king can mak a belted knight,  
Hang down their heads, an' a' that, Wha struts and stares, and a' that; A marquiss, duke, an' a' that,  
The coward slave we pass him by, Tho' hundreds worship at his word, But an honest man's above his might;  
And dare be poor for a' that, He's but a coof, for a' that, Guid faith! he mauna fa' that;  
For a' that, an' a' that, For a' that, an' a' that, For a' that, an' a' that,  
Our toils obscure, an' a' that: His ribbon, star, an' a' that: Their dignities, an' a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man of independent mind The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
The man's the gowd, for a' that. He looks an' laughs at a' that. Are higher ranks than a' that.

## MY HEART IS SAIR.

Written on the model of a Jacobite Song, 'The Somebody' of which was the Old Chevalier.



My heart is sair, I dare na tell,— My heart is sair for somebo-dy! O! I could wake a  
win-ter night, A' for the sake o' some-bo-dy! O! hon for some-bo-dy, O! hey for  
some-bo-dy! I could range the world a-round, For the sake o' some-bo-dy.  
Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,  
O! sweetly smile on somebody;  
Fra ilka danger keep him free,  
And send me safe my somebody.  
O! hon, for somebody, &c.

## WHY ASKS MY FAIR ONE?

Canzonet, by Haydn.

*Allegretto.*

Why asks my fair one if I love? Why, why, why asks my fair one if I love? Those  
 eyes so pierc - ing bright Can ev - ry doubt of that remove, And need no o - ther  
 light, And need no o - ther light, And need no o - ther light. Those  
 eyes full well do know my heart, And all its work - ings see, E'er since they  
 play'd the conq'-ror's part, And I no more was free, And I no more was  
 free; E'er since they play'd the conq'-ror's part, And I no more was free, And  
 I no more was free, And I no more was free, And I no more was free.

## DESPAIR.

Canzonet, by Haydn.

*Allegro.*

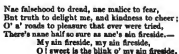
The an-guish of my burst - ing heart Till now my tongue hath ne'er be-tray'd,  
 Till now my tongue hath ne'er be - tray'd; De - spair at length re -  
 veals the smart, Des - pair at length re-veals the smart, No time can  
 cure, no hope can aid, no hope can aid; Des - pair at  
 length re-veals the smart, No time can cure, no hope can aid.

My sorrows verging to the grave,  
 No more shall pain thy gentle breast;  
 Think death gives freedom to the slave,  
 Nor mourn for me when I'm at rest.  
 Yet, if at eve you chance to stray  
 Where silent sleeps the peaceful dead,

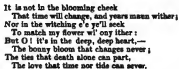
Give to your kind compassion way,  
 Nor check the tears by pity shed.  
 Whene'er the precious dew-drop falls  
 I ne'er can know, I ne'er can see;  
 And, if sad thought my fate recalls,  
 A sigh may rise unheard by me.



MY AIN FIRESIDE.

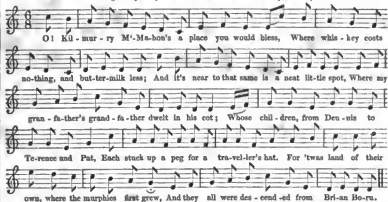


**Students**



## BRIAN BORU.

The words arranged expressly for this work, to an Irish Melody, 'Garry Owen.'



O! Kil-mur-ry M'-Ma-hon's a place you would bless, Where whis-key costs  
no-thing, and but-ter-milk less; And it's near to that same is a neat lit-tle spot, Where my  
gran-fa-ther's grand-fa-ther dwelt in his cot; Whose chil-dren, from Den-nis to  
Te-rence and Pat, Each stuck up a peg for a tra-vel-ler's hat. For 'twas land of their  
owa, where the murphies first grew, And they all were des-cend-ed from Bri-an Bo-ru.

In our garden, to charm both the eye and the nose,  
Nature always seemed dressed in her holiday  
clothes; [brew'd,  
And, so sweet was the smell of the whiskey we  
That a pig in the parlour would sometimes intrude!  
Then, at the Assizes, I've ta'en up a broom,  
To leather a cow from the counsellor's room;  
For we let off a chamber, as other folks do,  
Who may not be descended from Brian Boru.

But sweetest of all was that beautiful maid,  
At the door of whose cabin I've oft left my spade  
From the window she'd peep, like a sly fairy elf,  
Crying—"Mister Kilrooney, get out wid yourself!  
If you stop till I open the wicket, my dear,  
I'll be making a noise which nobody can hear;  
Then I always behaved as all gentlemen do,  
Who, like me, are descended from Brian Boru.

## THE BETTER LAND.

Published by Z. T. Purday.



*mp* I hear thee speak of the bet-ter land,—Thou call'st it, chil-dren, a  
*mf* hap-py band.' 'Mo-ther, O! where is that ra-diant shore? Shall we not  
*dim* seek it, and weep no more? Is it where the flow'r of the o-range  
blows, And the fire-flies glance thro' the myr-tle boughs?'—'Not  
*a piacere* there, not there! my child!—not there, not there! my child!'

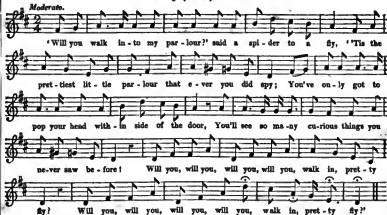
'Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?  
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange bright birds on their starry wings  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?'

'Not there, not there! my child!

'Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—  
Sorrow and death may not enter there!  
Time may not breathe on its fadeless bloom;—  
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—  
It is there. It is there! say child!

## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

As sung by Henry Russell.

*Moderate.*


'Will you walk in - to my par - lour?' said a spi - der to a fly, 'Tis the  
 pret - tiest lit - tie par - lour that e - ver you did spy; You've on - ly got to  
 pop your head with - in side of the door, You'll see so ma - ny cu - rious things you  
 ne - ver saw be - fore! Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk in, pret - ty  
 fly? Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk in, pret - ty fly?'

'Will you grant me one sweet kiss?' said the spider  
 to the fly,—

To taste your charming lips, I've a cu - ri - o - si - ty.  
 Said the fly, 'If once our lips did meet, a wager I  
 would lay,

Of ten to one, you would not after let them come  
 away.' Will you, will you? &c.

'If you won't kiss, will you shake hands?' said the  
 spider to the fly, (sigh?)

'Before you leave me to myself, to sorrow and to  
 Sighs the fly, 'There's nothing handsome unto you  
 belongs,—

I declare you should not touch me with a pair of  
 tongue.' Will you, will you? &c.

'What handsome wings you've got,' said the spider  
 to the fly,—

'If I had such a pair, I in the air would fly!—

'Tis useless all my wishing, and only idle talk;  
 You can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to walk.'  
 Will you, will you? &c.

'For the last time now I ask you, will you walk in,  
 pretty fly?' by.

'No, if I do, may I be shot—I'm off, so now good  
 Then up he springs—but both his wings were in the  
 web enought fast; [you safe at last.]

The spider laugh'd, 'Ha, ha! my boy, I've caught  
 Will you, will you? &c.

'And pray how are you now?' said the spider to  
 the fly,— [buy]

'You fools will never wisdom get, unless you dearly  
 'Tis vanity that ever makes repentance come too late,  
 And you who into cobwebs run surely deserve your  
 fate!' Will you, will you? &c.



Now, all young men, take warn - ing by this fool - ish lit - tie, lit - tie, lit - tie, lit - tie  
 fly: Plea - sure is the spi - der that to catch you fast will try; And al -  
 though you may be think - ing that ad - vice is quite a bore, You're lost if you stand  
 par - ley - ing out - side of plea - sure's door. Will you, will you, will you, will you  
 walk out, Mis - ter fly? Will you, will you, will you, will you walk out, pret - ty fly?'

## MAID MARIAN'S SONG.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music by Edward J. Loder.—Published by Davidson.

*Andantino con moto.* *a tempo.*

*ad lib.*

Where does the clear stream clear - est flow? At the foot of some lone hill; Gushing,  
 bub-bling, at its will, All 'twixt banks of live-liest green, On - ly by the wan-d'r'er *Allegretto Grazioso.*  
 seen, Or the child who chas-es there Sum-mer in - sects thro' the air. Then, far from  
 me the ci - ty be,—The wood my home, still let me roam; Then far from me the ci - ty  
 be,—The wood my home, Still let me roam, let me roam, let me roam, In freedom 'neath the  
*a tempo.* *ad lib.*  
 greenwood tree; Let me roam, let me roam in free-dom 'neath the green - - wood tree.

Where does the fresh wind freshest blow?  
 On the mountain, he whose head  
 In the blast uncovered  
 Seems to love and woo the storm,

Sporting with his rugged form,  
 Or upon the flowing mead,  
 Where the flocks unnoted feed?  
 Then far from me, &c.

## WALK ALONG, JOHN.

Negro Melody by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's uniform Edition of his Compositions.

John-ny Brock from Chicka - law, De strang-est chap I eb - er saw, Put his coat on a -  
 fore his shirt, I de-clare, 'Cos he had no shirt to wear. So walk a-long, John,  
 walk along, John, walk along, John, all thro' de town; Walk a-long, John, all thro' de town.

Boss gave him oats to feed de hoes,  
 He eat 'em himself, and massa cross:—  
 'What Dobbin had?' said Boss,—'You flat!  
 Noting at all, and not quite dat!'

Walk along, John, &amp;c.

Boss going out to a place of note,  
 Orders John to beat his coat;  
 What you tink John do dat mint?  
 Beats de coat wid de massa in it.

Walk along, John, &amp;c.

John took turnips to feed de sheep,  
 But gib 'em instea' green 'bacca-leaf:—

'What you do wid turnips, bangry glutton?'  
 'Keep 'em till I get some mutton!'

Walk along, John, &amp;c.

Johnny lay on de railroad track,  
 De engine come slap on his back;  
 John didn't cry, nor wince, nor whine,  
 But cried, 'Do dat again, you'll hurt my spine!'

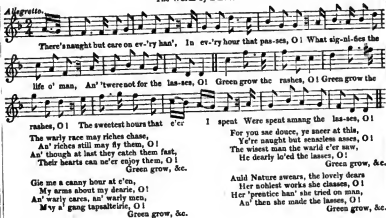
Boss gave John a pound ab tea,  
 A sort ob stuff he nebber did see;  
 Johnny couldn't make tea by any means,  
 But put it in de pot, and boil'd it like green!  
 Walk along, John, &c.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

The Words by Burns.

*Allegretto.*

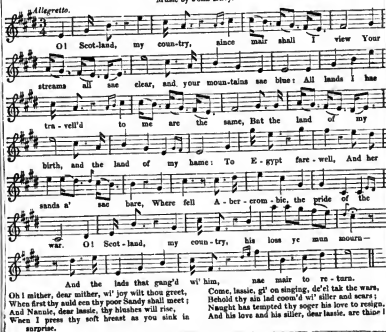


There's naught but care on ev-'ry han', In ev-'ry hour that pas-ses, O! What sig-ni-fies the  
 life o' man, An' 'twere not for the las-ses, O! Green grow the rashes, O! Green grow the  
 rashes, O! The sweetest hours that e'er I spent Were spent among the las-ses, O!  
 The warly race may riches chase, For you see dounce, ye sneer at this,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O! Ye're naught but senseless asses, O!  
 An' though at last they catch them fast, The wisest man the world e'er saw,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O! He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O!  
 Green grow, &c.  
 Give me a canny hour at e'en, And Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 My arms about my dearie, O! Her noblest works she classes, O!  
 An' warly cares, an' warly men, Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 My a gang tapsalteirie, O! An' then she made the lasses, O!  
 Green grow, &c.

## O! SCOTLAND, MY COUNTRY.

Music by John Davy.

*Allegretto.*



O! Scot-land, my coun-try, since mair shall I view Your  
 streams all see clear, and your moun-tains see blue: All lands I hae  
 tra-vell'd to me are the same, But the land of my  
 birth, and the land of my hame: To E-gypt fare-well, And her  
 sands a' see bare, Where fell A-ber-crom-bie, the pride of the  
 war. O! Scot-land, my coun-try, his loss ye mun mourn—  
 And the lads that gang'd wi' him, nae mair to re-turn.  
 Oh I mither, dear mither, wi' joy wilt thou greet, Come, lassie, gi' on singing, de'e! tak the wars,  
 When first thy auld een thy poor Sandy shall meet; Behold thy ain lad coom'd wi' siller and scars;  
 And Nannie, dear lassie, thy blushes will rise, Naught has tempted thy soger his love to resign.  
 When I press thy soft breast as you sink in surprise, And his love and his siller, dear lassie, are thine!

## COME, MY FRIENDS.

A Bacchaanlian Song, to the Music of 'The Druids' March' in Narnan, by Bellini; the Words by G. Soane, B.A.—Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto.*

Come, my friends, let's be mer-ry to-night;— Who can say what will chance to -  
morrow? Let us feast till light On our mirth is bright: There will be time e -  
nough for care; There will be time e - nough for sor-row, When the  
sun breaks the va-pours of air. Till it comes, from the night we will  
sor-row All her stars, and her moon so fair. Fill then, all, and fill  
up to the brim,— In the joys of the wine-cup we'll swim; Here's a  
health to our friends—hip! hur-rah! Here's a health to the fair ones—Huz-zah!

May we meet when this day comes again,  
Not one of our numbers be missing;  
All as free from pain, in our laughing vein,  
Light of heart as the bird on bough.

Ere it comes, full many an hour  
May have plough'd deep its cares on our brow;  
Yet again, in our festal bower,  
We'll forget and be bless'd as now.  
Fill then, all, &c.

## O! WHAT A CHARMING FELLOW.

O! what care I for mam or dad! Why, let them scold and  
bel - low; For, while I live, I'll love my lad, He's such a charm-ing  
fel - low! The last fair day, an you - der green, The youth he dane'd so  
well, O! So spruce a lad was ne-ver seen, as my sweet charm-ing fel - low.

The fair was over, night was come,  
The lad was somewhat mellow;  
Says he, 'My dear, I'll see you home.'  
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright;  
Says he, 'My sweetest Nello,

I'll kiss you here by this good light.'

O! what a charming fellow.

'You rogue,' says I, 'you've stopp'd my breath;  
Ye bells, ring out my knell, O!  
Again I'd die so sweet a death,  
With such a charming fellow.

## O! 'TIS LOVE.

Adapted by Henry Phillips, to the favorite French Air, 'C'est L'Amour.'

O! 'tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love, Of which all feel the smart: High and low can  
*Fine.*  
 ne'er fore-go The pow'r of Cu-pid's dart. When Love's first thought by  
 Miss in tears, She feels, but can't tell how: It pic-tures to her bliss-ful scenes Of  
 all who kind-ly bow:—The heart that's made to feel Its sym-pa-the-tic  
 charms, To o-thers can re-veal A cure for Love's a-larms.

What fills the blooming maid with joy,  
 When kindly she's caress'd?  
 Though care may oft her mind annoy,  
 Still Love 'tis makes her bless'd;  
 What makes the widow blithe and gay—  
 A thousand fears impart—  
 Still think with pleasure on that day  
 When first she lost her heart?  
 With hope she's still inspired,  
 While fancy holds to view;  
 The time her bosom fired,—  
 That time she'd fain renew.

Oh! 'tis Love, &amp;c.

The miser he may count his pelf,  
 And prize his gold in store—  
 If caught by Love, he feels himself  
 Still wanting something more;  
 Alike, old maids advanced in years  
 Love's power would fain deride;  
 But oft bemoan their lot in tears,  
 And wish themselves a bride.  
 Thus, Love's an endless bower—  
 With him there's no decay—  
 All feel its sov'reign power—  
 E'er Cupid holds the sway.

Oh! 'tis Love, &amp;c.

## THE FISHER-BOY.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, O! The nets are spread out to the sun; - - O!  
 mer-ri-ly, O! the Fish-er-boy sings, Right glad that his la-bour's done; O! - -  
 mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, O! The nets are spread out to the sun; - - O!  
 mer-ri-ly, O! the Fish-er-boy sings, Right glad that his la-bour's done. Hap-py and

[illegible]

Merrily, merrily, merrily, O !  
He sleeps till the morning breaks ;  
O, merrily, O ! at the seagull's scream  
The Fisher-boy quickly awakes.  
Merrily, merrily, merrily, O !  
He sleeps till the morning breaks .

O, merrily, O ! at the seagull's scream  
The Fisher boy quickly awakes.  
Down on the strand he is plying his hand,  
His shouting is heard again ;  
The clouds are dark, but he springs to his bark,  
With the same light-hearted strain.  
O ! merrily, merrily, &c.

WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE.

By Shield.

*Allegretto.*

When Wil-liam at eve meets me down at the stile, How sweet is the  
night - in - gale's song! When Wil - liam at eve meets me down at the stile, How  
sweet is the night - in - gale's song! Of the day I for-get all the la-bour and  
toil, While the moon plays you branch-es a - mong, While the moon plays, -  
While the moon plays you branch-es a-mong.

By her beams, without blushing, I berr him com-  
plain,  
And believe ev'ry word of his song ;

You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear  
swain,  
While the moon plays you branches among!



## THE GALVANIC RING.

By Leman Rede, to the Irish Melody of Moore's 'O! Nothing in Life can sadden us.'—  
Published by Davidson.

*Lively*

Dear heart! how this world is pro-gress-ing! For sci-ence is soar-ing on  
won-der-ful wings; But the won-der of won-ders be-yond all ex-press-ing's The  
*Fine.*  
ma-gi-cal touch of the Gal-va-nic Rings. Talk a - bout Bro-die, and Coo-per, and  
Lis-ke. Of surgeons' Hy-ge-ian and Me-di-cal Hall,—They're fi-nish'd, and roll'd up; for  
*D.C. al Fine.*  
this I in-sist on, A Gal-va-nic ge-nius has ruin-'d them all.

When Sir James Graham brought in his medical  
bill, he  
Inflited on doctors a terrible sting;  
But their fears sink to nothing, are futile and  
silly,—  
Their regular ruin 's the Galvanic Ring.  
'Tis fun'd thro' Great Britain, thro' France, and  
thro' Flanders,  
From London to Leith; and of this be assur'd,  
If a maid has the mumps, or a mare has the  
glanders,  
Ring finger or fetlock, they're easily cur'd.  
Dear heart, &c.

Miss Dobbs fell in love with a lanky Lieutenant—  
His conduct was really by no means the thing;  
But she blushing owns that on last Sunday  
se'n'night  
He made the *amends* by the aid of a ring.  
Deputy Dubbins, whose wife ran away from him,  
Leaving him not the least trace of her track,  
Has made the dame vow she will never more stray  
from him—  
He put on the ring, and it soon brought her back.  
Dear heart, &c.

Both bipeds and quadrupeds, women and weazels,  
Confess the great charm of this wonderful  
thing;  
E'en pigs may be cur'd that are 'down with the  
measles,'  
If you put thro' their noses the Galvanic Ring.  
Gout, palsy, pleurisy, all other ill pains,  
It cures on the instant, and banishes woes;  
My own little darlings were cur'd of the chil-  
blains,  
Simply by putting some rings on their toes.  
Dear heart, &c.

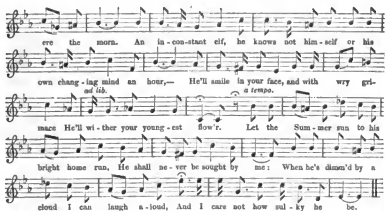
The peer and the peasant, the churchman, the  
layman,  
From powerful Peel to the famous Tom Spring;  
Batty's troop, from his tragical dame to his  
gay-man,  
Alike are desirous to boid up the ring.  
Come, ladies, who're lonely in widow weeds moping,  
Signing all night in a husbandless bed;  
Come maidens who're blushing, and sighing, and  
hoping,  
Buy but a ring, you may speedily wed.  
Dear heart, &c.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The Poetrv by Charles Dickens, Esq., printed by permission; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published  
in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Gravitate con Anima.*

care not for Spring! On his sic-kle wing Let the blos-soms and buds be  
borne: He woos them a-main with his treach-er-ous rain, And he scat-ters them



ere the morn. An in - con - stant elf, he knows not him - self or his  
own chang - ing mind an hour,— He'll smile in your face, and with wry gri-  
*ad lib.* *a tempo.*  
smace He'll wi - ther your young - est flow'r. Let the Sum - mer sun to his  
bright home run, He shall ne - ver be sought by me: When he's dimm'd by a  
cloud I can laugh a - loud, And I care not how sul - ky he be.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light  
Of the modest and gentle moon,  
Has a far sweeter sheen for me, I ween,  
Than the broad and unblushing noon.  
But every leaf awakens my grief,  
As it lieth beneath the tree:  
So let autumn air be never so fair,  
It by no means agrees with me.

Let the summer sun, &c.

But my song I troll out, for Christmas stout,  
The hearty, the true, and the bold:  
A bumper I drain, and with might and main  
Give three cheers for this Christmas w.d.

We'll usher him in with a merry din,  
That shall gladden his joyous heart,  
And we'll keep him up, while there's bit or sup,  
And in fellowship good we'll part.

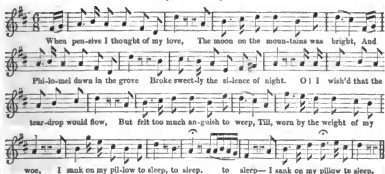
Let the summer sun, &c.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide  
One jot of his hard-wenther scars:  
They're no disgrace, for there's much the same traces  
On the cheeks of our bravest tars.  
Then again I sing, till the roof doth ring,  
And it echoes from wall to wall—  
To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,  
As the king of the seasons all!

Let the summer sun, &c.

## WHEN PENSIVE I THOUGHT ON MY LOVE.

By Michael Kelly.



When pen-sive I thought of my love, The moon on the moun-tains was bright, And  
Phil-lo-mel down in the grove Broke sweet-ly the si-lence of night. O I wish'd that the  
tear-drop would flow, But felt too much an-guish to weep, Till, worn by the weight of my  
woe, I sank on my pil-low to sleep, to sleep. to sleep—I sank on my pillow to sleep.

Methought that my love, as I lay,  
His ringlets all clotted with gore,  
In the pulchre of death seem'd to say—  
'Alas! we must never meet more!

Yes, yes, my be-lov'd, we must part,  
The steel of my rival prov'd true,  
The assassin has struck on that heart  
Which beats with such fervour for you!

## BONNY BET, SWEET BLOSSOM.

Composed by Shield.

No more I'll court the town-bred fair, Whn shines in ar-ti-fi-cial beau-ty; For  
na-tive charms with - out com-pare Claim all my love, res-pect, and du-ty.  
O! my bon-ny, bon-ny Bet, sweet blossom, O! my bon-ny, bon-ny Bet, sweet blossom.  
Were I a king, so prond to wear thee, From off the ver-dant lawn I'd  
bear thee, Th grace thy faith - ful lov-er's bo-som! O! my bonny, bonny Bet.  
Yet, ask me where those beauties lie,  
I cannot say in smile or dimple,  
In blooming cheek or radiant eye,—  
'Tis happy nature, wild and simple.  
O! my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.  
Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,  
And sigh in numbers trite and common:—

Ye gods! nne darling wish be mine,  
And all I ask is lovely woman!  
O! my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.  
Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,  
Like thy bright eye, with pleasure dancing;  
My heaven art thou—so take my soul,  
With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing!  
O! my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

## THE WASHING-DAY.

To the Air, 'There's nne Luck about the House.'

The sky with clouds was e-ver-cast, The rain be-gan to fall;  
My wife she whipp'd the chil-dren, Who rais'd a pret-ty squall; She  
baule me, with a frown-ing look, To get out of the way; O! the  
dence a bit of com-fort's here, Up-na a wash-ing-day! For 'tis  
thump. thump, scrub, scrub, scold, scold, a-way! O! the  
dence a bit of com-fort's here, Up-on a wash-ing-day.

My Kate she is a bonny wife,  
There's none so free from evil,  
Except upon a washing-day,  
And then she is the devil!  
The very kittens on the hearth,  
They dare not even play;  
Away they jump, with many a thump,  
Upon the washing-day.  
For 'tis thump, thump, &c.

I met a friend, who asked me,—  
'How long's poor Kate been dead?'  
Lamenting the good creature gone,  
And sorry I was wed  
To such a scolding vixen, while  
He had been far away;—  
The truth it was he chanc'd to come  
Upon a washing-day.  
When 'tis scrub, scrub, &c.

I ask'd him, then, to stay and dine:  
'Come, come,' quoth I, 'oddsbuds!  
I'll no denial take,—you must,  
Though Kate be in the suds!'  
But what we had to dine upon,  
In truth I cannot say;

But I think he'll never come again  
Upon a washing-day!  
When 'tis scrub, scrub, &c.

On that sad morning, when I rise,  
I put a fervent prayer  
To all the gods, that it may be  
Throughout the day quite fair!  
That not a cap or handkerchief  
May in the ditch be laid;  
For should it happen so, egad,  
I get a broken head!  
When 'tis scrub, scrub, &c.

Old Homer sang a royal wash,  
Down by a crystal river,  
For dabbling in the palace-halls  
The king permitted never:—  
On high Olympus, beauty's queen  
Such troubles well may scout,  
While Jove and Juno, with their train,  
Put all their washing out.  
Ah! happy gods! they fear no sound  
Of thump and scold away;  
But smile to view the perils of  
A mortal washing-day!

## SONG OF THE MARINERS.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Choose ye who will earth's daz-zling bow'rs, But the great and glo-ri-ous sea be ours; Give  
us, give us the dol-phin's home, With the speed-ing keel and splashing foam! Right  
mer-ry are we as the sound bark springs On her lone-ly track, like a crea-ture of  
wings, O! the ma-ri-ner's life is blithe and gay! The  
wind is fair, and the ship's on her way,— We are the free, the free!  
We are the free! We are the free, the free! We are the free!

We love the perilous sea because  
It will not bend to man or his laws;  
It ever hath roll'd, the uncontrol'd;  
It cannot be warp'd to fashion or mould.  
We are not so apt to forget our God,  
As those who dwell on the dry safe sod;  
And the chafing tide, as it rolls and swells,  
Hath a deeper sound than the old church bells—  
We are the free! &c.

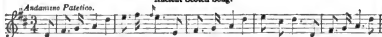
'Tis here we may sink 'mid the deluge and blast,  
But we cope with the strong, and are quell'd by the  
vast;  
And a noble urn is the founder'd wreck,  
Tho' no incense may burn, and no flow'r may deck.  
We need no stately fun'ral-car,  
But, tangled with weeds and lash'd to a spar,  
Down, down below we mariners go,  
While thunders volley and hurricanes blow—  
We are the free! &c.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

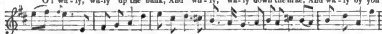
## W A L Y, W A L Y.

Ancient Scotch Song.

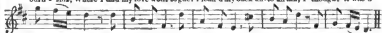
*Andantino Patetico.*



O! wa-ly, wa-ly up the bank, And wa-ly, wa-ly down the brae, And wa-ly by yon



burn-side, Where I and my love went to ga'e! I lean'd my back un-to an aik, I thought it was a



trus-ty tree; But first it bow'd, and syne it brake, And sae did my true love to me.

O! waly, waly I love is bonnie,

A little time, while it is new;

But when it's auld, it wazeth cauld,

And fades away like morning dew.

O! wherefore should I bask my head?

Or wherefore should I kame my hair?

For my true love has me forsook,

And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,

The sheets shall ne'er be warm'd by me;

St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,

Since my true love's forsaken me.

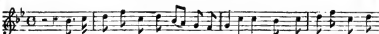
O! Mart' mas wind, when wilt thou blow,

And shake the green leaves aff the tree?

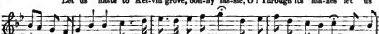
O! gentle Death, when wilt thou come,

And tak that life that wearies me?

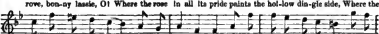
## LET US HASTE TO KELVIN GROVE.



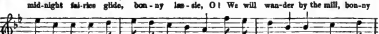
Let us haste to Kel-vin grove, bon-ny las-sie, O! Through its ma-zes let us



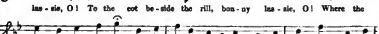
rove, bon-ny lassie, O! Where the rose in all its pride paints the hol-low din-gie side, Where the



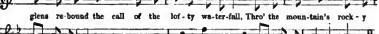
mid-night fal-ries glide, bon-ny las-sie, O! We will wan-der by the mill, bon-ny



las-sie, O! To the cot be-side the rill, bon-ny las-sie, O! Where the



giens re-bound the call of the lof-ty wa-ter-fall, Thro' the moun-tain's rock-y



hall, bon-ny las-sie, O! Thro' the moun-tain's rock-y hall, bon-ny las-sie, O!

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, O!

Where so oft beneath the shade, bonny lassie, O!

With the songsters in the grove,

We have told our tale of love,

And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, O!

O! I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie, O!

To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, O!

To the streamlet winding clear,

To the fragrant scented beer,

'E'en to thee, of all most dear, bonny lassie, O!

For the frowns of fortune low, bonny lassie, O!

On thy lover at this hour, bonny lassie, O!

Ere the golden orb of day

Wake the warblers on the spray,

From this land I must away, bonny lassie, O!

And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie, O!

Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonny lassie, O!

Wilt thou, Julia, when you hear,

Of thy lover on his bier,

To his mourn'ry drop a tear, bonny lassie, O!

## O! NO, MY LOVE, NO

Words by G. M. Lewis; Music by M. Kelly. —Published by Davidson.

*Espression.*

While I hang on your bo-som dis-tract-ed to leave you, High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow; Yet think not of cold-ness they fall to accuse you—Did I ev-er up-braid you? O! no, my love, no! I own it would please me at home could you tar-ry, Nor e'er feel a wish from Ma-ri-a to go; But if it gives plea-sure to you, my dear Har-ry, Shall I blame your de-par-ture? O! no, my love, no! Shall I blame your de-par-ture? O! no, my love, no!

Nor ever, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying, I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,  
 That heart which is mine on a rival bestow;— Or to plant in a heart that adores you, such woe;  
 Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying; Yet should you dishonour my truth and deceive me—  
 Do you think I suspect you? O! no, my love, no! Should I e'er cease to love you? O! no, my love, no!

## GENTLE YOUTH, AH! TELL ME WHY?

By Dr. Arne.

*Moderato.*

Gen-tle youth, ah! tell me why Still you force me thus to fly? Cease, O! cease to per-se-vere— Speak not what I must not hear; Speak not what I must not hear. To my heart its ease re-store; Go! and ne-ver see me more! To my heart its ease re-store; Go! and ne-ver see me more! Go! and ne-ver see me more!

## THE MAY-QUEEN,—PART I.

The Poetry by Alfred Tennyson, Esq.; the Music by W. Dempster.—Published by permission by Davidson.  
*Allegretto con Finace.*

You must wake and call me ear-ly, call me ear-ly, Mo-ther dear: To-mor-row'll be the  
happiest time of all the glad New - Year, Of all the glad New - Year, Mo-ther, the  
maddest, merriest day; For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mo-ther,—I'm to be Queen o' the May!  
There's many a black, black eye, they say, but The shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far  
none so bright as mine; away,  
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother,—I'm to  
Caroline: be Queen o' the May.  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they All the valley, Mother, will be fresh & green & still,  
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother,—I'm to And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the  
be Queen o' the May. hill, [and play:  
I sleep so sound all night, Mother, that I shall And the violet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance  
never wake, [break:  
If you do not call me low when the day begins to For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother,—I'm to  
But I must gather knots of flowers, and huds and be Queen o' the May.  
garlands gay:  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother,—I'm to So you must wake and call me early, call me early,  
be Queen o' the May. Mother dear,— [New Year:  
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad  
Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the merriest day,  
green, [the Queen:  
And you'll be there too, Mother, to see me made For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother,—I'm  
to be Queen o' the May

## THE MAY-QUEEN,—PART II.

The Poetry by Alfred Tennyson, Esq.; the Music by W. Dempster.—Published by permission by Davidson.  
*Andante.*

If you're wak-ing, call me ear-ly, call me ear-ly, Mo-ther dear, For I would see the  
sun rise up - on the glad New - Year— It is the last New - - Year - - that  
e-ver I shall see; Then you may lay me low in the mould, and think no more of me.  
To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out  
The good Old Year, the dear old time, and all my on high:  
peace of mind; I long to see a flower so before the day I die!  
And the New Year's coming up, Mother,—but I When the flowers come again, Mother, beneath  
shall never see [tree, the waning light.  
The blossom on the black-thorn, the leaf upon the You'll never see me more in the long gray fields  
Last May we made a crown of flow'rs; we had a at night;  
merry day: When from the dry dark wold the summer airs go  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green, they made cool,  
me Queen of May; On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the  
And we danced about the may-pole, and in the hazel hush in the pool.  
copse, Good night, sweet Mother: call me before the day  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white is born,—  
chimney-tops. All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn:  
There's not a flow'r on all the hills; the frost is But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-  
on the pane: Year,—  
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again: So, if you're waking, call me, call me early,  
Mother dear.

## WHY CHIME THE BELLS SO MERRILY?

Poetry by J. P. Phillips; Music by J. P. Knight.—Published by Davidson.

Why chime the bells so mer - ri - ly? Why seem ye all so gay? Is  
 it be-cause the New-year's come, and the old has pass'd a - way? O! can ye look up  
 on the past and feel an sor-row now, That thus ye sing so joy - ous - ly, and  
 smiles light ev' - ry brow? O! if ye can be blithe and gay, the song troll gai - ly  
 on, And the hur - den be, the New-year's come, and the Old - year's gone; and the  
 hur - den be, the New - year's come, and the Old - year's gone.

The old man gazes on the mirth,  
 He smiles not like the rest;  
 He sits in silence by the hearth,  
 And seems with grief oppress'd.  
 He sees not in the merry throng  
 The child who was his pride;  
 He listens for her joyous song—  
 She is not by his side!  
 But scarce a twelvemonth she was there,  
 And now he is alone;  
 Yet still ye sing, the New-year's come,  
 And the Old-year's gone.

Dance on, dance on! be blithe and gay,  
 Nor pause to think the while,  
 That, ere this year has pass'd away  
 Ye, too, may cease to smile:  
 For Time, in his resistless flight,  
 Brings changes sad and drear,  
 The many hopes of youth to blight  
 With ev'ry coming year;—  
 But still be happy while ye may,  
 And let the dance go on;  
 Still, gayly sing, the New-year's come,  
 And the Old-year's gone.

## FAR, FAR FROM ME.

Composed by M. P. King.

*Andante.*

Far, far from me my lov - er flies, A faith - less lov - er he; In  
 vain my tears, in vain my sighs, No long - er true to me. His  
 seeks, he seeks an - a - ther. He seeks, he seeks an - o - ther. No lon - ger, lon - ger  
 true to me, He seeks, he seeks an - a - ther, He seeks, he seeks an - a - ther.

Lie still, my heart; a longer grieve;  
 No pang to him betray:

When taught you those sad sighs to heave,  
 Then laughing went away,  
 You seek another.



## WHERE'S THE HEART SO COLD?

The Words by Miss M. L. Rede, to an Irish Melody, Moore's 'All that's Bright must fade.'

Where's the heart so cold, Thy harp could not a - waken! Hear thy sto-ry told, Nor  
 feel its pul - ses sha-ken! When a-mid the strings Thy ma-gic fin-gers stray - ing, If  
 that thou hadst but wings, We'd think an an - gel play - ing! When we hear thy tale Of  
 woe and vir-tue giv-en, We feel thou can'st not fall To yet be one in Hea-ven.

Then let sighs less deep.

O'er thy lip come stealing;

Be the tear you weep

Fraught with balmier healing!

Mean'ry vainly tries

To speak to thee of error,—

Hope beyond the skies

Hushes every terror.

All thy many woes

To thee were only given,

To prove how purely glows

The flame that mounts to Heaven.

## FORGIVE THE MUSE THAT SLUMBER'D.

Irish Melody; Poetry by Leman Rede to Moore's Air 'd Mourn the Hopes,' &amp;c.

*Allegretto.*

For - give the muse that slum - ber'd Up - on thy dear, thy na-tal day, Nor  
 think that 'tis un-num - ber'd A - mong the first that claim her lay; And  
 though she wants the fra-grance Of glow - ing fan-cy's beam di-vine, Af -

fec-tion's flow'rs of fra-grance A - round her hum - ble harp en - twine.

Those flowers have been shaded

By cypress-boughs from sunny skies;

Yet still they bloom unfaded,

Tho' adverse winds around them rise.

Tho' sorrow's tears oft dew them,

Bright joy shall shake them off to-day,

As thou, if thou couldst view them,

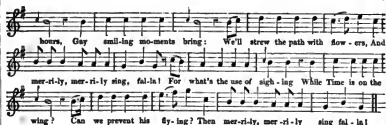
With smiles would kiss them all away.

## AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

Composed by Mozart.

*Moderato*

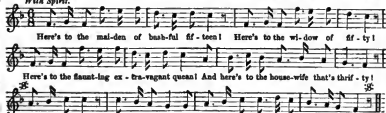
A - way with me-lan - cho - ly, Nor dole-ful changes ring On  
 life and human fol - ly, But mer-ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing, fal la! Come on, ye ro-sy



hours, Gay smile-ing mo-ments bring: We'll strew the path with flow-ers, And  
mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing, fal-la! For what's the use of sigh-lag While Time is on the  
wing? Can we prevent his fly-lag? Then mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing fal-la!

### HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN.

Written and Composed by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.—Published as Song and Chorus by Davidson.  
*With Spirit.*



Here's to the mai-den of bash-ful fif-teen! Here's to the wi-dow of fif-ty!

Here's to the faunt-lag ex-tra-vagant queen! And here's to the house-wife that's thrif-ty!

Let the toast pass; drink to the lass; I war-rant she'll prove an ex-cuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize!

Now to the maid who has none, sir!

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,

And here's to the nymph with but one, sir!

Let the toast, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow!

Now to her that's as brown as a berry!

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe!

And here's to the damsel that's merry.

Let the toast, &c.

Let 'em be clumsy or let 'em be slim,

Young or ancient, I care not a feather;—


Fill up your glasses,—nay, fill to the brim,

And let us e'en toast them together!

Let the toast, &c.

### COME, LOVE, TO ME

Serenade, Published by Davidson.



Come, love, to me: the ves-per star Shines bright and clear a - bove: I've  
wan-der'd, sweet, I've wan-der'd far, To sing my faith-ful love. That  
star, tho' bright, shines but at night, And fades at morn-ing's ray: Not so my  
*Da capo.*  
love,—'twill con-stant prove, Shins aye, nor fade a - way. Come, &c.

The moon-queen gently sports her ray

Upon thy scented bower;

The sephyr's kiss, in sportive play,

The perfume-breathing flower.

Another hour thy fav'rite flow'r

Will droop and die, alas!

My love, for thee, aye fresh shall be.

Nor like a flow'ret pass. Come, love, &c.

## I AM A YOUNG MAN THAT'S MOST HIGHLY RESPECTABLE.

Words by Leman Rede, Esq., to the Air of 'The Irish Washerwoman.'

I am a young man that's most high-ly re-spec-ta-ble; My na-ture's gen-  
teel, and my feel-ings sus-cep-ti-ble: I want a fa-ther, a mo-ther, an aunt,—la  
*Fine.*  
short, I can't tell what re-la-tions I want. I want an un-cle, with plen-ty of  
tip-pe-ry; I want a tal-lor to find me in frip-pe-ry; I want parks and  
*De capo al Fine.*  
mansions, want vil-las and grounds, Want ra-cers and hun-ters, want fox-es and hounds.

I want a tandem to splash to the races now;  
I want a roadster that's good in his paces now;  
I want smart footmen, a tiger—but, zounds!  
I scarcely can keep all my wants within bounds.  
I want a wife, with a villa to bring her to;  
I want a valet that's down to a thing or two;  
I want to be shown to each swells' haunt;  
In short, I can't tell you one-half that I want.

I am a young man, &amp;c.

I want education, but that's nothing new, you know;  
An office of profit, and nothing to do, you know;  
I want moustachios adorning my face,  
A title, a fortune, and parliament place;  
I want admiration, and frolic, and blisses, too,  
Soft sighs, soft tears, soft glances, and kisses, too;  
I want all these things, and you may depend on't,  
I really can't tell you one-half that I want.

I am a young man, &amp;c.

## O! IT WASN'T FOR ME THAT I HEARD THE BELLS RINGING.

Composed by Whitaker.

*Allegretto.*  
I went to the fair with a heart all so mer-ry, Sing hey down, ho down,  
der-ry down dee; And I bought a gay rib-bon as red as a cher-ry, For the  
girl I lov'd best, and who vow'd to love me. I re-turn'd from the fair, gal-ly  
whistling and sing-ing. My true lovers' knot I in tri-umph was bringing; O! it was n't for  
me that I heard the bells ring-ing; Sing, hey down, ho down, der-ry down dee. O! it  
wasn't for me that I heard the bells ring-ing; Sing hey down, ho down, der-ry down dee.

I found she was false, tho' she promised me fairly,  
Sing hey down, ho down, derry down dee;  
But womey, I trow, are like weathercocks, rarely  
Ne're fix'd to one point, so coynettish they be.

My true lovers' knot I away am now flinging;  
I've done with the sex—will live single and singing,  
O! it wasn't for me, &c.

## BREATHE NOT AGAIN THAT DREADFUL WORD.

Poetry by Leman Rede; to the Irish Melody, Moore's 'Where'er I see those smiling eyes.'

*Affettuoso.*

Breathe not a - gain that dread - ful word, That from your lip so  
late - ly fell, Which then my ear with hor - ror heard, — It  
woke like dy - ing pas - sion's knell! Chase eot the dear de - lu - sive dream, Which  
now has lull'd my heart so long; Let not thy harp for -  
sake the theme in which it breath'd the soul of song.

Still smile, my love, as when the dream  
Of passion woke that sunny ray,  
Which melted, like the western beam,  
When daylight fades in dew away.  
Let my adoring eyes perceive  
The smile you gave, when love was young;  
Still let thy playful fancy weave  
The tale on which, entranc'd, I've hung.

Tell me you love, and let me see  
The truth in thy dissolving gaze:  
Turn, turn that languid eye to me,  
And let its light my soul entrance! —  
But if that bliss you now refuse,  
And love no more can wake those charms,  
O! take me, then, and let me lose  
Existence in thy faithless arms.

## WHY DOES EMMELINE WANDER?

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music by M. W. Balfe.—Published by Davidson.

*Andantino.*

Why does Em - me - line wan - der, so lone and so pale, While night  
winds are blow - ing through the fo - rest and vale? While the moon's light is cloud - ed,  
slum - ber so cold the streams; Earth in darkoess, too, shrouded; no star kind - ly  
gleams. While the moon's light is cloud ed, slum - ber so cold the streams;  
Earth in dark - ness, too, cloud - ed; no star kind - ly gleams.

'Tis her babe now is sleeping  
'Neath the yew-tree's dull shade —  
Death soon dropp'd her flower —  
Ah! it bloom'd hot to fade.

Day will brush off the dew-drops  
From the blue violet's eye;  
But no morning will ever  
A mother's tears dry!

## WHAT SHALL I DO?

By H. Purcell.

*Andante.*

What shall I do to show how much I love her: How many mil-lions of  
sighs can suf-fice? That which wins o-thers' hearts ne-ver can  
move her; Those com-mon me-thods of love she'll des-pise. I will love  
more than man e'er lov'd be-fore me, Gaze on her all the day, Dream  
of her all the night, Till, for her own sake, at last she'll in-  
pire me To love-her less, - To pre-scrve-our de-light

## LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

By J. C. Doyle.

Young Love flew to the Pa-phian bow'r, And ga-ther'd sweets from  
ma-ny a flow'r! From ro-ses and sweet jes-sa-mine, The li-ly, and the  
eg-lan-tine. The Gra-ces there were cull-ing po-ses, The Gra-ces  
there were cull-ing po-ses, And found young Love a-mong the ro-ses, Young  
Love a-mong the ro-ses, Love a-mong the ro-ses; The  
Gra-ces there were cull-ing po-ses, And found young Love a-mong the ro-ses.  
O! happy day, O! joyous hour!  
Compose a wreath of every flow'r;  
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,—  
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.

Eternal spring the wreath composes,  
Content is Love among the roses!  
Young Love among the roses, &c.

## WE TARS HAVE A MAXIM.

*Allegretto.*

We Tars have a max-im, your ho-nours, d'ye see, To live in the same way we  
fight: We ue-ver give in, and, when run-ning a lee, We pipe hands the ves-sel to  
right, We pipe hands the ves-sel to right. It may do for a lub-ber to  
sai-vel and that, If by chance on a shoal he be cast; But a Tar a-mong  
break-ers, or thrown on a flat, But a Tar a-mong break-ers, or thrown on a flat, Pulls a-  
way, tug and tug, to the last; With a yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,  
foi de rol lol de rol la. With a yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,  
yeo, hip, yeo, yeo, yeo, hip, Foi lol de rol lol de rol le.

This life, as we're told, is a kind of a cruise,  
In which storms and calms take their turn:  
If it storm, why we bustle, if calm then we boose,  
All taut from the stem to the stern;

Our Captain, who in our own lingo would speak,  
Would say, to the cable stick fast,  
And, whether the anchor be cast or a-peak,  
Pull away, tug and tug, to the last.

With a yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

## THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

Music by a Lady.

*Andante.*

On the banks of Al-lan wa-ter, When the sweet spring time did fall, Was the  
mil-ler's love-ly daugh-ter, Fair-est of them all. For his hride a sol-dier sought her, And a  
win-ning tongue had he; On the banks of Al-lan water, None so gay as she!

On the banks of Allan water

When brown autumn spread its store,

There I saw the miller's daughter,

But she smil'd no more:

For the summer grief had brought her,

And her soldier false was he,—

On the banks of Allan water

None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water

When the winter snow fell fast,

Still was seen the miller's daughter;

Chilling blew the blast,

But the miller's lovely daughter

Both from cold and care was free;—

On the banks of Allan water

There a corse lay she.

## THE SOLDIER AND HIS BRIDE.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Moderate.*

She heard the fight was over, And won the wreath of fame, When  
 tidings from her lo-ver With his good war steed came: To guard her safe-ly  
 to his tent, The red-men of the woods were sent; They led her where sweet wa-ters gush,  
 Un-der the pine-tree bough! The to-ma-hawk is rais'd to crush—'Tis bu-ried in her  
 brow— She sleeps, she sleeps, be-neath that pine-tree now!  
 Her broken-hearted lover No more those waters slake their thirst,  
 In hopeless conflict died; Shadeless to them that tree,—  
 The forest leaves now cover O'er land and lake they roam accurs'd,  
 That soldier and his bride. And in the clouds they see  
 The frown of the Great Spirit fell Thy spirit—thy spirit unaveng'd, M'Crea!  
 Upon the Red Men, like a spell;

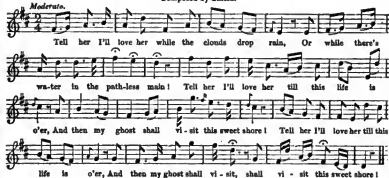
## MINSTREL, STRIKE THE HARP.

The Music to the 'Da Conts,' in Bellini's Opera of Norma, by G. Soane, A.B.—Published by Davidson.

Min-strel, strike the harp that slum-bers; Let it gush in sweet-est num-  
 bers, Gently as the stream-let flow-ing, When the winds of spring are blow-ing. Sing to  
 me no themes of glo-ry, Nor the wild Bac-chan-tes' sto-ry, Nor the  
 sen-man for his plea-sure, Brav-ing Death be-low, a-bove;— Tune for  
 me a gold-en mea-sure, All in praise of love, young love,— Tune for  
 me a gold-en mea-sure, All in praise of love, young love.  
 Minstrel, while your gentle finger On the gold wire seems to linger,  
 Dreams of other days come o'er me, Like a volume spread before me,  
 Where I read the thoughts I cherish, Joys that only came to perish;  
 Yet go on, go on, I pray thee;— Though I flutter like a dove,  
 In her lonely prison pining, Sing me still of love, young love!  
 In her lonely prison pining, Sing me still of love, young love!

## TELL HER I'LL LOVE HER.

Composed by Shield.

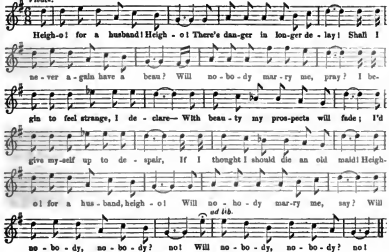
*Moderato.*

Tell her, I only ask she'll think of me,—  
I'll love her while there's salt within the sea!

Tell her all this, tell it o'er and o'er,—  
The anchor weighs, or I would tell her more.

## WILL NOBODY MARRY ME?

The Words by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Vivace.*

These men are the plague of my life!  
'Tis hard from so many to choose:  
Should any one wish for a wife,  
Could I have the heart to refuse?  
I don't know, for none have propos'd;—  
O! dear me! I'm frighten'd, I vow—  
Good gracious! who ever suppos'd  
That I should be single till now!

Heigh! &amp;c.

I once cut the beaus in a huff;  
I thought it a sin and a shame,  
That no one had spirit enough  
To ask me to alter my name.  
So I turn'd up my nose at the short,  
And roll'd up my eyes at the tall;  
But, then, I just did it in sport  
And now I've no lover at all!

Heigh! &amp;c.



## DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY.

Composed by W. T. Parks.

What can I do? what can I say? I'm teas'd to death sin - cere - ly,  
 And by a man too, night and day, Who's sure - ly mad or near - ly, Who's  
 sure - ly mad or near - ly. Yet, thus I cry, and oft have said,—' How can you  
 plague and wor - ry? Yet thus I cry, and oft have said,—' How can you plague and  
 wor - ry; 'Tis time e - nough as yet to wed, Don't be in such a hur - ry; 'Tis  
 time e-nough as yet to wed. Don't be in such a hur - ry.'

But all I say, or all I do,  
 Avails, I own, but rarely;  
 He's teasing, teasing me, 'tis true,  
 And that both late and early.  
 O! yes, and though I often cry,  
 It is in vain to worry;  
 I'll not be serv'd so,—no, not I—  
 Don't be in such a hurry.

And yet the truth, since 't must be so.  
 It is in vain to smother;  
 So, when last night he said he'd go,  
 And vow'd he'd wed another,  
 Surpris'd, alarm'd, I know not how,  
 While quite o'ercome with flurry,  
 I cried—' I'm yours—will you leave me now?  
 O! you're not in such a hurry!'

## BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER'S WIND.

Poetry by Shakspeare; Music by Dr. Arne.

*Andante.*

Blow, blow, thou win - ter's wind, Thou art not so un - kind, thou art not so un -  
 kind as man's in - grun - ti - tude. Thy tooth is not so keen, - be - cause thou  
 art not seen; thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen, Al -  
 though thy breath be rude, although thy breath be rude, al - though thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,—  
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,  
 As henceforth fidget.

Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friends remember'd not.

## BY RHINE'S BLUE WATERS.

The Words by G. Soane, A.B.; the Music from Fra Diavolo, by Anber, to the Air 'On yonder Rock reclining.'—Published by Davidson.

*Allergretto.*

By Rhine's blue wa-ters sleep-ing, Up - on the bank the min - stre! lay; The  
 bil-lows, rip - p!ng, creep-ing, A - bout his slum-bers play. A\* voice from out the  
 wa-ters sings sweet-ly on his sleep - ing ear, 'Come to me, my min-strel dear, Be -  
 neath the wa-ters clear;— love - ly our grotts and beau-ti-ful to see, The floors all bright with  
 pearls so white; Come then, love, come then, love, come to me. Love - ly our grotts, and beau - ti -  
 ful to see, The floors all bright, with pearls so white; Come then, love, come then, love, come to me.

Come to me,

Come to me,

Come to me,

The boy from sleep awaking,  
 Gaz'd long and fondly on the stream;  
 Strange longings then came o'er him,  
 The echoes of his dream:

And where the sun was falling  
 Upon the waters deep and blue,  
 Grotts and meadows met his view,  
 And flowers of ev'ry hue;

Wildly then throbb'd his breast with hope and fear,  
 Still seems him near that voice so clear:  
 'Come, my love, come to me.'

Then deeper heav'd his bosom,  
 As if beneath the waters fair  
 A paradise were lying,  
 And beauty call'd him there.

The perfume of those flowers,  
 Upon the aching sense they came,  
 And still the voice rung on the same:  
 'O! come, my love, to me!'

Mudly he plung'd where deep the waters be,  
 And wildly cried, 'My bride! my bride!  
 Yes, I come, love, to thee!'

## SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

Canzonet by Haydn—Words by Shakspeare.

*Largo assai con Espressioni.*

She ne-ver told her love, she ne-ver told her love! But let con-  
 ceal - ment, like a worm I' th' bud, feed on her da - mask  
 cheek. She sat, like Pa - tience on a mon - u - ment, smil - ing  
 'midst at grief! Smil - ing, ev'n - ing at grief!

## O! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS BOUGHT.

O! say not wo-man's heart is bought With vain and emp-ty trea-sure! O! say not wo-man's heart is caught By ev'-ry i-dle plea-sure! When first her gen-tle bo-som knows Love's flame, it wan-ders never: Deep in her heart the pas-sion glows, Deep in her heart the pas-sion glows; She loves, and loves for ev-er; She loves, and loves for ev-er; She loves and loves for ev-er; She loves, and loves for ev-er; Deep in her heart the pas-sion glows, She loves and loves for ev-er.

O! say not woman's false as fair—  
That like the bee she ranges,  
Still seeking flow'rs more sweet and rare,  
As fickle fancy changes;—

Ah, no! the love that first can warm,  
Will leave her bosom never:  
No second passion e'er can charm—  
She loves, and loves for ever.

## THE WANDERER.

By Thomas Dibdin.

*Animato.*

Come, lads, here's good luck to the pur-ser, As long as he finds us in  
grog, And tho' growl-ers say times can't be wor-ser, We'll keep up hi-la-ri-ty's log.  
Tho' a roll-ing stone, cy-nics may tell us, Is fain'd for not ga-ther-ing moss; its  
ab-sence to wan-der-lag fel-lows Like us can be scarce deem'd a loss, While thro'  
each change of scene, 'tis our no-tion, For air, health, and plea-sure to roam; And we  
oft drink in Port on the o-ocean, 'The Wan-der-er al-ways at Home.'

She skims o'er the surge like a fairy,  
With wonder while land-lubbers gaze,—  
No lady so lightsome and airy,  
Is smarter than she is in stays.  
So ship-shape she graces the water,  
Of each tar she's the love, prides, and joy;  
And love, too, has boarded her quarter,  
For she's sometimes attach'd to a buoy.  
Thro' each change, &c.

You may talk of the breeze and the battle,  
For neither has she any fears;  
Were great guns to blow, or shot rattle,  
She'd meet them with so many cheers.  
'Tis alike whether beating or running,  
There is none can this craft overtake;  
They may try all their steering and cunning,  
But they'll soon be asleep in her wake.  
Thro' each change, &c.

She's placid and calm in fair weather,  
Or when storms seem her hull to o'erwhelm;  
She rides o'er the waves like a feather,  
And cheerfully answers her helm.  
With idleness ever untainted,  
A housewife from taffrail to bows,

With the Needles she's not unacquainted;  
And no dairy-maid knows more of Cows.  
Thro' each change, &c.

When once she down channel was thrashing,  
A French frigate design'd her a treat,  
But at beating quite failed, though so dashing,  
Then tried running, and there too got best.  
Than the Crapaud's craft none was completer,  
While sail after sail up he crowds,  
But the little brig, laughing, dead bent her,  
For she was alive in her shrouds.  
Thro' each change, &c.

Then fill, fill again, and again, boys;  
The Wanderer claims your regards,—  
Her skipper, her officers, men, boys,  
Hull, rigging, masts, canvass, and yards.  
On her helmsman and hands safe relying,  
Mischance may she ever avoid,—  
May she ever come off 'colours flying,'  
And always by fortune be buoyed:  
And, while through new scenes 'tis our notion  
For air, health, and pleasure to roam,  
We'll oft drink in port on the ocean—  
'The Wanderer always at Home!'

### THE PLOUGH-BOY.

A flax-en head-ed cow-boy, as sim-ple as may be, And  
next a mer-ry plough-boy, I whis-tled o'er the lea; But now a sea-cy  
foot-man, I strut in wor-sted lace, And soon I'll be a but-ler, And  
wag my jol-ly face: When stew-ard I'm pro-mo-ted, I'll snip a tradesman's  
bill, My mas-ter's cof-fers emp-ty, my poc-kets for to fill. When  
roll-ing in my cha-riot, So great a man I'll be, So great a man, so great a man, so  
great a man I'll be, You'll for-get the lit-tle plough-boy that whis-tled o'er the  
lea, You'll for-get the lit-tle plough-boy that whis-tled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, and when I've made the pelf,  
I'll stand poli for the parliament, and then vote in  
Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose—  
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell  
my noes.

I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph—with speeches  
charm the ear;  
And when I'm tired on my legs, then I'll sit down  
in court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,  
You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled  
o'er the lea.

# ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Sacred Song, the Poetry by Mrs. Willard; the Music by J. F. Knight.—Published by Davidson.  
*Slow, and with expression.*

Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; So -  
 cure I rest up - on the wave, — For thou, O Lord, hast pow - er to save; I  
 know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the spar-row's fall; And  
 calm and peace - ful shall I sleep, — Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep; And  
 calm and peace - ful shall I sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
 Though stormy winds sweep o'er the brine;  
 Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
 Rous'd me from slumber to wreck and death.

In ocean-cave still safe with thee,  
 The germ of immortality,  
 And calm and peaceful, will I sleep,  
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

## WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

Composed by Percy, with an Additional Verse by James Powell, Esq.

*Andante.*  
 Your Mol-ly has ne-ver been false she de-clares, Since last time we parted at  
 Wap-pling old stairs, When I swore that I still would con - tia-ue the same, And  
 gave you the 'bac-co - box mark'd with my name, And gave you the 'bac-co - box  
 mark'd with my name: When I pass'd a whole furt-night be - tween decks with you, Did I  
 e'er give a kiss, Tum, to one of your crew? To be use - ful and kind with my  
 Tho-mas I stay'd, For his trou - sers I wash'd, and his grog too I made.

Though you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the mall  
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,  
 In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,  
 And only upbraided my Tom with a tear. [priz'd?  
 Why should Sal or should Susan than me be more  
 For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despis'd;  
 Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake;  
 Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog, too, I'll  
 make.

'Dear Molly!' cried Tom, as she heav'd a deep sigh,  
 And the crystalline tear stood afloat in each eye,  
 'I prithe, my love, my unkindness forgive,  
 And I ne'er more will slight thee, as long as I live:  
 Neither Susan nor Sal shall again grieve my dear;  
 No more from thine eye will thy Tom force a tear:  
 Then be eberful and gay, nor thy Thomas forsake,  
 But his trousers still wash, and his grog too I'll  
 make.'

## THE DEEP BLUE WAVE.

Words by F. S. Wallis, Esq.—Music by Pendleton.—Published by Davidson.

The deep blue wave is roll-ing past, As on the beach I stand; The lit-tle bark  
yields to the blast, And strains to reach the land; A sig-nal flag now mounts on high,  
Boom goes the warn-ing gun; And ma - ny an eye and anx-ious sigh Now press in forward  
run, And ma - ny an eye and anx-ious sigh Now press in for-ward run.

The bark rides boldly o'er each wave,  
That sports in frolic fun;  
Before her prow is seen to lave  
The light of setting sun.

The deep blue wave has roll'd its last,  
As on the beach I stand;  
The little bark heeds not the blast,  
For now she's gain'd the land.

## THE LILY.

Poetry by J. W. Leslie, Esq.; Music by J. M. Jolly.—Published by Davidson.

There is a sweet pale flow-er, That oft un-beed-ed blows, And round its an-ti-  
so-il-tude its balmy perfume throws. It blooms not in the garden, Nor decks the gay par-  
terre; It owns no cul-ti-va-tion, But 'tis fra-grant as it's fair; It  
owns no cul-ti-va-tion, But 'tis fra-grant as it's fair. No gaudy tints a-dorn it, Nor  
paint-ed bean-ties rise To dazzle its be-hold-ers, Or court ad-mi-ring eyes: Like  
un-pretending me-rit, Neg-lect-ed and un-seen, Its pearly drops lie fold-ed in a  
vest of hum-bie green, Its pearl-y drops lie fold-ed in a vest of hum-bie green.

In maiden guise and bashfulness  
its modest form it rears;  
It lives in Nature's wilderness—  
Exists on Nature's tears;  
And, like some child of Charity,  
Unwarm'd by genial fires,  
Just breathes its fragrant gratitude:  
In sighs, and then expires.

Thou art a frail and tender thing,  
Though beautiful and wild,  
And, 'midst a lovely sisterhood,  
Art Nature's darling child!  
I love thee not a whit the less  
That thou art wan and pale—  
I greet thy coming, mourn thy loss—  
Sweet Lily of the Vale.

## LOST GERTRUDE.

Poetry by Thomas C. Brabant, Esq.; Music by F. H. S. Pendleton.—Published by Davidson.

*Andante non Troppo.*

Earth, to thy bosom, take in peace This gentle flower of yester-day; But  
take not then that memento-ry Which ling'ring sad-ly past de-cays; She  
stood a-lone, our hope, our pride; We lov'd her in that ham-let rude. A-  
h! In vain, for she is gone, And love hath lost its own Ger-trude!

Fair clust'ring round the lower'd vine,  
Which leads the slope to this soft rill,  
Our rustic daughter led the dance,  
Herself the fairest 'midst them still;  
And now, with blinding tears, they tell  
How Death's cold garment doth intrude  
On that pale form, and hide the brow  
We lov'd so well in our Gertrude.

Ah! how with dewy feet she trod  
The early summit, where pale hues lay!  
And light, which o'er her close-bound hair  
Betray'd the slowly-mounting day!  
Our village youths have ceas'd from toil,  
Save where she rests with tears they've strew'd,  
And flow'rs whose drooping odours sigh  
A low farewell to lost Gertrude!

## TUBAL CAIN.

Poetry by Charles Mackay; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Jefferys.

*Allegro Moderato.*

Old Tu-bal Cain was a man of might, In the days when Earth was young; By the  
fierce red light of his furnace bright, The strokes of his ham-mer rung; And he  
lift-ed high his braw-ny hand On the i-ron glow-ing clear, Till the  
sparks rush'd out in scar-let rout, As he fashion'd the sword and spear; - - And he  
sang, 'Hur-ra for my han-di-work! Hur-ra for the spear and sword! Hur-  
ra for the hand that shall wield them well, For he shall be king and lord!'

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade,  
As the crown of his own desire;

And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
Till they shouted loud for glory,  
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,  
And spoils of the forest free;

And they sang, 'Hurra for Tubal Cain,  
Who hath giv'n us strength anew—  
Hurra for the smith! hurra for the fire!  
And hurra for the metal true!  
But a sudden change came o'er his head  
Ere the setting of the sun;  
And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain  
For the evil he had done:  
He saw that men with rage and hate  
Made war upon their kind,  
And the land was red with the blood they shed  
In their lust for carnage blind;  
And he said, 'Alas! that ever I made,  
Or that skill of mine should plan,  
The spear and the sword for men whose joy  
Is to slay their fellow man!  
And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding o'er his woe;  
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,  
And his furnace smoulder'd low:

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright courageous eye,  
And bar'd his strong right arm for work,  
While the quick flames mounted high;  
And he sang, 'Hurra for my handiwork!  
And the red sparks lit the air,—  
'Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,'  
And he fashion'd the first ploughshare.  
And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
In friendship join'd their hands,— [wall,  
Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the  
And plough'd the willing lands;  
And sang, 'Hurra for Tubal Cain,  
Our staunch good friend is he;  
And for the ploughshare and the plough,  
To him our praise shall be.  
But while oppression lifts its head,  
Or a tyrant would be lord,  
Though we may thank him for the plough,  
We'll not forget the sword.'

### SMILE ON, FOR THY YOUNG DAY IS DAWNING.

Poetry by Lemman Rede; to the Music of an Irish Melody, Moore's 'Sing, Sing.'

*Allegretto.*

Smile on, for thy young day is dawn-ing; The world beams for thee in its  
bright-est of hours; Warm gleams are be - st - ting the morn-ing, When  
rap-ture bursts forth, like the sun up - on flow - 'rs. Bright as the sky is thine  
eye's bril - liant beam - ing; Light bounds thine heart, as the roe on the moun-tain;  
Calm flow thy thoughts, as the sum-mer lake stream - ing, Spark-ling in joy, like the  
spray from the foun - tain. Smile as: soon time will a - wa - ken Thy  
bo - som from peace, to o'er - whelm it in sad - ness; Thus't rise a - lone and fur-  
sa - ken, To feel the world's tem - pest, its wrath and its mad - ness.

Young dreams, like the bright lotus\* growing,  
Arise from the stream when the sun kisses ocean,  
Bed in his beams, whilst the waters are glowing,  
All warm with his smiles in their tremulous motion.  
As the cold eve draws in darkness around it,  
The flowers of the earth from the sunbeam must  
sever,

The lotus awakes from the bright spell that bound it,  
And vanishes 'neath the dark waters for ever.  
Smile on, for thy young day is dawning;  
Bask while you may in joy's roseate light;  
For soon you'll relinquish your morning,  
And sink in the cares of the world's gloom-  
y night.

\* An Egyptian flower that rises above the stream at sunrise, and sinks at sunset



## THE SPIRIT AND THE STREAM.

Poetry by Eliza Cook, to the Music of 'The Old Arm Chair,' composed by Henry Russell.

*Andante con Espressione.*

The banks of the ri-ver were love-ly and bright, As the blos-soms and  
boughs met the sum-mer noon - light; The moss hid the flow-er, the  
tree screen'd the moss, And the wil-low's thick trea-ses fell sweep-ing a-cross: But  
Time took his way on those green banks at last, And pull'd up the  
flow'rs and trees as he pass'd;— He stretch'd his cold hand—the white  
cot-tage was down, And the spring-y moss wi-ther'd be-neath his stern frown.

He trampled the woodbine, and blotted all trace  
Of the willow so lov'd for its wave-kissing grace;  
But he touch'd not the river—that still might be  
found [round.]

Just the same as when beautiful green banks were  
The heart, like that water, may quicken and glow,  
While rare beauty is seen on the furrowless brow;  
It may gayly expand where Love twineth a bow'r,  
And faithfully picture the branch and the flow'r.

But Time will soon plough up the forehead so sleek.  
He will whiten the dark hair, and shadow the cheek;  
The charms that once dazzled will dazzle no more,  
But the heart, like the water, shines on as before.  
The tide rushes fast, all as fresh and as fair

As it did when the alder and lily were there;  
The change that has come o'er the place of its course  
Has not less'n'd its ripple, or alter'd its source.

And the heart that is beating with Nature and Truth  
May outlive some dear images mirror'd in youth;  
Some wrecks may be round it, but none e'er shall  
find [kind.]

Its deep feelings less quick, or its yearnings less  
O! the green banks may fade, and the brown locks  
turn grey, [way;

But the stream and the spirit shall gleam on their  
For the heart that is warm, and the tide that is  
free,

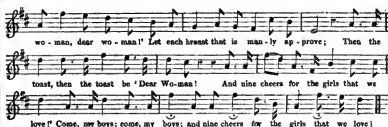
Glide onward unchang'd to Eternity's sea.

## HURRAH FOR THE GIRL OF OUR HEARTS.

Violas.

Composed by J. Blewitt.

I've a toast now to give, which, as long as I live, Should my locks with bright  
sil-ver be crown'd, 'Tis a toast more than wine, or friend-ship I prize, And with  
cheers will go round and go round: It is not the land of my birth, Nor the  
he-roes in bat-tle that fall, Nor the monarch we love and re-vere; But dear  
Woman, the pride of us all! Then the toast then the toast be, 'Den'

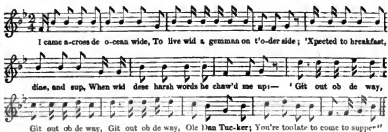


Bright, bright are the dreams of our earliest years,  
And sweet are the scenes of our youth;  
But brighter fond woman before us appears,  
And sweeter her love and her truth.

Her voice is the trumpet of gladness,—  
Who hears must the summons obey;  
Her tear-drop o'erwhelms us with sadness,  
But 'tis transport to chase it away.  
Then the toast, &c.

### OLD DAN TUCKER.

Negro Melody by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's uniform Edition of his Compositions.



I see a yellow bush-a-belle,  
But when I come my lnb to tell,  
And all de paangs she causes me,  
What you tink she answer me?

Get out oh de way, &c.

Sheep and de hog are in de paster,  
I go to kill one for de master;  
When I kill him dead as a nit,  
Dey would'n't let me hab a bit,—  
But said, Git out oh de way, &c.

I 'fraild I don't look well a-dancing,  
'Cos my legs too much a slanting;  
'Ruh 'em well wid gin and water,  
Soon come straight,'—so says de doctor.  
Git out oh de way, &c.

'But den, Massa Doctor,' ole Dan quicker  
Say, 'What de good oh wasting de liquor?'  
So I swig de gin to wet my trottles,  
Den I rub my leg wid de bottle.

Git out oh de way, &c.

I go to dance so hard one night,  
I dance myself clean out oh sight;  
Next morning early my head was found  
Sticking upright, an' my body in de ground.  
Git out oh de way, &c.

When I ran away one moonlight night,  
De proclamation describe me right:  
His legs is thin, his ankles fat,—  
He has but one eye, and he squints wid dat.  
Git out oh de way, &c.

### THE FOLLOWING MAY BE SUBSTITUTED AS ENCORE VERSES.

On Nigger hill, as I heard tell,  
A darkey woman us'd to dwell,  
From New Orleans I think she came,  
And Misses Tucker was her name.  
Git out oh de way, Misses Tucker, &c.

Misses Tucker is eighty-nine,—  
Her hair hangs down like a bunch ob twine,—  
Her nose sticks out, her eyes stick in,—  
Her under-lip hangs ober her chin.  
Git out oh de way, &c.

Misses Tucker and my suet Sally,  
Dey live down in Jawbone Alley,

Name on de house, and knocker on de door,  
De first house ober de grocery store.  
Git out oh de way, &c.

When Misses Tucker goes to bed,  
She puts a nightcap on her head;  
She blows out de light, and shuts up her eyes,  
And don't git up till de sun does rise.  
Git out oh de way, &c.

Misses Tucker's short and fat,—  
Her face is black as my old hat,—  
De white ob her eye you can see in de dark—  
Her eyeballs shine like de candle-spark.  
Git out oh de way, &c.



## OUR WAY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Cresc. Anim.*

Spring has vi'-lets blue, all be-sprent with dew, And the summer's song rings cheer-ly;—And  
win-ter is chill, yet I love him still, For he ne'er to me looks wea-ri-ly, As  
sing-ing we go, Our way a-cross the mountains, ho! ho! ho! Our way a-cross the  
moun-tains; ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! When winds are loud, and the gath'-ring cloud  
Four-eth the show-er, drea-ri-ly, How it glad-dens the eye if the fire we  
spy, From the cot-tage bla-zing mer-ri ly, O! When our way is past, and the  
fire at last Gives a wel-come home right glow-ing-ly, More plea-sant the shout of the  
storm with-out, While the wine is streaming flow-ing-ly. Then sing-ing we go, Our way a-  
cross the mountains. ho! ho! ho! Our way a-cross the mountains, ho! ho! ho! ho!  
ho! Our way a-cross the moun-tains, ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!  
ho! Our way a-cross the moun-tains, ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Ah! it still is far, like some distant star,  
Yet it beamed out right pleasantly;  
Our bosoms they swell, and we hope full well  
That we shall be there presently.

The ground is white, and through the night  
Cometh the squall so gustily;  
The sleet drives thick, and the rain falls thick  
But our hearts beat high and lustily.  
O! now our way is past, &c.

## HEAR ME, LOVE.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B., to the Music of 'Through the Forests,' in Weber's Opera of Der Freyschutz.—Published by Davidson.

*Moderato.*

Hear me, love— a mo-ment hear me; Let us not in an-ger part;  
 Wounds like this too oft are fa-tal,—Such a way-ward thing's the heart; Wounds like  
 this too oft are fa-tal,—Such a way-ward thing's the heart.  
 If a word were i-dly spo-ken, Oh! for-give it, and for-get; Be these tears the  
 to-ken, Ne-ver did my will of-fend thee yet; Ne-ver  
 did my will of-fend thee yet; ne-ver did my will of-  
 fend thee— Ne-ver, O! ne-ver did my will of-fend thee yet.

Turn not, sweet, in anger from me,—  
 Think it was the cause of love;  
 By thine own bright eyes I swear it,  
 Brighter than the stars above.

Yes, I see I am forgiven!  
 Tells that smile what lips disdain;  
 Such a smile, by Heav'n! tempts me,  
 Then, almost to sin again.

## I'M GOIN' OBER DE MOUNTAIN.

Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

De queer-est chap I e-ber see Was Nig-ger Jack of Ten-n-es-see  
 His nose was fat, his cheeks were thin, And his un-der lip hung  
 o-ber his chin— Re, ro, my true love; Do come a-long, my dar-ling: I'm go-ing  
 for to leave you; Don't let our part-ing grieve you. Yha, yha, yha, yha, yha,  
 yha, yha, yha, yha, yha! Come a-long, my der-ling, o-ber de moun-tain!

Jack buying horses did engage,  
Look'd in dere ears to tell dere age;  
Thought a donkey better and stronger,  
'Cos him ears were so much longer.

Re, ro, my true love, &c.

Boss gave him sov'reign; Jacky said,  
'I'd rather have a crown instead;  
A crown him bigger, and not suspicious—  
Dem yaller coin 'um look so bilious.'

Re, ro, my true love, &c.

Jack was sent for doctor's stuff,  
Thought 'twas rum, and swallow'd enough,  
Got so bad he roar wid pains out,

Took up a knife to blow him brains out.

Re, ro, my true love, &c.

One morning Jack, as sure as you're born,  
Dug for taters in a field o' corn;  
Put on a red coat at a berrin',  
And fish'd in de pond to catch red herring.

Re, ro, my true love, &c.

One morning, when dis nigger rose,  
He put him mittens on him toes,—  
Clean'd him teeth wid an apple-scoop,  
And shav'd hisself wid an iron hoop.

Re, ro, my true love, &c.

### THE BILLET-DOUX.

Composed by W. Shield.

*Andante.*

The bil - let-doux O! didst thou bear To my Lo - ren - za, love - ly maid? I  
see how look'd the mo - dest fair, I hear the gen - tle things she said. The  
man-ting blood her cheek for - sakes, But quick re - turns the ro - sy hue; With  
trem - bling haste the seal she breaks, And reads my ten - der bil - let - doux.  
The billet-doux when I receive,  
I press it to my throbbing heart;  
Sweet words! I cry, such joys you give,  
Oh! never, never, thence depart.

And now it to my lips is press'd;  
But, when the magic name I view,  
Again I clasp it to my breast,  
My fond, my tender billet-doux!

### NOT MARRIED YET.

Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

I'm sin - gle yet! I'm sin - gle yet! And years have flown since I came  
out! In vain I sigh— In vain I fret! Ye gods! ye gods! what, what, what are the men a -  
bout? I vow I'm twen - ty! O! ye pow'r's! A spin - ster's lot is hard to  
bear! On earth a - lone to pass her hours, And af - ter - wards lead apes down there!

No offer yet! no offer yet!  
I'm sure I cannot make it out—  
For ev'ry bean my cap I set:  
What, what, what are the men about?  
They don't propose! they won't propose!  
For fear, perhaps, I'd not say, 'Yes!'—  
'Wish they'd try—for, Heav'n knows,  
I'm tir'd of single blessedness!

Not married yet! not married yet!  
Heigho! alas! and well-a-day!  
A hand of snow, an eye of jet,  
Are all I have to give away.  
They say, 'She's pretty, but, alas!'  
With hand extended, thus they fount:  
'She has no cash!' and by they pass!—  
Ye gods! what are the men about?

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## O! MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE.

*Andantino.*



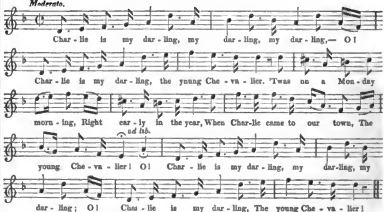
O! my love's like the red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in June: O! my  
love's like the me - lo - dy, That's sweet - ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my  
bon-nie lass, So deep in love am I,—And I will love thee still, my dear, Till  
a' the seas gang dry, Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, Till a' the seas gang  
dry. O! I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,—  
O! I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

Then fare thee weel, my only love  
And fare thee weel, awhile;  
And I will come again, my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

## CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

*Moderato.*



Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling,— O! I  
Char - lie is my dar - ling, the young Che - va - lier. 'Twas on a Mon - day  
morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When Char-lie came to our town, The  
young Che - va - lier! O! Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my  
dar - ling; O! Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier!

As he came marching up the street,  
The pipes play'd loud and clear;  
And a' the folk came running out,  
To meet the Chevalier.

O! Charlie, &c.

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,  
And claymores long and clear,  
They came to fight for Scotland's right,  
And the young Chevalier.

O! Charlie, &c.

Now ha'd awa', ye Lowland loon,  
And court na lassies here,—  
The Highland man's come back again  
Wi' the young Chevalier.

O! Charlie, &c.

And it's up yon heath'ry mountain,  
And down yon craggy glen,  
We dare nae go a milking,  
For Charlie and his men.

O! Charlie, &c.

## THE BRAVE IRISH BOY.

*Moderato.*

'Twas down by the stream - let that creeps through the shade, On a bank of sweet  
vio - lets I saw the brown maid; Her hair it flow'd wild - ly, her  
breast heav'd a sigh, And the tears, as she sang, fell in drops from her eye. And  
hast thou, then, left me, O! Pa - trick un - kind, Uo - true to thy  
true love, in - con - stant as wind: With thee I'd have wan - der'd, o'er  
known o - ther joy Than bea'd in the smile of my brave I - rish boy.

'Tis true he has left me, but sure he'll return  
To the land of his fathers, nor leave me to mourn:  
The heart that is brave no inconstancy knows,  
Though honour compels it to conquer our foes.

Then why should I grieve me? Though time linger  
slow,  
Its motion is certain as waters that flow:  
With him, then, I'll wander, nor know other joy  
Than the presence and smile of my brave Irish boy.

## OLE BULL AND OLD DAN TUCKER.

As sung by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

White folks, I will sing to you A good old song—It is quite new—A -  
bout O - le Bull and Old Dan Tuc-ker, Who play'd a match for an oys-ter sup-per;—  
Hand de ban-jo down to play. Who beat O - le Bull from de Nor-way, Who  
tuck de shioe from Pa - ga - ni-ni— We am de boye from Old Vir - gin-oy.

Ole Bull came to town to play—  
Five hundred dollars for a day;  
The women ran, and I ran too,  
To hear him fiddle up something new.

Hand de banjo, &c.

They play'd together at Chatham Street,  
Each other's time they tried to beat:  
Some went for Dan, and some for Bull,  
The house was crowded run jam full.

Hand de banjo, &c.

When first his fiddle 'gan to speak,  
De people dey all went to sleep;  
He gave his bow a mighty hawl,  
He made dem all wake up and squall!

Hand de banjo, &c.

If you want to hear good play,  
Just call for Dan from Old Virginny,  
Who beat Ole Bull from de Norway,  
Who tuck de shine from Paganini.

Hand de banjo, &c.



## WHY DON'T YOU COME, LOVE?

Poetry by J. W. Leslie; Music by J. M. Jolly.—Published by Davidson.

*Lightly and Cheerfully.*

Why don't you come, love? ev'-ning is near: Why don't you come, love?  
 true love is here. Night's ha-raids are just peep-ing From their dome of a - sure  
 bright; The waves are gay-ly leap-ing 'Neath the moonbeam's sil - v'ry light. Why don't you  
 come? Why don't you come, love? Ev'-ning is near: Why don't you come, love?  
 True love is here. Why don't you come, love? Why don't you come? Why don't you  
*ad lib.* *a tempo.*

come? Why don't you come, love? Why, love, why don't you come?

Dost thou forget, love,  
 This is the hour  
 When we last met, love,  
 Near thine own bower?  
 The nightingale is wailing  
 From the bosom of the rose,

The moonlight fast is palling,  
 And later still it grows.  
 Why don't you come, love?  
 Ev'ning is near;  
 Why don't you come, love?  
 True love is here.  
 Why don't you come? &c.

## THE WELSH HARPER.

Composed by T. Smith.

O - ver the sun - ny hills I stray, Tu - ning ma - ny a rus - tic lay; And sometimes  
 in the shu - dow - y vales I sing of love and bat - tle tales. Mer - ri - ly  
 thus I spend my life: Tho' poor, my breast is free from strife; The blithe old har - per call'd am  
 I, In the Welsh vales 'mid moun - tains high, In the Welsh vales 'mid moun - tains high.  
 Sometimes, before a castle-gate,  
 In song a battle I relate,  
 Or how a lord in shepherd's guise  
 Sought favour in a maiden's eyes:  
 With rich and poor a welcome guest,  
 No cares intrude upon my breast.  
 The blithe old harper, &c.

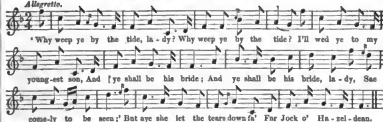
When Sol illumines the western sky,  
 And ev'ning zephyrs softly sigh,  
 Ofttimes on village-green I play,  
 While round me dance the rustics gay;  
 And oft, when veil'd by sable light,  
 The wand'ring shepherds I delight.  
 The blithe old harper, &c.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Scottish Melody; Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

*Allergretto.*



'Why weep ye by the tide, in - dy? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my  
young-est son, And [ye shall be his bride; And ye shall be his bride, in - dy, Sae  
come-ly to be seen; But aye she let the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha - zel-dean.

'Now let that wilful grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale;  
Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
And lord of Langley dale;  
His step is first in peaceful ha',  
His sword in battle keen.'

But aye she let, &c.

'A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair,  
Nor mettli'd hound, nor manag'd hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

And you, the foremost of them a',  
Shall ride, our forest queen !'

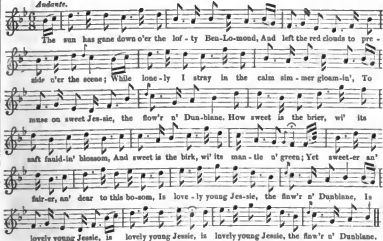
But aye she let, &c.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,  
The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight were there.  
They sought her both by bow'r and ha'—  
The lady was not seen;  
She's o'er the border and awa'  
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

## JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

Composed by R. A. Smith.

*Andante.*



The sun has gane down o'er the lof - ty Ben-Lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre -  
side o'er the scene; While lone - ly I stray in the calm sim - mer gloam-in', To  
muse on sweet Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dun-blane. How sweet is the brier, wi' its  
soft fauld-in' blossom, And sweet is the birk, wi' its man - tie o' green; Yet sweet-er an'  
fair-er, an' dear to this bo-som, is love - ly young Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dunblane, is  
lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

She's modest as a my, an' blithe as she's bonny,  
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling,  
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' <sup>fla</sup>g,  
Dunblane.  
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'en -  
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;  
See dear to this bosom, see artless and winning,  
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!  
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;  
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dun -  
blane.  
Though mine were the station o' Aulic grandeur,  
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,  
An' reckon as nothing the height o' its splendour,  
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane

## JULIA TO THE WOOD-ROBIN.

Composed by Spofforth.

*1st time.*



Stay, sweet en-chant-er of the grove, Leave not so soon thy na-tive tree;

*2nd time.*



tree. O! war-ble still those notes of love, While my fond heart re-sponds to thee; O!



warble still those notes of love, While my fond heart re-sponds to thee.

Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,  
Till chilly autumn frowns severe;  
Then charm me with those notes of love,  
And I will answer with a tear.

But, soon as spring, enwreath'd with flow'rs,  
Comes dancing o'er the new-dress'd plain,  
Returns, and cheer thy natal bow'rs,  
My Robin, with those notes again.

## COME, FILL THE CUP.

Poetry by Henry John Sharpe; Music by Henry Russell. —Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Moderate Vivace.*


Come, fill the cup, nor fear to sip The gen'-rous, gen'-rous ru-by wine; Let



love-ly wo-man's ro-sy lip Pro-tect, pro-tect the sa-cred vine! The



cheer-ful cup in-spires the heart with friend-ship's sun-ny, sun-ny glow; In



mod'rate draught, it doth im-part To wit a spark-ling, spark-ling flow. Come,



fill the cup, nor fear to sip the gen'-rous, gen'-rous ru-by wine; Let



love-ly wo-man's ro-sy lip Pro-tect, pro-tect the sa-cred vine.

Come, fill the cup! the regal draught  
For ill was ne'er design'd;  
The temp'rate will avoid the shaft  
Excess may leave behind.  
With grateful care the rare old vine  
Was rear'd by Nature's hand;  
Let not in vain its tendrils twine,  
Its juicy buds expand.

Come, fill the cup! nor dream that harm  
Incipient lurks within;  
We pledge alone the social charm,  
But guard against the sin.  
Come, drain the cup! and leave awhile  
Dull care to take its flight;  
While lovely woman's gentle smile  
Illumes the shades of night.

Come, Fill the cup! &c.

Come, drain the cup! &c.

## A TRAVELLER STOPP'D AT A WIDOW'S GATE.

A tra-vel-ler stopp'd at a widow's gate; She kept an inn, and he want-ed to  
bait, she kept an inn, and he want-ed to bait; But the wi-dow she slight-ed her  
guest, But the wi-dow she slight-ed her guest: For when na-ture was making an  
ug-ly race, She cer-tain-ly mould-ed the tra-vel-ler's face, As a  
sam-ple for all the rest, As a sam-ple for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides they were ready to crack,  
When she saw his queer nose and the hump on his  
back—

A hump isn't handsome, no doubt:  
And, though 'tis confess'd, that the prejudice goes  
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,  
Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bagfull of gold on the table he laid,  
'T had a wond'rous effect on the widow and maid,  
And they quickly grew marv'lsously civil:

The money immediately alter'd the case,—  
They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout,  
and his face,

Though he still might have frighten'd the devil.

He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack,  
And stopp'd on his horse at the door like a sack;  
While the landlady, touching the chink,  
Cried, 'Sir, should you travel this country again,  
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men  
Will stop at the widow's to drink!'

## BELIEVE NOT THE TALES THEY HAVE TOLD THEE OF ME.

Poetry by Leigh Cliffe; Music by Henry Russell.

Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

Be-lieve not the tales they have told thee of me; My heart beats as tra-ly, as  
fond-ly, as free; And, though ma-lice as-sail, with her false-hoods, my name, Through  
life thou wilt find me in spi-rit the same. Ah! be-lieve that in me, day and  
dark-ness will find One proud in his spi-rit as con-stant in mind.

Let those who delight to inflict the sad pain  
On a heart that in faith ne'er can wander again,  
Know that whispering Hope, still unwilling to stray,  
Has driven Despair from this bosom away, (kind,  
And that she, in her fondness, smil'd sweetly and  
On the proudest to spirit, most constant in mind.

O! mem'ry! may never thy blossoms decay, [way;  
Though tempests should scatter life's treasures a-  
The past days of pleasure reflected by thee,  
Are now the sole solace the world hath left me:  
Ah! yet still my fond bosom is faithful and kind  
To one proud in his spirit as constant in mind

## DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

An old English Air.—Published by Davidson.

*Moderato e con Spirito.*

Here's a health to the Queen, and a last-ing peace; To fac-tion an end, to  
wealth in-crease! Come, let's drink it while we have breath, For there's no drink-ing  
af-ter death; And he that will this health de-ny, Down a-mong the dead men,  
down a-mong the dead men, down, down, down, down, down a-mong the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,  
In whom celestial joys are found;  
And may confusion still pursue  
The senseless women-hating crew;  
And they that women's health deny,  
Down among the dead men let them lie.

May love and wine their rites maintain,  
And their united pleasures reign!  
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,  
We'll sing the joys that both afford!  
And they that won't with us comply,  
Down among the dead men let them lie.

## YOUNG ELLEN LORAINÉ.

Composed by Alexander Lee.

When I part-ed from E-rin, heart-bro-ken to leave thee, I dream'd not of falsehood, young  
El-len Lo-rai-ne! I thought, though but wo-man, thou wouldst not de-ceive me,—Ah!  
why art thou faith-less, young El-len Lo-rai-ne? I lov'd thee in sor-row, I  
sought thee in dan-ger, And dear was the pe-ril, and sweet was the pain; But  
now is thy look as the look of a stranger,—Ah! why art thou faithless, young El-len Lo-rai-ne!

O! thou wert the vision that brighten'd my pillow,  
The star of my darkness, young Ellen Lorainé;  
As the bloom to the rose, as the sun to the billow,  
Thou cam'st to my salu-ber, young Ellen Lorainé!  
Thou'lt think of me yet, when the false world de-  
ceives thee,  
And friends of gay fortune look cold on thy wane;  
When the sheen of thy cheek like the summer-light  
leaves thee, [rai-ne!  
Thou'lt think how I lov'd thee, young Ellen Lo-

O! speak not to me—in those eyes I discover  
The wrongs thou hast done me, young Ellen Lo-  
rainé!  
Go, rest in the arms of a happier lover;—  
Go, lovely, but faithless, young Ellen Lorainé!  
The moments of rapture, the vow and the token,  
They thrill in my bosom, and burn in my brain!  
Go, false one, and laugh at the heart thou hast  
broken;—  
Go, lovely, but faithless, young Ellen Lorainé!

## OLD KING TIME.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Quasi Allegro.*

I wear not the purple on earth-born kings, Nor the state-ly ermine of  
lord-ly things; But monarch and courtier, tho' great they be, Must fall from their glo-ry and  
bend to me, But monarch and courtier, tho' great they be, Must fall from their glo-ry and  
bend to me. My sceptre is gem-less; yet who can say, They will not come un-der its  
might-ty sway? Ye may learn who I am—there's the pass-ing chime and the dial to  
be-raid me— Old King Time! Ha, ha! Old King Time! Ha, ha,  
ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Old King Time! Ha, ha, ha!

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,  
After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light;  
My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,  
On the deep-worn furrows and locks of snow.  
Who laughs at my power?—The young and the gay;  
But they dream not how closely I track their way.  
Wait till their first bright sands have run,  
And they will not smile at what Time hath done.  
He, ha! Old King Time!

I eat thro' treasures with moth and rust;  
I lay the gorgeous palace in dust;  
I make the shell-proof tower my own,  
And break the battlement, stone from stone.  
Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,  
Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can;  
But the marble shall crumble, the pillars shall fall,  
And Time, Old Time, will be King after all.  
Ha, ha! Old King Time!

## THE WIG, THE HAT, AND THE CANE.

By the side of a mur-mur-ing stream An el-der-ly gen-tle-man sat; On the  
top of his head was his wig, And a-top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong,  
As the elderly gentleman sat,  
And bore from his head in a trice,  
And plung'd in the river, his hat.  
The gentleman then took his cane,  
Which lay by his side as he sat;  
And he dropp'd in the river his wig,  
Is attempting to get out his hat.  
His breast it grew cold with despair,  
And full in his eye madness sat;

So he swam in the river his cane,  
To swim with his wig and his hat.  
Cool reflection at length came across,  
While this elderly gentleman sat;  
So he thought he would follow the stream,  
And look for his cane, wig, and hat.  
His head, being thicker than common,  
O'er-balance'd the rest of his fat,  
And in plump'd this son of a woman,  
To follow his wig, cane, and hat.

## LADY OF NIGHT.

Poetry by Mrs. Price; Music by H. Oakley.—Published by Tolkien.

*Andante.* *ritard.*

La - dy of night, Lead me thy light! Shed thy soft beams o - ver streamlet and  
*a tempo.* *cres.*

tree: While ro - ses are sleep-ing, And night-dews are weep-ing, And El - la is  
*p* *3*

keep-ing her footsteps for me, And El - la is keep-ing her footsteps for  
*Sienlante.*

me. Send me thy light, La - dy of night! The bright flow'rs of day, in the  
*ad lib.* *a tempo.*

sun's gold-en ray, With their o - dour will pay The light heart that is free: But more do I  
*Rall.*

prize Soft ev'n-ing's sighs, When El - la's bright eyes are beam-ing on me! When  
*a tempo.* *Rall.*

El - la's bright eyes are beam-ing on me! Then, haste with thy light, La - dy of night!  
*ritard.* *a tempo.*

Shed thy soft beams o - ver streamlet and tree: While ro - ses are sleep-ing, And night-dews are  
*cres.* *3*

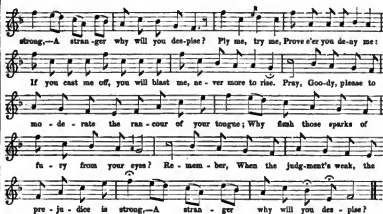
weep-ing, And El - la is keep - ing her foot-steps for me! And El - la is  
*Sien.*

keep-ing her foot-steps for me. Lead me thy light, La - dy of night!

## PRAY, GOODY.

*Moderate.*

Pray, Goody, please to mo-de-rate the ran-cour of your tongue; Why flash those sparks of  
 fe - ry from your eyes? Re-mem-ber, when the judg-ment's weak, the pre - ju - dice is



strong,—A stran-ger why will you des-pise? Fly me, try me, Prove e'er you de-ny me:

If you cast me off, you will blast me, ne-ver more to rise. Pray, Goo-dy, please to

mo-de-rats the ran-cour of your tongue; Why smother those sparks of

fu-ry from your eyes? Re-mem-ber, When the judg-ment's weak, the

pre-ju-dice is strong,—A stran-ger why will you des-pise?

### FILL, FILL, TILL THE GLASS RUNS O'ER.

The Bacchanalian Song from Weber's Opera of *Der Freyschutz*; the Poetry by George Soane, A.B.  
Published by Davidson.

*Allegro Feroce.*



Fill, fill, till the glass runs o'er! He's a king, and some-thing more,

Who is fond of drink-ing; Fill it once, and fill it twice; Here's a sun to melt all

ice, And set sor-row wink-ing, And set sor-row wink-ing.

Wine and beauty, glass for glass:  
Naught will make the minutes pass,  
Like a flowing measure!

Wine and women! kiss for kiss!  
Earth has not a joy like this!—  
Drink! dissolve in pleasure!

### MY DOG AND MY GUN.

Composed by Dr. Arne.



Let gay ones and great make the most of their fate, From plea-sure to plea-sure they

run, From plea-sure to plea-sure they run. Well, who cares a jot, I en-vy them

not, While I have my dog and my gun, - - - While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air, to the fields I repair,  
With spirits unclouded and light;

No blisses I find, no sting leaves behind,  
But health and diversion unite.



## JENNY, GET YOUR OAT-CAKE DONE.



One day from de old ra-coons to see, I left Vir-gin-al and went to  
 sea; De wind blew high, and so dread-ful cool, Dat it blew de ship to ole Li-ver-  
 pool. O! Jen-ny, get your oatenke done—my la-dy Jen-ny, get your oat-ke done—

O! Jen-ny get your oatenke done—my la-dy Jen-ny get your oatenke done.

A mighty storm dare came one night,  
 Which put poor nigger in a fright;  
 De lightning slip all about de sky,  
 Just like a bilad horse dat's broke his thigh.  
 O! Jenny, &c.

We anchor'd next morning close to shore—  
 I thought it a dream, or little more—  
 Day took me in a boat, I landed at de pier,  
 But ole nigger could'nt stand, he felt so queer.  
 O! Jenny, &c.

I went up a street, den turn'd to de right;  
 I stepp'd just as high as a cow in a fright;  
 My feet felt so funny, I cut such a figure,  
 Dat all de folks say, 'Dare's a mighty rum nigger!'  
 O! Jenny, &c.

One white man say I make such a fuss,  
 So he took me straight to de Mansion-house:  
 And dare de mayor would'nt let me go,

Till I play'd Lucy Long on my ole banjo.  
 O! Jenny, &c.

Now I felt much pleas'd wid all I saw,  
 So I question de mayor 'bout de corn law:  
 And he told me dey mean to repeal it as soon  
 As Hanson goes up in his steam-balloon  
 O! Jenny, &c.

Next I ax'd de mayor, if all was true,  
 'Bout London smoke going all up one fue:  
 He say it is propos'd, and dey soon mean to  
 light

All London wid but one big gas ob a night  
 O! Jenny, &c.

Now, I tink I say enough 'bout my trabel,  
 All ober de sea, dry land, and grabel; [know—  
 B't dare's one ting, white folks, I wish you to  
 Dare's no music like dat of de ole banjo.  
 O! Jenny, &c.

## O! REST THEE, BABE.

Composed by John Whittaker.



O! slum-ber, my dar-ling, Thy sire is a knight; Thy mo-ther, a la-dy, so  
 love-ly and bright! The hills and the dales from the tow'rs which we see, Thy  
 all shall be - long, my dear in-fant, to thee, O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,  
 sleep on till day; O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.

O! rest thee, my darling, the time it shall come.  
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and  
 drum:  
 Then rest thee, my darling, O! sleep while ye  
 may.

For war comes with manhood, as light comes with  
 day.  
 O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till  
 O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you  
 may.

## THE ROSE HAD BEEN WASH'D.

The Poetry by Cowper.—The Music by Webbe.

*Andantino.*

The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r, Which Ma-ry to An-na con-  
vey'd; The plen-ti-ful mois-ture en-cum-ber'd the flow'r, And weigh'd down its  
bean-ti-ful head: The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet, And it  
seem'd to a fan-cy-ful view, To weep for the buds it had  
left with re-gret, On the flow-ry-ing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was  
For a nosegay, so dripping and drows'd;  
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!  
I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.  
And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiful part  
Some act by the delicate mind,

Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,  
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose—had I shaken it less,  
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;  
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,  
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

*Andante.*

Wood-man, spare that tree,— Touch not a sin-gle bough;— In youth it  
shel-ter'd me, And I'll pro-tect it now. 'Twas my fore-fa-ther's hand That  
plac'd it near his cot;— There, woodman, let it stand,—Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,—  
Ah! wouldst thou hack it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke—  
Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
O! spare that aged oak,  
Now tow'ring to the skies!  
When but an idle boy,  
I sought its grateful shade,  
In all their gushing joy;  
Here, too, my sister play'd—

My mother kiss'd me here—  
My father press'd my hand;—  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
Here shall the wild bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree! the storm still brave!  
And, woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not!

## WATERS OF ELLE.

The Words from Glenarvon, adapted to a French Air.

Wa - ters of Kile, thy lim-pid streams are flow - ing, smooth and un - ruf - led,  
o'er the flow - 'ry vale; On thy green banks once more the wild rose blow - ing,  
Greet the young spring, and scents the pass - ing gale.  
Greet the young spring, and scents the pass - ing gale.

Here 'twas, at eve, near yonder tree reposing,  
One, still too dear, first breath'd his vows to me—  
'Wear this,' he cried, his galleful love disclosing,  
'Near to thy heart, in memory of me.'

Love's cherish'd gift, the rose he gave, is faded;  
Love's blighted flow'r can oever bloom again!  
Weep for thy fault—in heart and mind degraded;  
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain

## THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

O! love is the soul of a neat I - rish-man! He loves all that's love-ly, loves  
all that he can—With his sprig of shil - le - lah and sham - rock so green. His  
heart is good - hu-mour'd, 'tis ho - nest and sound; No ma - lice or ha - tred is  
there to be found; He courts and he mar - ries, he drinks and he fights, For love, all for  
love, for in that he delights—With his sprig of shil - le - lah and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Doonbrook Fair? He meets with his Shilah, who, blushing a smile.  
An Irishman all in his glory is there, [green. Cries, 'Get ye gone, Pat,' yet consents all the while;  
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so In the priest soon they go, and nine months after that,  
His clothes spick-and-span new, without e'er a A fine baby cries, 'How d'ye do, father Pat,  
speck, With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green?'

A neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck,  
He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,—  
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him  
down,  
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

At ev'ning returning, as homeward he goes,  
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with  
blows—  
From a sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green,

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth;  
Bless the land of the oak and the neighbouring earth,  
Where grow the shillelah and shamrock so green.  
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the  
Shannon,  
Drub the foe who dare plant at our confines a cannon!  
United and happy at loyalty's shrine,  
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine,  
Round the sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

## ROBIN HOOD IS LYING DEAD.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music by Edward J. Loder.—Published by Davidson.

*Moderate Con Expression.*

Robin Hood is ly - ing dead, All a-mong the leaves so green; Robin Hood is  
 ly - ing dead, dead, dead, dead! Whines his stag hounds at his head; licks the pale cheek,  
 O! so dear; seemsto ask, 'Why sleep you here, All a-mong the leaves so green.

There is a huge oak standing nigh,  
 All among the leaves so green;  
 Whence the raven croaks reply:  
 Robin sleeps, and ne'er shall wake—  
 Ne'er shall follow hound through brake—  
 All among the leaves so green.

Now his men have Robin found,  
 All among the leaves so green;  
 Weep and lay him in the ground.  
 But the dog no tear can shed,  
 He but dies upon his bed—  
 All among the leaves so green.

## FARE THEE WELL.

Poetry by Lord Byron; Music by Mozart.

*Andante.*

Fare thee well, and if for e - ver, Still for e - ver fare thee well; E'en tho'  
 un - for - giv - ing, ne-ver 'Gainst thee shall my heart re - bel, 'Gainst thee  
 shall my heart re - bel. Would that breast were bar'd be - fore thee,  
 Where thy head so oft has lain, While that pla-cid sleep came o'er thee,  
 Which thou ne'er canst know a - gain, Which thou ne'er canst know a - gain.

Though the world for this commend thee,  
 Though it smile upon the blow,  
 E'en it praises must offend thee,  
 Founded on another's woe.  
 Though my many faults deface me,  
 Could no other arm be found  
 Than the one which once embraced me  
 To inflict a careless wound?

And when thou would'st solace gather,  
 When our child's first accents flow,  
 Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father,'  
 Though his care he must forgo?  
 When her little hands shall press thee,  
 When her lip to thine is press'd,  
 Think of him whose pray'r shall bless thee,  
 Think of him thy love has bless'd.

Should her tresses resemble  
 Those thou never more may'st see,  
 Then thy heart will softly tremble  
 With a pulse yet true to me.  
 All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
 All my madness none can know;  
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
 Thither—yet with thee they go.  
 But 'tis done—all words are idle,—  
 Words from me are vainer still;  
 But the thoughts we cannot bidle  
 Force the way without the will.  
 Fare thee well! thus disunited,  
 Torn from every nearer tie,  
 Sear'd in heart and love, and blighted,—  
 More than this—I scarce can die!

## THE RUSHLIGHT.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

O! scorn me not as a fame-less thing, Nor turn with con-tempt from the  
 song I sing: 'Tis true, I am not suf-fer'd to be On the ring - lag  
 board of was - sal glee; My pal - lid gleam must ne - ver fall  
 In the gay sa - loon or lord - ly hall; But ma - y a tale does the  
 rush - light know Of se - cret sor - row and lone - ly woe.

I'm found in the closely curtain'd room,  
 Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb—  
 Where the breaking heart and heavy eyes  
 Are waiting to see a lov'd one die—  
 Where the dotting child with noiseless tread  
 Strals warily to the mother's bed;—  
 I'm wildly snatch'd, and my glimmering ray  
 Shows a glazing eye and stiff'ning clay.  
 I am the light that quivering flits  
 In the joyless home where the fond wife sits,  
 Waiting the one that flies his hearth,  
 For the gambler's dice and drunkard's mirth:

She mournfully trims my slender wick,  
 As she sees me fading and wasting quick;  
 And many a time has my spark exspir'd,  
 And left her still the weeping and tir'd.  
 Many a lesson the bosom learns  
 Of hapless grief while the rushlight burns;  
 Many a scene unfolds to me  
 That the heart of mercy would bleed to see.  
 Then scorn me not as a fameless thing,  
 Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing;  
 But, smile as ye will, or scorn as ye may,  
 There's naught but truth to be found in my lay.

## LUCY LONG.

Words by Leman Rede; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

I lub to mad dis-trac-tion my pret-ty Lu-cy Long; She'll make no wed-ding  
 fac-tion—no, nor lis-ten to my song. Well, take your time, Miss Lu-cy, to  
 hur-ry you'd be wrong—So mar-ry when it suit ye—take your time, Miss Lu-cy Long.

Her skin's a charming yaller, her eyes as black as  
 aloes; [toes.  
 You'll neber find her fuller, from de forehead to de  
 I'll wait your time, Miss Lucy, though my pulse  
 beats like a gong, [Miss Lucy Long.  
 And my heart maps right aunder—Take your time,  
 I ask'd her of her mother—she answer'd, 'No,' down  
 fast; [ob dat.  
 'De gal's too young to marry;' says I 'She'll mend  
 so take your time, Miss Lucy, to hurry you'd be  
 wrong; [Lucy Long.  
 You can't be fifteen always—take your time, Miss

'Your summer days are going.'—Miss Lucy snub-  
 bing said, [head.  
 'I hav'n't yet done growing.'—Says I, 'Then go a-  
 Yet take your time, Miss Lucy—to hurry you'd be  
 wrong; [Long.  
 Grow taller and grow good-er, my lovely Lucy  
 When married, should you scold me, as sure as you  
 are born, [for corn;—  
 I'll take you down to Boston, and I'll trade you off  
 Now take your time, Miss Lucy, for my love is  
 deep and strong, [Lucy Long.  
 So marry when it suit ye,—take your time, Miss

## SINCE THEN I'M DOOM'D.

An Italian Air.

*Andante.*

Since then I'm doom'd this sad re-verse to prove, To quit each ob-ject  
of my in-fant care; Torn from an ho-nour'd pa-rent's ten-der love, And  
driv'n the keen-est, keen-est storms of fate to bear; Ah! but for-give me, pi-tied  
let me part; Ah! but for-give me, pi-tied let me part: Your frown too  
sure would break my sink-ing heart; Your frowns too sure would break my sink-ing, sinking heart.

Where'er I go, wha'e'er my lowly state,  
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;

And when, perhaps, your're musing on my fate,  
You still may greet me with a tender tear.  
Ah! then forgive, &c.

## BLOW, YE GENTLE BREEZES.

The Poetry by George Soane A.B.; the Music from Auber's Opera of the Crown Jewels.—Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto Moderato.*

Blow, ye gen-tle breezes, blow; Home is still so far a-way, And the sun is  
set-ting low, With part-ing ray. Blow, ye gen-tle breezes, blow; Home is still so  
far a-way, And the sun is set-ting low, With part-ing ray. The waves are  
rip-pling round our prow, For e'en the tide is adverse now. Then wake thee, gentle gale, And  
fill the la-zy, la-zy sail; The waves are rip-pling round our prow, For e'en the tide is  
adverse now: Then wake thee, gen-tle gale, And fill the la-zy, la-zy sail.

In the dark'n'd east I see  
Outline dim of hill and tree  
How it mingles with the skies,  
And mocks my eyes!

But see, the wind unfolds its wings;  
Its music through the cordage sings;  
The clouds are flowing fast—  
The port is reach'd at last!

## WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

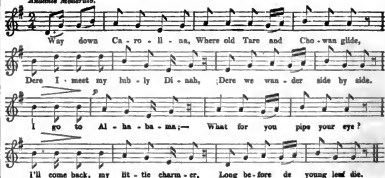
Poetry by Shakespeare; Music by Dr. Arne.—Published by Davidson.



Where the bee sucks, there lurk I; In a cow-dip's bell I lie; There I  
crouch when owls do cry—when owls do cry—when owls do cry. On a bat's back  
do I fly— Af-ter sun-set mer-ri-ly,  
mer-ri-ly—Af-ter sun-set mer-ri-ly. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, shall I live  
now, Under the blos-som that hangs on the bough—mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, shall I live  
now, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough, Un-der the blossom that hangs on the bough.

## OLD TARE RIVER.

Words by Leman Rede; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

*Andante Moderato.*


Way down Ca-ro-li-na, Where old Tare and Cho-wan glide,  
Dere I meet my lub-ly Di-nah, Dere we wan-der side by side.  
I go to Al-ha-ba-ma;— What for you pipe your eye?  
I'll come back, my lit-tle charm-er, Long be-fore de young leaf die.

Like stars her dark eye flashes,  
Light as any deer she trips,  
Virgin honey's not more luscious  
Than my lubly Dinah's lips.  
Tare's stream may swell far bigger,  
Cape Bear de sun may dry,  
But your own, your faithful Nigger  
Lab you constant till he die.  
Ober mountain tho' he wander,  
Nigger lubber keep so true,  
Dat, while him toiling yonder,  
He tink and hope for you:—

Den will my own dear Dinah,  
P'rhaps, heave de heavy sigh  
For her poor absent Nigger,  
Who must lub her till he die.  
Dear, look! de sun is sinking,  
My heart a sinking too:  
When de pretty stars are winking,  
I look up and tink of you.  
I'll come back—what should hinder?  
Watch at night wid wary eye,  
First at door-way, den at winder—  
I'll come back before I die.

## I AM A BRISK AND SPRIGHTLY LAD.

I am a brisk and sprightly lad, But just come home from sea, sir: Of all the lives I  
 ev - er led, A sai - lor's life for me, sir! Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,  
 yeo, yeo! Whilst the boat-swain pipes all hands, With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, sir!  
 What girl but loves the merry tars,  
 Who o'er the ocean roam, sir?  
 In ev'ry clime we find a port,  
 In ev'ry port a home, sir.  
 Yeo, yeo, &c.  
 But when our country's foes are nigh,  
 Each hastens to his gun, sir;  
 We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,  
 And bang the haughty Don, sir.  
 Yeo, yeo, &c.  
 Our foes subdued, once more on shore  
 We spend our cash with glee, sir;  
 And when all's gone we drown our care,  
 And out again to sea, sir.  
 Yeo, yeo, &c.

## FROM ALOFT THE SAILOR LOOKS.

Composed by S. Storace.

*Allegro non Troppo.*

From a - loft the sai - lor looks a - round, And hears be - low the murm'-ring bil-lows  
 sound, - - - and hears be - low the murm'-ring bil-lows  
 sound. Far off from home, he counts an - o - ther day; Wide o'er the seas the  
 ves - sel hears a - way, Wide o'er the seas the ves - sel hears a - way; His  
 courage wants no whet, but he springs the sail to set, With a heart as fresh as ri - sing  
 breeze of May, And, ea - ring naught, he turns his thoughts to his love - ly Sue or his  
 charm - ing Bet, To his love - ly Sue or his charm - ing Bet.

Now to Heav'n the lofty topmast soars;  
 The stormy blast, like dreadful thunder, roars;  
 Now, ocean's deepest gulfs appear below,  
 The curling surges foam, and down we go!

When skies and seas are met,  
 They his courage serve to whet;  
 With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,  
 And dreading naught, &c.



# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## OVER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

Old Scottish Melody.

*Allegretto.*

Come boat me ower, come row me ower, come boat me ower to Char - he; I'll  
gie John Ross an - i - ther baw-bee, To fer - ry me ower to Char - lie. We'll  
ower the wa - ter and ower the sea, We'll ower the wa - ter to Char - lie; Come  
weel, come weel, we'll ga - ther and go, And - - live and live wi' Char - lie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,  
Though some there be that abhor him;  
But, O! to see auld Nick gane hame,  
An' Charlie's faes before him!  
We'll ower the water, &c.

I swear by moon an' stars me bricht,  
An' the sun that glances early,

If I had twenty thousand lives,  
I'd gi'e them a' for Charlie.  
We'll ower the water, &c.

I ance had sons, I now hae nae, —  
I bred them, toiling sairy;  
An' I wad bear them a' again,  
An' lose them a' for Charlie.  
We'll ower the water, &c.

## LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER CAM' DOWN THE LANG GLEN.

Scottish Melody; the Words by Robert Burns.

*Lively.*

Last May a braw woo - er cam' down the lang glen, And sair wi' his love he did  
deave me; I said there was nae - thing I ha - ted like men: The deuce gae wi'  
him to be - lieve me, be - lieve me; The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me!

I'e speuk' o' the darts o' my bonny black e'en,  
And vow'd for my love he was deen';  
I said he micht dee when he lik'd for Jenn;  
The guid farg'd me for leein'!

A weel-stockit maulin', himsel for the inird,  
And marriage aff-hand, wae his proffer;  
I never loot on that I ken'd it or ear'd,  
But thocht I micht hae a waur offer.

But, what wad ye think, in a fortnicht or less —  
The dell's in his taste to gang near her! —  
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess —  
Guess ye how, the jade! I could bear her!  
But a' the nelst week, as I fretted wi' care,  
I goed to the tryst o' Dalgarroch;

And wha but my braw fickle wooper was there,  
Wha glow'd as he had seen a warlock.

Ont ower my left shauter I gi'd him a blink,  
Lest aeborn might say I was saucy;  
My wooper he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

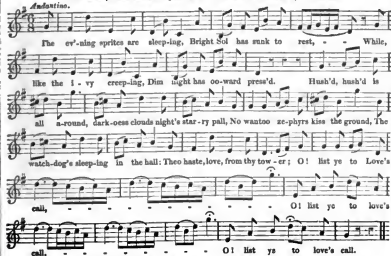
I speir'd for my cousin, fou coostie and sweet,  
Gin she had recover'd her hearin';  
And how my auld shoon fitted her shanchled feet  
Gude sauf us! how he fell a swearin'!

He begged, for gude sake! I wad be his wife,  
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;  
Sae, e'en to preserve the pair body in life,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

\* In Scotland, when a cast-off lover pays his addresses to a new mistress, that new mistress is said to have got the auld shoon (old shoes) of the former one. Here the metaphor is made to carry an extremely ingenious sarcasm at the resemblance of the new mistress's person.

## LOVE'S CALL; OR, YOUNG AGNES.

A Serenade, from Auber's Opera of Fra Diavolo.—Published by Davidson.

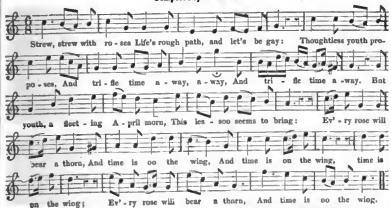
*Andantino.*

There's naught, love, now can harm thee,  
No prying eye is near;  
The silent hour will charm thee—  
O! haste, dispel all fear.  
Bright joys too soon will fade,  
Morn dispel midnight's pall:

Now Flora decks the glade;  
Rapture floats thro' bow'r and hall;  
Haste to the Paphian bower,—  
O! list ye to love's call.  
O! list, &c.

## TIME IS ON THE WING.

Composed by W. Reeve.



Trip, trip to measure,  
Dulcet as the voice of love;  
Warble, sons of pleasure,  
Adown the flowery grove.

But love's sweet voice will oft betray  
And pleasure cloy'd will sing,  
Ev'ry flow'r must fade away,  
And time is oo the wing.

## FAREWELL, SWEET.

The Poetry by H. F. Heathcote; the Music by C. Giffert.

*Andantino.*

Farewell, sweet, but not for ev - er! Think not I can faith-less be; Or that absence  
can dis - se - ver Ties that bind me, love, to thee. No, by those warm drops now starting,  
by our past fond hours of bliss, By our hopes and fears at part-ing, By this chaste and  
sa - cred, sa - cred kiss, Farewell, sweet, but not for ev - er! Think not I can  
faith-less be; Or that ab-sence can dis - se - ver Ties that bind me, love, to thee.

O! 'tis rapture to be near thee—  
Pleasure dwells where'er thou art;  
Absence shall the more endear thee  
To this true and constant heart.

Hope each anxious care shall lighten  
While from thee compell'd to leave,  
Till our mutual prospects brighten,  
Shone on by the light of love.

Farewell, sweet, &amp;c.

## THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

The Poetry by George Pendrill; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

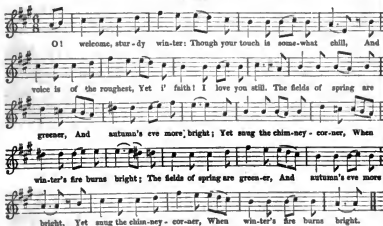
I've wan-der'd oft in child-hood, With playmates blithe and gay, O'er  
flow' - ry field and mea-dow, And ga - ther'd sweets of May;— We've  
sport - ed 'neath the elm tree that grew be - side our cot;— O! the  
hap - py days of child-hood can ne - ver be for - got.

How well I can remember  
The sports we us'd to play,—  
So dear are they to memory,  
It seems but yesterday;  
And oft I sport, in fancy,  
Within the self-same spot;—  
O! the happy days of childhood  
Can never be forgot.  
And oft-times, in my slumber,  
Methinks that I am near  
Those ever fond be-lov'd ones,  
'In childhood's home so dear;

But, waking from that slumber,  
How chang'd I find my lot;—  
O! the happy days of childhood  
Can never be forgot.  
Then bless the steps of childhood,  
And let their sports be gay,  
That they, at least in memory,  
May live to bless the day  
When they were blithe and happy,  
In palace or in cot;—  
O! the happy days of childhood  
Can never be forgot.

## STURDY WINTER.

The Music from Weber's Opera of *Der Freyschutz*; the Poetry by George Soane, A.B.—Published by Davidson.



O! welcome, star-dy win-ter: Though your touch is some-what chill, And  
voice is of the roughest, Yet I' faith! I love you still. The fields of spring are  
greener, And autumn's eve more bright; Yet sung the chim-ney - cor-ner, When  
win-ter's fire burns bright; The fields of spring are green-er, And autumn's eve more  
bright, Yet sung the chim-ney - cor-ner, When win-ter's fire burns bright.

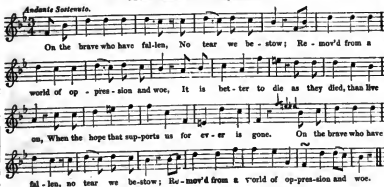
When summer friends shall scatter,  
And the leaves are on the tree,  
I'll think of your true lesson,  
And still my song shall be:—

O! welcome stardy winter:  
Though your touch is somewhat chill,  
And voice is of the roughest,  
Yet, I' faith! I love you still!

## THE PATRIOT'S WELCOME.

The Poetry by Miss Jane Anna Porter; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Andante Sostenuto.*



On the brave who have fal-len, No tear we be-stow; Re-mov'd from a  
world of op-pres-sion and woe, It is bet-ter to die as they died, than live  
on, When the hope that sup-ports us for ev-er is gone. On the brave who have  
fal-len, no tear we be-stow; Re-mov'd from a world of op-pres-sion and woe.

O'er the actions of those who unshrinking could  
sell  
Their freedom so dearly, enraptur'd we dwell;  
And, although unsuccessful, the patriots that roam  
Shall be warmly receiv'd in our own island home.  
It is here that the spirit can swell uncontroll'd;  
It is here that high thoughts need not perish untold;

And a hand for a friend, or a sword for a foe,  
Is a gift that the poorest hath pow'r to bestow.  
We have mourn'd for the vanquish'd, we mourn that  
the brave  
Shall ever encounter a premature grave;  
But O! not for those only who fell in the strain  
Of our tears still unwept, but for them who remain

## THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

Composed by W. Shield.

*Allegretto.*

There's a dear lit - tle plant that grows in our isle,—'Twas St. Pat-rick him - self, sure, that set it; And the sun on his la-bour with plea-sure did smile, And with dews from his eye of - ten wet it. It thrives thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire - land, And he call'd it the dear lit - tle sham - rock of Ire - land,— The sweet lit - tle sham-rock, the dear lit - tle sham - rock, the sweet lit - tle green lit - tle sham - rock of Ire - land.

*ad lib.* *espress.*

This dear little plant still grows in our land,  
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,  
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,  
In each climate that each shall appear in—  
And shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland,  
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.  
The sweet little shamrock, &c.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,  
When its three little leaves are extended,  
Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,  
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;

And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland, [Ireland,  
From one root should branch like the shamrock of The sweet little shamrock, &c.

This dear little plant that shoots from our earth,  
Let the hard hand of industry nourish;  
And love in each heart find its own warm birth,  
While peace, joy, and plenty shall flourish,  
And bloom thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland,  
Just like our own dear little shamrock of Ireland,  
Your own little shamrock, &c.

## TOO LATE I STAY'D.

Composed by C. Gilfert.

*Andante.*

Too late I stay'd— for - give the crime— Un - heed - ed flew the hours; For noise - less falls the foot of time That on - ly treads on flow'rs. O! who with clear a-mount re-marks The eb - bing of his glass, When all its sands are dia-mond sparks Which daz-zle as they pass, Which daz-zle as they pass

Alas! who to sober measurement  
Time's happy swiftness brings,  
When birds of paradise have lent  
Their plumage to his wings?

Too late I stay'd—forgive the crime—  
Unheeded flew the hours;  
How noiseless falls the foot of time  
That duly treads on flow'rs!

## ENGLAND, HOME OF THE FREE.

Composed by Oscar Perry.

*Andante.*

Thy sea-girt rocks, my na-tive isle, Are dear-er to my breast Than  
vine-clad hills or vales that smile, In Na-ture's boun-ty  
bless'd; Though all a-round breathe pure and bright, It is but free-dom's  
grave: A-venge, a-venge, a-venge her with thy arm of  
might, Eng-land, home of the brave! Eng-land, home of the brave!

My heart, in silent loneliness,  
Pants for my dear-lov'd plains;  
Which sweet content ne'er fails to bless,  
Where peace, delighted, reigns.

From here, alas! she's ta'en her flight,  
For pity's tear to crave;  
Avenge her with thy arm of might—  
England, home of the brave!

## O! NOT FOR ME.

Poetry by Mrs. Price; Music by H. Oakley.—Published by Tolkien.

*Andante con Express.*

O! not for me the smile that plays Where hearts in joy-ance swell; Where  
Hope throws round her sun-ny rays, And love de-lights to dwell: For  
grief per-vades this heart a-lone, That once was gay and free, And  
plea-sure's soft and sil-ver tone, A-las! is not for me, And  
plea-sure's soft and sil-ver tone, A-las! is not for me.

*Cadenza ad lib.*

O! not for me the melting strain  
That music loves to pour;  
Deep, deep enthral'd by sorrow's chain,  
It melts mine ear no more:

The cherish'd dream of hope and love  
Must all forgotten be;  
Together still o'er earth to rove,  
But not, O! not for me!

## WHILE DAY'S LAST SMILE WAS SHINING.

The Music by His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

While day's last smile was shin - ing, And all was calm and fair,  
On yon - der rock re - clin - ing, I breath'd the ev'n - ing air.

No star yet trembled o'er me,  
No fancied whispers fall,  
No leaflet stirr'd before me—  
'Twas holy silence all.

That home so sweet, so lonely—  
That charm, that silent spell,  
Must rest for silence only,  
To feel and truly tell.

## LIFE WITH ME BEGINS TO DWINDLE.

The Music from Bolidieu's *La Dame Blanche*; the Poetry by John Howard Payne.

Life with me be-gins to dwin-dle, All its bright hours now are o'er; Soon the  
right whirl of the spin-dle To this touch will bend no more. But the mys-tic twist is  
spin-ning, Whence the lost may date his win-ning, And might yields to right, And  
might yields to right a - gain, yields to right a - gain. Days be-tween that day ad -  
vanc-ing, Like this lit-tle wheel a-round light glancing, O! turn, O! turn, O!  
turn, O! turn, O! turn more swift - ly still; Days be - tween that day ad -  
vanc-ing, Like this lit-tle wheel a-round light glanc-ing, O! turn, O! turn, O!  
turn, O! turn, O! turn more swift - ly still, O! turn more swift - ly  
still, O! turn more swift - ly still, O! turn more swift - ly still.

Dark and troubl'd are the changes, child, to which  
thy lot is cast!  
No one's fate more wild and strange is,  
But thine own returns at last.

Twist ye, twine ye; darkly shaded  
Are the threads which fate has braided,  
Till lost shall be found again.  
Days between that day, &c.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLOW.

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Moderate.*

Of a' the airts the win' can blow, I dear-ly like the weat: For there the bon-nie  
 las-sie lives, The las-sie I lo'e best: Though wild woods grow, and ri-vers flow, wi'  
 mo-my a hill be-tween, Baith day an' night my fan-cy's flight is  
 e-ver wi' my Jaen. I see her in the dew-y flow'rs, see love-ly, sweet, an'  
 fair; I hear her voice in il-ka bird wi' mu-sic charms the  
 air. There's not a bon-nie flow'r that springs, by foun-tain, shaw, or  
 green, Nor yet a bon-ny bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jaen.

O! blow, ye westlin' win' blow soft among the  
 leafy trees,— [the laden bees;  
 Wi' gentle breeze frae mair an' dale, bring hame  
 An' bring the lassie back to me, that's aye see neat  
 an' clean,— [Jaen.  
 As' blink o' her wad banish care, see lovely is my

What sighs an' vows, among the knowes, ha'e  
 pass'd atween us twa'! [gude man!  
 How fain to meet, how wae to part, that day she  
 The pow'r's aboon can only ken to whom the heart  
 is seen, [Jaen.  
 That name can be see dear to me as my sweet lovely

## BRUCE'S ADDRESS—SCOTS, WHA HAE.

Scottish Melody; Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Moderate.*

Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has af-ter led! Wel-come to your  
 go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ry. — Now's the day, and now's the hour!  
 See the front o' but-tle lour, See ap-proach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla-ve-ry.

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha see base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn and see!  
 Wha for Scotland's king and la'  
 Freedom's sword will strongly dra',  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
 By your sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free!  
 Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!  
 Liberty's in ev'ry blow!  
 Let us do, or dee!



## TROTTING ALONG THE ROAD.

Composed by W. Reeve.

*Lively.*



Guf - fer Grist, Guf - fer's son, and his lit - tie jack - ass, Trot - ting a - long the  
road, Thro' a gos - sip - ing strag - gling vil - lage must pass, Be - fore they could  
reach their a - bode. Mas - ter John - ny rode Jack - ey, which old Guf - fer led; The  
vil - la - gers thought the boy mon - strous ill - hred, So they made ho - nest Guf - fer get  
up in his stead, Trot - ting a - long the road, Trot - ting, trot - ting a - long the road.

They didn't go far ere they heard people talk,  
Trotting along the road,  
As how it was stupid for either to walk,  
Before they could reach their abode.  
So they both rode—when, proud of his horse and  
his peck, [elf?  
A farmer cried, 'Down! would you kill the poos  
If you was an ass, would you like it yourself,  
Trotting along the road?'"

Next they carried the Jackass, who never said  
nay,  
Trotting along the road,  
But all changes endur'd like the Vicar of Bray,  
Before he would quit his abode.  
Yet this wouldn't please ev'ry ill - natur'd tyke.  
And therefore this moral must forcibly strike,—  
We should manage our jackasses just as we like,  
Trotting along the road.

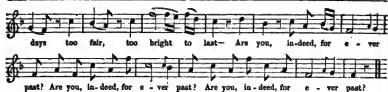
## RECOLLECTION.

Canzonet, by Haydn.

*Adagio.*



The sea - son comes when first we met, But you re -  
turn no more, But you - re - turn no more: Why  
can - not I the days for get hich time can ne'er re - store, can ne'er re -  
store? Why can - not I the days for - get Which time can ne'er re - store?  
O! days too fair, too bright to last— Are you, in - deed, for e - ver past? O!  
days too fair, too bright to last— Are you, in - deed, for e - ver past? O!



The fleeting shadows of delight  
In memory I trace,  
In fancy stop their rapid flight,

And all the past replace;  
But, ah! I wake to endless woes,  
And tears the fading visions close.

### IN MY COTTAGE NEAR A WOOD.

Composed by R. A. Moreland.

*Moderate.*



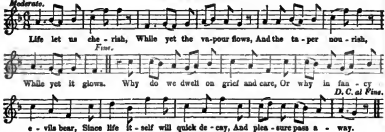
Longer yet, ye moments, stay,—  
Why so rapid is your wing?  
Whither would ye haste away?  
Stay and hear my Rosa sing.

Love and you still bless my cot—  
Fortune's frowns are for our good;  
May we live by pride forgot,  
In our cottage near a wood!

### LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Composed by Mozart.

*Moderate.*



When tempests threat the sky,  
And darken through the air,  
When angry lightnings fly,  
Vengeance to bear;  
Then, if the sun his golden rays  
Around the brighten'd world displays,  
Creation wakes to new-born day,  
Fair, smiling, young, and gay.

How short his mortal date!  
Friendship, love, will vanish!  
Shall we yield to froward fate,  
And hope banish?  
No; come, thou greatest bliss of life,  
Fair Hope, the balm of ev'ry strife;  
And with thee bring the social train,—  
Then joy shall ever reign.

## DEAR TOM, THIS BROWN JUG.

Dear Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with mild ale, Out of which I now  
 drink to sweet Nan of the vale, Was once To - by Fill - pot, a thirs-ty old  
 soul As e'er crack'd a bot-tle or fa-thon'd a bowl: In boozing a -  
 bout 'twas his pride to ex - cel, And a - mong jol - ly to - pers he  
 bore off the bell, - - - - he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,  
 In his slow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,  
 With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,  
 And with honest old Stingo was soaking his clay,  
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,  
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester but.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,  
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,  
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,  
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,  
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;—  
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale!

## MARGERY GRINDER.

When I was a migh - ty small boy, Young Mar - ge - ry came to our town, sir;  
 How I was bo - ther'd with joy! Like a kit - ten I frisk'd up and down, sir;  
 Call - ing her my sweet pearl, Fol - low - ing al - ways be - hind her.  
 For her black eyes, no girl could match my sweet Mar - ge - ry Grind - er.

My mother in vain bade me work,  
 Nor work nor eat could pone Barney;  
 So she went to old Father O'Rourke,  
 Told her story, and, after some blarney,—  
 'Give me advice,' says she, 'no friend than you can  
 be kinder!'

Father O'Rourke a sheep's eye had himself cast on  
 Margery Grinder.

'What devil has got in the place?  
 The folks are all mad!' cries my mother;  
 'There's Captain M'Dermot M'Shean,  
 And that deaf lawyer, Patrick, his brother;

Thady, the perturbed beau, and old O'Donovan  
 blinder,—

They're dancing and bobbling all after pert little  
 Margery Grinder.'

This Father O'Rourke gravely heard,  
 For grave was the father, though frisky:

'Mrs. Liffy,' says he, 'take my word!—  
 But he first took a noggin of whiskey—

'Barney will have the girl, catch her where'er he  
 can find her!'  
 So by his advice I was married next day to sweet  
 Margery Grinder.

## OLD ADAM'S SONG.

Poetry by George Soane, A.R.; Music by Edward J. Loder.—Published by Davidson.

*Moderato.*

Come, dance, and put your work a - way; For once let la-bour have a rest: Why,  
you for-get 'tis New - Year's Eve, Or sure-ly you had donn'd your best. An-  
o-ther log up - on the fire! There's wood e - nough, and some to spare: Come  
what may come, be mer - ry now,— An hour like this with us is rare! Come,  
dance, and put your work a - way; For once let la-bour have a rest: Why,  
you for - get 'tis New-Year's Eve, Or sure-ly you had donn'd your best.

I've broach'd the last October ale,—  
Be cheerful, then, and fill your glasses;  
We'll talk the old times o'er again,  
When you and I were younger, lass!

And then we'll drink a silent cup  
To children who're no longer here;  
And yet we'll not be sad—for, hark!  
The bells ring in another year!  
Come, dance, &c.

## CUPID 'MID THE ROSES PLAYING.

Music by J. P. Knight.—Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto.*

Cu - pid 'mid the ro-ses play-ing, Sport-ive as a way-ward child, Met a pret - ty  
maid-en stray-ing; Thus he spoke in ac-cents mild: 'Tell me, gen - tle maid-en, why  
Thou hast wan-der'd here to - day? Like yon pret - ty but-ter - fly, A - way! a - way!  
a - way! Like yon pret - ty but-ter - fly, A - way! a - way! a - way!

Then the gentle maiden, sighing,  
Blush'd, and answer'd with a smile,—  
'Wild flowers at the fountain lying  
Tempted me to walk awhile;  
There the silver waters flow,—  
Prithee ask me not to stay;  
I must to the fountain go,—  
Away, away, away!

Love, his bow and arrow seizing,  
Lough'd to hear the maiden speak;  
Then with kisses, soft and pleasing,  
Press'd the maiden's rosy cheek.  
Swiftly then the bow he drew—  
'Prithee ask me not to stay,  
And off the little urchin flew,—  
Away, way, away!

## IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

Published by Preston.

*Andante.*

In the dead of the night, when with la - bour op - press'd, And mor - tals en  
joy the sweet bless - ings of rest, A boy knock'd at my door, I a - woke with the  
noise, 'Who is it,' I said, 'Who is it,' I said, that my rest thus destroys?'

He answer'd so softly, so gently, so mild,  
'I am a poor little unfortunate child;  
It's a cold rainy night—I am wet to the skin,  
And, alas! I lost my way—so pray let me in.'  
In compassion I rose, and, striking a light,  
I open'd the door, when a boy stood in sight;  
He had wings at his shoulders—the rain from them  
dripp'd,  
And with a bow and arrow the boy was equip'd.  
I stirr'd up my fire, sat him down by my side,  
And with a warm osplan his tender skin dried;

I chaf'd him all o'er to keep out the cold air,  
And with my own hand wrung the wet from his hair.  
No sooner from wet and from cold he found ease,  
Than, taking his bow, he said, 'Ma'am, if you  
please,  
If you please, I would fain by experiment know,  
If the rain has oot damag'd the string of my bow?  
Then straight from his quiver an arrow he drew,  
And aim'd at my heart, while twang weot the yew:  
'My bow is oot damag'd, nor yet is my dart,  
But you will find some trouble in bearing the smart.

## ERIN GO BRAGH!

*Andante.*

Green were the fields where my fore - fa - thers dwelt, Oh! E - rin ma - vour - neen  
slan - laght go bragh! Tho' our farm it was small, yet com - fort we felt, Oh!  
E - rin ma - vour - neen, slan - laght go bragh! At length came the day when our  
lease did ex - pire, And fain would I live whers be - fore liv'd my sire; But,  
Ah! well - a - day, I was forced to re - tire, E - rin ma - vour - neen, slan - laght go bragh!

Though all taxes I paid, yet no vote could I pass, oh!  
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh!  
Aggrandis'd no great man—and I feel it alas, oh!  
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh!  
Forc'd from my home—yes, from where I was born,  
To range the wide world, poor, helpless, forlorn,  
I look back with regret, and my heart-strings are torn,  
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh!

With principles pure, patriotic, and firm,  
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh!  
Attach'd to my country, a friend to reform,  
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh!  
I supported old Ireland, was ready to die for't,—  
If her foes e'er prevail'd, I was well known to sigh for't.  
But my faith I preserv'd, and am now forc'd to fly for't.  
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh!

## AH! WHERE THE FAIRY VISION.

The Music from Salleri's Opera of Tarrare.

*Andante.*

Ah! where the fair-y vi-sion So bright with joys E - ly - sian, A -  
las! a quick tran - si-tion Has snatch'd it all from me, And turn'd to sharp de -  
ri - sion. What us'd my pride to be. Love, then its dear-est  
treas - ure, Its ev'ry spor-tive plen-sure, With - out al-loy or mea - sure, Show'r'd  
plea - teous - ly on me. Love, then its dear-est treas - ure, Its ev'ry spor-tive  
plen - sure, With - out al-loy or mea - sure, Show'r'd plen - teous - ly on  
me, with - out al-loy or mea - sure, show'r'd plen - teous - ly on me.

Then all, my charms admiring,  
Soft love their bosoms firing,  
One gracious smile desiring,  
Their homage paid to me;  
And bashfully retiring—  
Ador'd, ador'd I us'd to be.  
Now what a diff'rent scene surrounds me—  
A haughty tyrant's slave!

What cold contempt now wounds me—  
Maa's frowns I scarcely dare to brave,  
Maa's frowns I scarcely dare to brave!  
None to my charms now bending,  
Nor joy nor woe can I impart;  
To what an object task descending,  
To stoop to bow another's heart!  
I stoop to bow another's heart, &c.

## THERE WAS A TIME ERE SORROW.

The Poetry by Hampden Napier; the Music from the Oracle, or Interrupted Sacrifice, by P. Winter.

*Andantino.*

There was a time ere sor - row Had caus'd a tear to start, Ere care had  
plough'd one fur - row A - cross this youth-ful heart, A - cross this youth-ful heart.

But now my eye is tearful,  
And seems to sorrow vers'd;—  
This heart as more is cheerful,  
But throbs, as though 'twould burst.  
But throbs, &c.

My hours must pass in anguish,  
And sad solicitude,

Since 'tis my lot to languish  
In silent solitude.  
In silent, &c.

There was a time ere sorrow  
Had caus'd a tear to start,  
Ere care had plough'd one furrow  
Across this youthful heart.

Across this, &amp;c.

## THE TREASURE-FINDER.

The Poetry by George Soane A.B.; the Music from Auber's Opera of the Crown Jewels.—Published by Davidson.

*Allegro non Troppo.*

The trea - sure - find - er sought the fo - rest drea - ry, What time the twink - ling  
stars look'd pale and wea - ry; With trem - bling hand he turn'd The soil where  
light had burn'd, When, lo! a voice from the earth, so low - low, and so  
near! 'Mid - night is here, mid - night is here, mid - night is here! What means that  
sound? 'tis sure the an - gry, an - gry spi - rit, Who grudg - es mor - tals should his  
gold, his gold in - he - rit, Should 'is gold in - he - rit, — 'Tis sure the  
an - gry spi - rit, who grudg - es mor - tals his gold.

Strange sounds he heard of bells below him tink - ling.

And lights beheld from earth's dark ooze a twink - ling;

Yet still he delves, and delves,  
While louder laugh the elves.

When, lo! a voice again comes, so hollow and so drear! —

'Midnight is here, midnight is here!'

At morn they found him there, all lifeless lying,  
And deem'd him, struck by summer lightning, dying

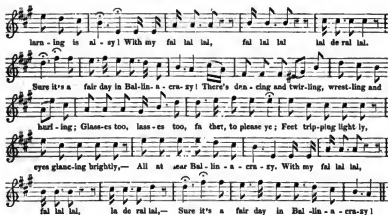
At morn they found him — they found him lifeless there!

## WHEN I WAS A LAD.

To Irish Air, 'Katty O'Lynch;' The words by Lemna Rede.—Copied, by permission, from Cumberland's British and Minor Theatre.

*Lively.*

When I was a lad I was brought up by hand, For my ould fa - ther lar - rup'd me  
dai - ly, 'Cause in fight - ing and loving, and all sorts of sports, I pass'd all my moments gen -  
tly. My school - mas - ter tried, with his clas - si - cal prate, To beat me - ty larn - ing in  
poor Paddy's pate: Ar - rah, Pad - dy! ar - rah, Pad - dy! ar - rah, Pad - dy! sure



When a chicken, you see, I was find of the fair—

Growing sicker I couldn't be sisy;  
The sight of a girl put my heart in a whirl,  
And their love-glances drove Paddy crazy.  
Och! a sensitive plant is an Irishman's brenet!  
And the cratures can't let a poor lad be at rest.

Arrah, Paddy! arrah, Paddy!

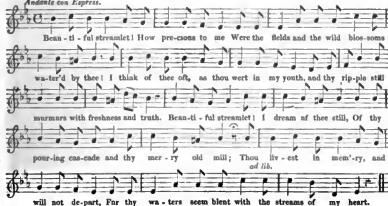
With their fal, lal, lal, &c.

Och! the fair ones of Ballinacra-sy,  
Dear little Norah, Katty, and Flora,  
Jenny too, Winny too—Och! 'twould amaze ye!  
Fanny and Letty, Lizzy and Betty,—  
The darlings of Ballinacra-sy!

### THE OLD MILL-STREAM.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

*Andante con Express.*



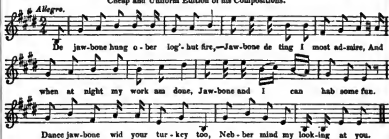
What pleasure it was to spring forth in the sun,  
When the school-door was op'd, and the lessons  
were done; [the call,  
'When, 'Where shall we play?' was the doubt and  
And, 'Down by the mill-stream' was echo'd by all.  
How I lov'd the green spot where my fairy ship  
laid, [shaded!  
And the perch with its golden back slept in the  
tow I lov'd the tall rushes that grew by its side,  
And the cress and the illy-cup kissing its tide!

Home of my youth, if I go to thee now,  
None can remember my voice or my brow;—  
None can remember the sunny-fac'd child  
That play'd by the wa-ter-mill joyous and wild.  
Beautiful streamlet! I sought thee again,  
And the changes that mark'd thee awaken'd deep  
pain!  
Desolation had reign'd—thou wert not as of yore—  
Home of my childhood! I'll see thee no more!



## THE OLD JAW-BONE.

The Words altered and adapted by F. A. D.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.



No sooner I sit down to gaze,  
An' log'-but fire make de blaze,  
Dan Jaw-bone show such lots of sights  
As nebber was seen by British whites.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

Once, when de flame was burning bright—  
O! what a sight I see'd dat night—  
I fancy de jaw-bone a lubly wreath,  
Wid de face of my Dinah underneath.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

O! how my heart went pit-a-pee!  
I blush'd at her, she blush'd at me;  
But de fault was her's, I'm certain sure,  
For I know she lub'd dat Nig next door.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

Anoder time, as I sat dere,  
Kicking my shin-bones in de air,

Who's queer visage should I see  
But Johnny Boker's from Tennessee.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

And ober his shoulder, noddin time,  
Was Dandy Jim from Caroline;—  
Wid such great folks I'm berry free—  
I wink'd at him, he wink'd at me.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

I nebber make dat jaw-bone swing  
But all de bells begin to ring;  
And if I cut a caper or two,  
Jaw-bone always dances too.

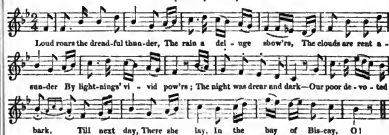
Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

Jaw-bone and Joe will nebber part,  
Jaw-bone always in my heart;  
For my ole fader gabe it me  
As a genuwine jaw-bone legacy.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

## THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Composed by J. Davy.



Now dash'd upon the billow,  
Her op'ning timbers creak;  
Each fears a wat'ry pillow;  
None stop the dreadful shriek.  
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,  
Each breathless seaman crows,  
As she lay, till next day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd-for morn'w  
Breaks through the hazy sky,—  
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,  
Each heaves a bitter sigh.

The dismal wreck to view,  
Strikes horror to the crew,  
As she lay, on that day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,  
Her pitchy seams are rent,  
When Heav'n, all bounteous ever,  
Its boundless mercy sent:  
A sail in sight appears,  
We hail her with three cheers!—  
Now we sail, with the gale,  
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

## FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Larghetto.*

Fare - well, thou stream, that wind - ing flows A - round Ma - ri - a's dwel -  
 ing! O! cru - el mem' - ry! spare the throes With - in my ho - som swell - ing;  
 Con - demn'd to draw a hope - less chain And still in se - cret lan -  
 guish, To feel a fire in ev' - ry vein, Nor dare dis - close - - my an - guish.

The wretch of love, unseen, unknown,  
 I fain my griefs would cover;  
 The bursting sigh, the unweeting groan,  
 Betray the hopeless lover.  
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
 Nor wilt, nor can'st relieve me;  
 But, O! Maria, hear one prayer—  
 For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,  
 Nor wist what it enslaved me;  
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
 Till tears no more had scared me:  
 The unwary sailor, thus aghast,  
 The wheeling torrent viewing,  
 Mid circling horrors yields at last,  
 To overwhelming ruin.

## DUNOIS THE BRAVE.

A French Romance.

It was Du - nois the young and brave, was bound for Pa - les - tine; But  
 first he made his o - ri - sons be - fore Saint Ma - ry's shrine; 'And  
 grant, im - mor - tal queen of heav'n's,' was still the sol - diers' pray'r, 'That  
 I may prove the brav - est knight, And love the fair - est fair,— That  
 I may prove the brav - est knight, And love the fair - est fair.'

His oath of honour, on the shrine, he grav'd it with  
 his sword, [Lord;  
 And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his  
 Where faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd  
 the air, — [fairest fair.'  
 'Be honour'd aye, the bravest knight, be lov'd the  
 They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his  
 liege-lord said, [be repaid;  
 The heart that has for honour beat, by bliss must


My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded  
 pair, [the fair.'  
 For thou art bravest of the brave, she, fairest of  
 And then they bound the holy knot, before Saint  
 Mary's shrine, [combines;  
 That makes a paradise on earth, if hands and hearts  
 And every lord and lady bright, that were in chanc  
 there, [the fairest fa'  
 Cried, 'Honour'd be the bravest knight be lov'

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

Scottish Melody; Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Moderato.*



Should auld ac-quin-tance be for-got, And se-ver brought to min'? Should auld ac-  
 quin-tance be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For  
 auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.  
 We twa hae run about the braes, And there's a hand, my trusty frien',  
 And pu'd the gowans fine; And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 But we've wander'd monny a weary fit, And we'll tak' a rich-gude wifie waught,  
 Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, &c.  
 We twa hae paid't in the burn, And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
 Frae morning sun till dine; And surely I'll be mine;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd, And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, &c.

## HE'S COMIN' AGAIN.

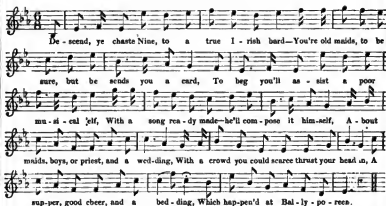


What welcome sounds now meet mine ear, He's com-in' a-gain, he's com-in' a-gain, O!  
 welcome sounds, to me how dear, We'll see him a-gain, we'll see him a-gain!  
 O! he has been lang a-wa', Far frae his ain, far frae his ain. Now  
 let the pi-pers loud-ly blaw, He's wel-come hame, he's wel-come hame! Then  
 ga-ther, then ga-ther, Ye lads o' the hea-ther, To see him a-gain, to see him a-  
 gain; Let hill and dale re-peat the strain, 'He's com-in' a-gain, he's com-in' a-gain!'

O! ye wha've lang shed sorrow's tear,  
 Wi' hearts aye sair, wi' hearts aye sair;  
 O! ye wha mourn the hrave an' dear,  
 Ye'll see nae mair, ye'll see nae mair!  
 Their trials an' struggles a' are past,  
 So greet nae mair, so greet nae mair;  
 For heav'n has nwn'd our cause at last,  
 An' heard their pray'r, an' heard their pray'r.  
 O! ye to whom your country's dear,  
 Rejoice wi' me, rejoice wi' me;  
 Let the echoing hills repeat the strain,  
 'He's comin' again, he's comin' again!'

To fight for truth wha ere did rae?  
 Tho' adverse a' tho' adverse a';  
 When fortune frown'd, and friends were few,  
 For him they fought, for him did fa'!  
 O! lang we thought our sun was set,  
 But it's shinin' again, it's shinin' again!  
 Our eyes that lang were dim an' wet,  
 Are beamin' again, are beamin' again.  
 Then gather, then gather, ye lads o' the heather  
 To see him again, to see him again;  
 Let hill an' vale repeat the strain,  
 'He's comin' again, he's comin' again!'

## THE WEDDING OF BALLYPOREEN.



It was a fine summer's morning—about twelve in the day,

All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to Bray,  
When Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the bride,

In their best bibs and tuckers, set off side by side:

O! the piper play'd first in the rear,

The maids blush'd, the bridesmen did swear,

O! Lord, how the spalpeens did stare,

At this wedding of Ballyporeen!

They were soon tack'd together, and home did re - turn,

To make merry the day at the sign of the Churn,

When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,

O! the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group:

There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tai -

With harpers, and pipers, and nailors,

And pedlars, and smugglers, and sailors,

Assembled at Ballyporeen.

There were Bryan Macdermot, and Shaughnessy's brat,

With Terence, and Driscoll, and platter-fac'd Pat;

There was Norah Macormick, and Bryan O'Lynn,

And the fat red-hair'd cook-maid who lives at the inn;

There were Sheelah, and Larry the genius,

With Pat's uncle, old Darby Dennis,

Black Thady, and crooked Magennis,

Assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration.

And he charm'd all their souls with his kind bo -

theration; (he curs'd,

'They were welcome,' he said, and he swore and

'They might eat till they swell'd, and might drink

till they burst:

The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,

Here again I hope you'll all drive, sirs,

You'll be welcome all, dead or alive, sirs,

To a christening at Ballyporeen.'

Then the bride she got up to make a low bow,

But she twitter'd and felt so—she could not tell

how— [let fall

She blush'd and she stammer'd—the few words she

She whisper'd so low, that she bother'd them all;

But her mother cried, 'What, are you dead,

child? [child;

O! for shame of you, hold up your head,

Though I'm sixty, I wish I was wed, child;

O! I'd rattle all Ballyporeen!

Now they sat down to meat—Fatsie Murphy said

grace:

Smoking bot'were the dishes, and eager each face,

The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters

did play,

And they elbow'd and jostled, and wallop'd away.

Rumps, chins, and fat sirloins, did groan, sirs,

Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs,

They demolish'd all to the bare bone, sirs

At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was

spoilt;

Potatoes dress'd both ways, both roasted and boil'd;

Hog's puddings, red herrings—the priest got the

snipe— [tripe!

Calcannon pies, dumplings, cods, cow-heels, and

Then they ate till they could eat no more, sirs,

And the whiskey came pouring galore, sirs,

O! how Terry Macmanus did roar, sirs!

O! he bother'd all Ballyporeen.

Now the whiskey went round, and the songsters

did roar; [Astore;'

Tim sung 'Paddy O'Kelly'—Nell sung 'Molly

Till a motion was made, that their songs they'd

forsoke, [shake—

And each lad take his sweetheart their trotters to

Then the piper and couples advancing,

Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a prancing;

Such piping, such flogging, and dancing,

Was ne'er known in Ballyporeen.

Now to Patrick the bridegroom and Oonagh the

bride,

Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded in pride,

And to all the brave guests, young or old, gay or

green,

Drunk or sober, that jig'd it at Ballyporeen.

And when Cupid shall lend you his wherry,

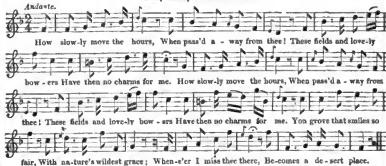
To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,

I wish you may be half as merry

As we were at Ballyporeen.

## HOW SLOWLY MOVE THE HOURS.

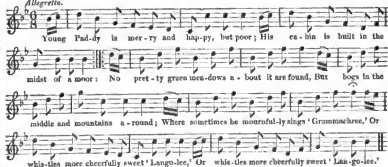
Composed by Sir J. Stevenson.

*Andante.*

If but a day go by  
Without a sight of thee;  
I carve, with many a sigh,  
Thy name on ev'ry tree:

I wander down the vale,  
And hope to find thee there;  
I tell the rocks my tale  
Of love and of despair.

## THE WILD IRISH BOY.

*Allegretto.*

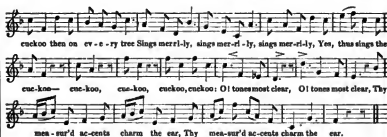
Young Paddy indeed is not polish'd or mild,  
But his soul is as free as his country is wild;  
And though unacquainted with fashion or dress,  
His heart ever melts at the sound of distress;  
For sometimes he mournfully sings 'Grammashree,'  
Or whistles more cheerfully sweet 'Lango-lee.'

Then let us not laugh at his bulls or his blunders,  
His broad native brogue or his ignorant wonders;  
And do not by ridicule ever destroy  
The honest content of a wild Irish boy.  
For sometimes he mournfully sings 'Grammashree,'  
Or whistles more cheerfully sweet 'Lango-lee.'

## THE CUCKOO.

Poetry by Shakspere: Music by Dr. Arne.

*Moderato.*



When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And larks proclaim the morning's dawns,

And turtles coo, and rooks and daws,  
 And lambskins gambol o'er the laws,  
 The cuckoo then, &c.

### HOW HAPPILY MY LIFE I LED.

Composed by Storace.



But when with law I craz'd my head,  
 I lost both peace and pleasure;  
 Long says to hear,  
 To search and swear,  
 And plague beyond all measurr.

One grievance brought another on,  
 My debts increase, my stock is gone:  
 My wife she says,  
 'Our means 't will raise;'  
 What then? 'tis idle prate.  
 For sometimes smooth, &c.

## THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.

Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

*Andante.*

The heath this night must be my bed, The brack - en cur - tain for my  
head, My lul - la - by, my lul - la - by, the warder's tread, Far, far from love and  
thee, — Ma - ry. To - mor - row eve, more stil - ly laid, My  
couch may be my bloo - dy plaid, My ves - per song thy wail, sweet maid, — It  
will not wa - ken me, It will not wa - ken me, Ma - ry.

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
The grief that clouds thy lonely brow;  
I dare not think upon thy vow,  
And all it promis'd me, Mary:  
No fond regret must Norman know,  
When hurst Clan Alpine on the foe, —  
His heart must be like bended bow,  
His foot like arrows free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,  
For if I fall in battle fraught,  
Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary;  
And, if return'd from conquer'd foes,  
How blithely will the evening close,  
How sweet the lullaby sing repose  
To my young bride and me, Mary!

## THE TIGHT IRISH BOY.

Och! when I was christen'd 'twas on a fair day, And my own fair-fac'd ma-ther call  
me her dear joy, And that I was this, why she of - ten would say, And that I was  
this, why she of - ten would say, 'A gay-ful, play-ful, prut-ting, tat-ting, bann-ti-f-u,  
du - ti - ful, look-ing sweet, lov-ing neat, O! bo - der - a-ti-nal A tight I - rish boy.'

Arrah! when I grew up, I grew always in love —  
Variety's pleasing, and never can cloy;  
So, true to ten thousand I'd constantly prove,  
A sighing, crying, emptying, pressing, caren-  
ing, distressing, adoring, imploring, encor-  
ing, die away, sigh away, looking sweet,  
loving neat. —

O! moderation! a tight Irish boy.

At was, love, or drinking, myself am the lad, [stroy,  
Who the wide world itself would go near to de-

For a cup of the creature soon makes my heart  
glad. —

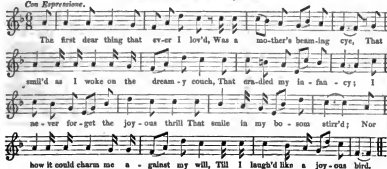
Then I'm a laughing, quaffing, smoking, jok-  
ing, swearing, teasing, rumical, comical,  
sightable, fightable, sing away, ding away,  
roll about, troll about, looking sweet, loving  
neat, die away, sigh away, dash away, tarash  
away, dash away, smash away. —

O! moderation! a tight Irish boy.

## THE FIRST DEAR THING THAT EVER I LOV'D.\*

The Poetry by the Rev. A. C. Cox; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Con Espresione.*



And the next fair thing that ever I loved  
Was a bunch of summer flow'rs,  
With odours, and hues, and loveliness,  
Fresh as Eden's bow'rs :—  
I never can find such hues again,  
Nor smell such sweet perfume ;  
And if there be odours as sweet as them,  
'Tis I that have lost my bloom.

And the next dear thing that ever I loved  
Was a fawn-like little maid,  
Half awed, half pleased, by the frolic boy  
That tortured her doll, and played ;  
I never can see the gossamer,  
Which rude rough zephyrs tease,  
But I think how I tossed her flossy locks,  
With my whirling bonnet's breeze.

And the next good thing that ever I loved  
Was a bow-kite in the sky ;  
And a little boat on the brooklet's surf,  
And a dog for my company :  
And a jingling hoop, with many a bound  
To my measured strike and true ;  
And a rocket sent up to the firmament,  
When Even was out so blue.

And the next fair thing I was fond to love  
Was a field of wavy grain,  
Where the reapers mowed ; or a ship in sail  
On the billowy, billowy main ;  
And the next was a fiery, prancing horse,  
That I felt like a man to stride ;  
And the next was a beautiful sailing-boat,  
With a helm it was hard to guide.

And the next dear thing I was fond to love  
Is tenderer far to tell :  
'Twas a voice, and a hand, and a gentle eye  
That dazzled me with its spell ;  
And the loveliest things I had loved before  
Were only the landscape now,  
On the canvass bright where I pictured her,  
In the glow of my early vow.

And the next good thing I was fain to love  
Was to sit in my cell alone,  
Musing o'er these lovely things,  
For ever, for ever flown.

Then out I walked in the forest free,  
Where wantoned the autumn wind,  
And the coloured boughs swung shiveringly,  
In harmony with my mind.

And a Spirit was on me that next I loved,  
That ruleth my spirit still,  
And maketh me murmur these sing-song words,  
Albeit against my will.  
And I walked the woods till the winter came,  
And then did I love the snow ; [sings,  
And I heard the gales through the widewood  
Like the Lord's own organ blow.

And the bush I had loved in my greenwood walk,  
I saw it far away,  
Surprised with snows, like the bending priest  
That kneels in the church to pray :  
And I thought of the vaulted fane and high,  
Where I stood when a little child,  
Awed by the lands sung thrillingly,  
And the anthems undied.

And again to the vaulted church I went,  
And I heard the same sweet prayers.  
And the same full organ-peals spent,  
And the same soft, soothing airs ;  
And I felt in my spirit so drear and strange.  
To think of the race I ran,  
That I loved the sole thing that knew no change  
In the soul of the boy and man.

And the tears I wept in the wilderness,  
And that froze on my lids, did fall,  
And melted to pearls for my sinfulness,  
Like scales from the eyes of Paul :  
And the last dear thing I was fond to love  
Was that holy service high,  
That lifted my soul to joys above,  
And pleasures that do not die.

And then, said I, one thing there is  
That I of the Lord desire,  
That ever, while I on earth shall live,  
I will of the Lord require :  
That I may dwell in his temple bless'd,  
As long as my life shall be,  
And the beauty fair of the Lord of Hosts  
In the home of his glory see.

\* This elegant poem is printed entire, that the singer may select the verses most consonant to his taste or state of feeling. The First, Second, Fourth, and Sixth, with the first four lines of the Seventh, followed by the last four lines of the Eleventh for a conclusion, will be found a continuous and eloquent song, not too long to be generally acceptable.



## THE MERMAID'S SONG.

Composed by Haydn.—Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto.*

Now the dancing sun-beams play On the green and grassy  
sea, Come, and I will lead the way, Where the pearly  
treasures be; Come, and I will lead the way, Where the pearly treasures  
be, where the pearly treasures be, where the pearly treasures be.  
Come with me, and we will go Where the rocks of coral grow, of coral  
grow—fol-low, fol-low, fol-low me—fol-low, fol-low, fol-low me. Come with  
me, and we will go Where the rocks of coral grow, Where the rocks of coral  
grow; fol-low, fol-low, fol-low me—fol-low, fol-low, fol-low me.

Come, behold what treasures lie  
Far below the rolling waves;  
Riches hid from human eye  
Dimly shine in ocean's caves.

Ebbing tides bear no delay,  
Stormy winds are far away;—  
Come with me, and we will go  
Where the rocks of coral grow.

## ALVA.

Irish Melody, to Moore's Air, 'Rich and rare were the Gems she wore;' Poetry by Leman Rede.  
Published by Davidson.

Deep o'er Alva's tower falls The gloom of night: the ancient walls are  
dark as death; the sentry's cure is silent all, for death is there.—The  
last of Alva's loyalty line is laid with—in the convent shrine.

Alva! peace is not for thee!  
Thy splendid turrets yonder see,  
Thy wide domains are fair to view;  
Thou hast no child to give them to;  
And thou art old, and sorrow here,  
With none to dry thy bitter tear.

False thou wert in love, and now  
Thou reap'st the guerdon of thy vow:  
Days shall rise, and suns shall glow,  
But pleasure thou wilt never know;  
More wretched than thy meanest slave,  
Thy only hope is in the grave.

## THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

Poetry by J. E. Carpenter; Music by P. Jewell.—Printed by permission.

*Andante.*

O! would that I had ne-ver known The bright but fa-tal gift of  
 song! My hours had not un-heed-ed flown, De-vo-ted to the way-ward  
 throng; The throb-bing heart and burn-ing brow Had both a-like been spar'd to  
 me; I had not felt the an-guish now, That min-strel's lot must ev-er  
 be; My hours had not un-heed-ed flown, De-vo-ted to the way-ward  
 throng;—Then would that I had ne-ver known The bright, but fa-tal gift of song!

In vain, my strange and wayward fate  
 A blessing and a curse hath sent,  
 That makes me love what I should hate,  
 And sing again, while I lament:  
 The minstrel's soul, uncheer'd by praise,  
 Is like a lute with chords unstrung.

And thus we have the pensive lays  
 That former bards had play'd or sung;  
 And thus my golden hours I've thrown,  
 Devoted to the wayward throng:—  
 Then, would that I had never known  
 The bright but fatal gift of song.

## I HAVE A SILENT SORROW HERE.

Composed by the late Duchess of Devonshire.

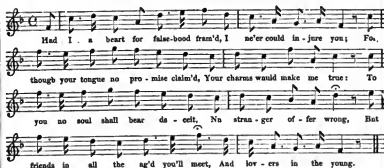
I have a si-lent sor-row here, A grief I'll ne'er im-part; It  
 breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear, But it con-sumes my heart. This  
 che-rish'd woe, this lov'd des-pair, My lot for e-ver be, So,  
 my soul's lord, the pangs I bear, Be ne-ver, ne-ver known by thee.

And when pale characters of death  
 Shall mark this alter'd cheek,  
 When my poor wasted trembling breath  
 My life's last hope would speak,

I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,  
 Nor mercy ask for me;  
 My soul despairs to be forgiven,—  
 Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

## HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAM'D.

Irish Melody, to Moore's 'The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.'



But when they learn that you have bless'd  
Another with your heart,  
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
And act a brother's part:

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,  
Nor fear to suffer wrong;  
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
And brothers in the young.

## SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.



Her father he makes cabbage-nets  
For those that want to buy 'em;  
Her mother she makes laces long,  
And through the streets does cry 'em.  
But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.  
When she is by I leave my work—  
I love her so sincerely;  
My master comes like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely.  
But let him bang his belly-full,  
I'll bear it all for Sally;  
For she's the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.  
Of all the days that's in the week,  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes between  
A Saturday and Monday;

For then I'm dress'd all in my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally;  
For she's the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.  
My master carries me to church,  
Where often I am blamed,  
Because I leave him in the lurch,  
As soon as text is named.  
I leave the church in sermon-time,  
And slink away to Sally;  
For she's the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.  
My master, and the neighbours all,  
Make game of me and Sally,  
And but for her I'd better be  
A slave, and row a galley:  
But when my seven long years are out,  
Why then I'll marry Sally;—  
O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,  
But not in our alley

## ON THE DARK LONELY STRAND.

Irish Melody, to Moore's Air, 'At the Mid Hour of Night.'

On the dark lone-ly strand, Which girts the tem-pes-tuous wave, See a lone figure  
stand, Who watch-es you lone-ly cave; Tho' night-sha-dows hang o'er her, Winds  
whis-tle, and bil-lows boom, And her chil-dren de-lore her—She wan-ders a-  
mid the gloom; She weeps not, she sighs not, but ga-zes sad-ly on his tomb.

O! that breast calmly sleeps,  
That once was warm as her own;  
And the loathsome worm creeps  
Through the heart that was her's alone;  
And the bright eye is clouded,

Whose beam was guiding light;  
And those smiles now are shrunk'd,  
That made ev'ry beam more bright—  
All fled, all perish'd, and left her in  
darkness and night.

## PESTAL.\*

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.—Published by Davidson.

*Andante patetico.*

Yes, the morn-ing breaks; The day for me that has no mor-row.  
Death!—and where-fore shrink? Tho' sharp, it is the end of sor-row.  
On! the ty-rant has no pow-er o'er the grave; There a-lone is rest, There at last we're bless'd!  
Yes, the thought that thou in vain wilt spend thy breath, Takes the bit-ter-ness from  
death. Yes, the morn-ing breaks; The day for me that has no mor-row.  
Death! and where-fore shrink? Tho' sharp, it is the end of sor-row.  
Rouse! and meet thy fate,  
That men in after times may love thee!  
Rouse! thy name must live  
When weeds are rank, and wave above thee.

Yes, thy deeds shall be the theme of tale and song,  
And shall prove a spell, ringing slav'ry's knell,—  
Kindling freedom's lamp in cottage and in hall,  
Till its light shall spread o'er all.

Yes, the morning breaks, &amp;c.

\* This air is said to have been composed by Colonel Pestal, when confined in a Russian dungeon under sentence of death, and only a few hours before his execution.—According to the popular tradition, he scratched the melody with a nail upon his prison wall.

## WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

The Poetry by a Lady; the Music by Dr. Horsley.

*Pathetically.*

When shall we three meet a - gain? When shall we three meet a - gain? Oft shall  
 glow - ing Hope ex - pire, Oft shall wea - ried Love re - tire, Oft shall

Death and Sor - row reign, Ere we meet to part a - gain,

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
 Far'd beneath a hostile sky;  
 Though the deep beneath us roll,  
 Friendship shall unite each soul:  
 Still, in fancy's rich domain,  
 Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,  
 When its wasted lamps are dead,  
 When in cold oblivion a shade,  
 Beauty, power, and fame are laid,  
 Where immortal spirit's reign,  
 There shall we three meet again.

## NOT YET RETURNING.

The Poetry by George Soane A.B.; the Music from Beethoven's Grand Opera of Fidelio.  
 Published by Davidson.

Not yet, not yet re - turn - lag— Old Win - ter's fled, the buds are red, And summer  
 skies, and sum - mer skies are burn - ing; Old Win - ter's fled,  
 Old Winter's fled, and sum - mer skies, and sum - mer skies are burning. Blow,  
 winds, and speed him home a - gain; The moments seem full drea - ry; How ma - ny  
 bit - ter days I've watch'd, Till hope her - self grows wea - - ry. Blow,  
 winds, and speed him home a - gain; The mo - ments seem full drea - ry; How  
 ma - ny bit - ter days I've watch'd, Till Hope her - self grows wea - ry.  
 And can he e'er for - get me? Too well I know I could not



so,— My heart could ne - - - ver, ne - ver let me; And  
can he? Too well I know I could not so, I could not so, I could  
not so, - - - - - I could not so.

## YE STREAMS THAT ROUND MY PRISON CREEP.

*Sempre Piano.*

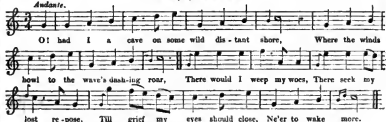

Ye streams that round my pri-son creep, If on your mos-sy banks you  
see My gal-lant lo-ver, you see my lo-ver, stand and weep, O!  
mur-mur, O! mur-mur, O! mur-mur this com-mand from me: 'Thy  
mis-tress bids thee haste a-way, Thy mis-tress bids thee haste a-way, a-  
way, - - - And shun the broad-ey'd watch-ful day.'

Ye gales, that love with me to sigh,  
If, in your breezy flight, you see  
My dear Florenki ling'ring nigh,

O! whisper this command from me:  
'Thy mistress bids thee haste away,  
And shun the broad-ey'd watchful day.'

## HAD I A CAVE ON SOME WILD DISTANT SHORE.

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Andante.*


O! had I a cave on some wild dis-tant shore, Where the winds  
howl to the wave's dash-ing roar, There would I weep my woes, There seek my  
lost re-pose, Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare  
All thy fond pighted vows fleeting as air?  
To thy new lover hie,

Laugh o'er thy perjury,  
Then in thy bosom try  
What peace is there?

**'Twill be all the same a hundred years hence.**

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music by Edward J. Loder.—Published by Davidson.

*All'gra con Anima.*

To the feast while we may, to the fight, to the fight when we  
must; We will live, boys, to-day, take to-mor-row, to-mor-row, on  
trust. Talk of glo-ry and fame! I could ne'er see the sense; Why, 'twill  
be all the same a hun-dred years hence, a hun-dred years hence. Should the  
fair prove un-kind, or else fic-kle, or fic-kle should be, There are  
*ad lib.*  
thou-sands be-hind fair and fic-kle as she: Ma-ny moods hath her love, faith! and  
ma-ny a tense! But 'twill be all the same,— yes, 'twill be all the  
*a tempo.*  
same, 'twill be all the same a hun-dred years hence, a hun-dred years hence.

If the brother we love pass away in his youth,—  
Or, yet worse, should he prove false to honour and  
truth,—  
Drop a tear if you list, to no more make pretence,  
For 'twill be all the same a hundred years hence.

Now my song is run out, and the patience of most,  
Push the bottle about, and I'll give you a toast,—  
Fill, though, first to the brim, and a fig for ex-  
pense! (hence!)  
Here's a health to the world, a hundred years

**BLOW, YE WINDS.**

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music from Verdi's Opera of Nino.—Published by Davidson.

*Allegro.*

Blow, ye winds, ye can-not bear me Fast-er than my thoughts would tear me  
From the land that we are leav-ing, From the home which once was dear;  
If I seem to be now griev-ing, 'Tis that we are still so near,  
Of the few I lov'd sincerely, Some would smite me where I stand;  
They who seem'd to love me dearly, Then, whate'er the fates allot me,  
Some have gone, and some forgot me; Bear me to some other land.

## THE KISS, DEAR MAID.

The Poetry by Lord Byron.

*Amorosa.*

The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left, Shall ne-ver part from mine, Till  
happier hours re-store the gift, Un-taint-ed, back to thine.

The part-log glance that fond-ly beams, An e-qual love may see; The  
tear that from the eye-lid streams, Can weep no change in me. - - The  
kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left, Shall ne-ver part from mine, Till  
hap-pier hours re-store the gift. Un-taint-ed, back to thine.

I ask no pledge to make me bless'd,  
To gazing when alone;  
Nor ooe memorial for a breast,  
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

By day or night, in weal or woe,  
That heart, no longer free,  
Must bear the love it cannot show,  
And, silent, ache for thee.

## LOOK YOU NOW.

Composed by W. Reeve.

*Moderato.*

There is a pro-verb fer-ry old—Look you now, look you now: If hur  
pru-dence must be told,—Look you now; This pro-verb is of gold-en rules,  
Fer-ry coot to cau-tion fools: Ne-ver med-dle with edge-tools— Look you now,  
look you now: Ne-ver med-dle with edge-tools— Look you now.

There is a fable pat enough,  
Look you now, look you now:  
A snake once lick'd a file so rough,—  
Look you now;  
She tore her tongue above, beneath,  
Her wish'd her had not left the breath,  
But kept her tongue between her teeth,—  
Look you now.

A story ferry coot I've heard—  
Look you now, look you now:  
There was a Turk who wore a beard—  
Look you now—  
'Twas all her pride, till once a clow  
Pull'd it so, when with a frown  
The angry Turk just knock her down—  
Look you now.



## I LEFT THEE WHERE I FOUND THEE, LOVE.

Composed by C. Giffert.

*Allegretto.*

I left thee where I found thee, love, Thron'd gay-ly in those laugh-ing eyes: 'Twere  
fol-ly to have bound thee, love, For love is love-liest while he flies. 'Twas  
sa-fest, best, to leave thee, love, For flight may end both hopes and fears. I  
did not wish to grieve thee, love; For love's re-sist-less when in tears—I  
left thee where I found thee, love, Thron'd gay-ly in those laugh-ing eyes: 'Twere  
fol-ly to have bound thee, love, For love looks love-liest while he flies.

At distance I may view thee, love,  
Uncheck'd by glances, smiles, or sighs:  
Thou didst not dream I knew thee, love,  
So wrapt in friendship's deep disguise.

No splendid shrine I made thee, love,—  
Thy presence hallow'd ev'ry spot;  
No kind farewell I bade thee, love,  
For love's last look is ne'er forgot.

## TAKE THIS ROSE.

Composed by T. V. Wiesenthal.

*Andante.*

Fair one, take this rose, and wreath it in thy braid-ed hair,— A  
bright-er bloom will rest be-neath it; Take the rose, my fair, The flow'r which  
late was seen to glow So love-ly on that snow-y brow, Lov'd thy lips, and  
light-ly shed a dew-y leaf of ro-sy red, To bloom for ev-er there.

Take this lily, love, and twine it  
In thy flowing hair;  
'Twill gem thy ringlets,—why decline it?  
Take the flow'r, my fair.

And yet its leaflets, pure and pale,  
In beauty on that brow will fail;  
That brow attracts all eyes to thee,  
And none will choose or chance to see  
The lily fading there.

## YARICO TO HER LOVER.

Composed by F. H. Himmel.

*Non Poco Adagio.*

When night spreads her sha-dows around, When night spreads her sha-dows a-round, My  
 kiss-es shall soothe thee to rest, my kiss-es shall soothe thee to rest: I will  
 sof-ten thy bed on the ground, And thy cheek shall re- pose on my breast, and thy  
 cheek shall re- pose on my breast. Love, heed not the storm and the rain; On  
 me let their fu-ry de-scend; This bo-som will scorn to com-plain, While it  
 shel-ters the life of a friend, While it shel-ters the life of a friend. Yet  
 shouldst thou, O! cru-el-ly fly, Yet shouldst thou, O! cru-el-ly fly, Thy  
 name shall for ev-er be dear, Thy name shall for ev-er be dear. The  
 winds shall con-vey thee a sigh, And the bil-low shall car-ry a tear; The  
 winds shall con-vey thee a sigh, And the bil-low shall car-ry a tear; The  
 winds shall con-vey thee a sigh, and the bil-low shall car-ry a tear, And the  
 bil-low shall car-ry a tear, And the bil-low shall car-ry a tear; The  
 winds shall con-vey thee a sigh, And the bil-low shall car-ry a tear.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## O! NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

*Andantino.*

Composed by Carter; the Poetry by Dr. Percy.

O! Nan - ny, wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the flaut - ing  
town? Can si - lent gleams have charms for thee, The low - ly cot, and  
rus - set gown? No long - er dress'd in silk - en sheen, No long - er  
deck'd wi' Jew - el rare, Say, canst thou quit each court - ly scene, Where  
thou wert fair - est of the fair? Say, can'st thou quit each court - ly scene, Where  
thou wert fair - est of the fair? Where thou wert fair - est, Where  
thou wert fair - est, Where thou wert fair - est of the fair.

O! Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,  
Wilt thou onst a wish behind?  
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
Nor shrink before the warping wind?  
O! can that soft and gentle mien  
Severest hardships learn to bear?  
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?  
O! Nanny, canst thou love so true,  
Through perils keen wi' me to gae?  
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
To share with him the pang of wae?

Say, should disease or pain befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?  
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?  
And when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay  
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?  
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

## YE BANKS AND BRAES.

Scottish Melody; the Words by Robert Burns.

*Adante.*  
Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How  
can ye chaunt, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, fu' o' care! Ye'll  
break my heart, ye lit - tle birds that wan - ton through the flow - 'ry thorn; Ye  
mind me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
While ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,  
The sweetest on its thorny tree;  
But my fause love has sto'en the rose,  
And left the thorn behind wi' me.

## ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

The Poetry by Mrs. Grant, of Carron.

*Andantino.*

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, *Fine.*  
Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Bal-loch?  
She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine; She said she loe'd me best o' o - ny; But, *D. C. al Fine.*  
O! the sic - kle faith - less quean, She's ta'en the carl, and left her John - nie.

O! she was a canty quean,  
And weel could dance the Hieland walloch!  
How happy I, had she been mine,  
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,  
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie!  
To me she ever will be dear,  
Though she for aye has left her Johanie.

## DONALD.

*Moderato.*

When first you court-ed me, I own, I fond - ly fa - vour'd  
you: Ap - pa - rent worth and high re - nown Made me be - lieve you  
true, Do - nald. Each vir - tue then seem'd to a - dorn The  
man es - teem'd by me; But, now the mask's thrown off, I  
scorn To waste one thought on thee, Do - nald.

O! then for ever haste away,—  
Away from love and me;  
Go, seek a heart that's like your own,  
And come no more to me, Donald.

For I'll reserve myself alone,  
For one that's more like me:  
If such a one I cannot find,  
I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

## MY FRIEND IS THE MAN; OR, THE MODEL.

Composed by Hook.

*Moderato.*

My friend is the man I would co-py through life: He har-bours no en-vy, he  
can- ses no strife; Na mur-murs es- cape him, though for-tune bears hard; Con-  
tent is his por-tion, and peace his re-ward! Still hap-py in his sta-tion, He  
minds his oc-cu-pa-tion, Nor heeds the snares, Nor knows the cares, which vice and  
fol-ly bring: Dai-ly work-ing wea-ri-ly, Night-ly sing-ing chee-ri-ly,  
Dear to him his wife, his home, his coun-try, and his king;  
Dai-ly work-ing wea-ri-ly, Night-ly sing-ing chee-ri-ly, Dear to  
him his wife, his home, his coun-try, and his king.

His heart is enlarged, though his income is scant;  
He lessens his little for others that want;  
Though his children's dear claims on his industry  
press,  
He has something to spare for the child of distress.  
He seeks no idle squabble,  
He joins no thoughtless rabble;  
To clear his way,  
From day to day,  
His honest views extend;  
When he speaks 'tis verily,  
When he smiles 'tis merrily, [friend.  
Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honour, and his

How charming to find, in his humble retreat.  
That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the  
great;  
The wife only anxious her fondness to prove  
The playful endearments of infantine love.  
Relaxing from his labours,  
Amid his welcome neighbours,  
With plain regale,  
With jest and tale;  
His thoughts, his conduct free;  
No vain schemes confounding him,  
All his joys surrounding him,  
Dear he holds his native land, its laws, and liberty.

## LIGHT AS THISTLE DOWN.

*Allegro.*

Light as this-tle down mov-ing, Which floats on the air, Sweet gra-ti-tude's debt to this  
cot-tage I bear. Of an-tumn's rich store I bring home my part, The  
weight on my head, but gay joy in my heart. Light as this-tle down, moving, Which



floats on the air, Sweet gra-ti-tude's debt to this cot-tage I bear; Of  
 au-tumn's rich store - I bring home my part, - The weight on my head, -  
 - but gay joy in my heart, - the weight on my head, but gay joy in my heart, the  
 weight on my head, but gay joy in my heart, gay joy in my heart, gay joy in my heart.

## TELL ME, BABBLING ECHO.

Composed by Dr. Arne.



Tell me, bab-bling e-cho, why You re-tur-n me sigh for sigh? When I of  
 slighted love complain, You de-light, you de-light to mock my pain?  
 Bold intruder, night and day,  
 Busy tell-tals, haste away!  
 Me and my cares in silence leave,—  
 Come not near me whilst I grieve.  
 But if my swain, in all his charms,  
 Return to bless my longing arms,  
 I'll call thee from thy dark retreat,  
 The joyful tidings to repeat.  
 Repeat, repeat, repeat the strain,—  
 Tell it o'er and o'er again;  
 From morn till night prolong the tale—  
 Let it ring from vale to vale.

## A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott; the Music by C. Giffert.



'A wea-ry lot is thine, fair maid, A wea-ry lot is thine, To pull the thorn thy  
 brow to braid, And press the rue for wine: A light-some eye, A sol-dier's  
 mien, A fes-ther of the blue; A dou-blet of - - - the  
 Lin-coln green—No more of me you know, my love! No more of me you know.

'This morn is merry June, I trow,  
 The rose is budding fair;  
 But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
 Ere we two meet again.'

He turn'd his charger as he spake,  
 Upon the river shore!  
 He gave his bridle reins a shake,  
 'Adieu, for evermore, my love!  
 'Adieu, for evermore.'

## THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.

The Music by J. J. Hutchinson, of the American Hutchinson Family.

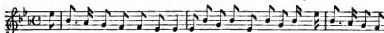
*Andante.*

I've been a-mong the migh-ty Alps, and wander'd thro' their vales, And heard the honest  
 mountain-eers re-late their thrill-ing tales: 'Twas there I from a shepherd heard a  
 nar-rative of fear, A tale to rend a parent's heart, which mo-thers might not  
*lamentable.*  
 hear! 'One still and cloud-less sabbath morn, the sun was ri-sing high, When  
 from my chil-dren on the Green I heard a fear-fel cry, As if some aw-ful  
*ff* deed was done,—A shriek of grief and pain,— *fu* A cry! I hum-bly pray, O! God, I  
*Poco presto.* ne'er may hear a-gain. A cry! I hum-bly pray, O! God, I ne'er may hear a-gain.  
 'I hur-ried out to learn the cause, but, o-verwhelm'd with fright, My chil-dren  
*Ritardando.* shriek'd in wild dis-may, When from my fren-zied sight I mis-s'd the young-est of my  
*Recit.* babes, the darling of my care: But something caught my searching eye, slow moving thro' the  
*ff* air— O! what a hor-ri-fy-ing sight to meet a father's eye! His  
 in-fant made a vul-ture's prey, in ter-ror to des-cry— To know, a-las! with  
 burst-ing heart, and with a maniac rave, That hu-man pow'r could not a-vail, that  
 in-no-cent to save: That hu-man pow'r could not a-vail, that in-no-cent to save.

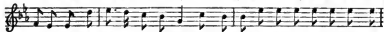
'My infant stretch'd his little hands imploringly to me,  
While struggling in the Vulture's grasp, all vainly to get free;  
I heard his agonizing cries, as loud and long he scream'd,  
Until, amidst the azure skies, a lessening spot he seem'd:  
The Vulture flapp'd his pond'rous wings, as swift away he flew—  
A mote upon the sun's broad disk he seem'd unto my view;  
At length, I thought he check'd his speed, as if he would alight,—  
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanish'd quite.

'All search was vain—some years had pass'd—that child was ne'er forgot:—  
At length a daring hunter climb'd a high secluded spot,  
From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reach'd,  
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleach'd:—  
In haste I climb'd that rugged cliff—I could not stay away—  
And there I found my infant's bones, fast mould'ring to decay!  
A tatter'd garment yet remain'd, though torn to many a shred—  
The cap he wore that fatal morn was still upon his head!'

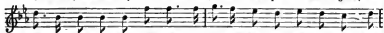
## THE YORKSHIREMAN IN LONDON.



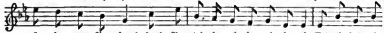
When first in Lun-nun I ar-riv'd, On a vi-sit, on a vi-sit; When first in Lunnun



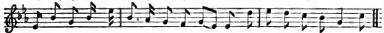
I ar-riv'd, 'Midst hea-vy rain and thun-der; Then I es-pied a lass in green, The



bon-niest lass by eyes e'er seen! I'd of-ten heard of Beau-ty's Queen—Thinks



I, by gum, I've found her! Sing tol de roi de roi de roi, Tut-ti hut-ti



tut-ti hut-ti, Ri tol de roi de ri-do; Sing tol de roi de ri-do.

She stood stock still—I did the same,  
Gazing on her, gazing on her,—  
She stood stock still—I did the same:  
We both look'd mighty simple.  
Her cheeks were like the blushing rose,  
Which on the hedge neglected blows;  
Her eyes were black as any sloes;  
And nigh her mouth a dimple.  
Tol de roi, &c.

'Madam,' says I, and made a bow,  
Scraping to her, scraping to her;  
'Madam,' says I, and made a bow—  
I quite forgot the weather,—  
'If you will me permission give,  
I'll see you home, where'er you live;—  
With that she took me by the sleeve,  
And off we trudg'd together.  
Tol de roi, &c.

A pratty wild-geese chase we had,  
Up and down, sir—in and out, sir;  
A pratty wild-geese chase we had,—  
The cobbled stones so gall'd me;  
Whereon we came unto a door,  
Where twenty lasses—ay, or more,  
Came out to have a peep galore  
At Bumpkin, as they call'd me.  
Tol de roi, &c.

'Walk in, kind sir,' says she to me,  
Quite politely, quite politely;  
'Walk in, kind sir,' says she to me;—  
'Poor lad! they cried, 'he's undone.'  
'Walk in, kind sir.' 'Not so,' says I,  
'For I've got other fish to fry,—  
I've seen you none, so now good bye:  
I'ze Yorkshire, tho' 'in Lunnun.'  
Tol de roi, &c.

My pockets soon I rummag'd o'er,  
Cautious ever, cautious ever;  
My pockets soon I rummag'd o'er,  
Where I a diamond ring found:  
For I had this precaution took,  
To stick in each a small fishhook;  
In groping for my pocket-book,  
The hook it stripp'd her finger.  
Tol de roi, &c.

Three weeks I've been in Lunnun town,  
Living idle, living idle;  
Three weeks I've been in Lunnun town,  
'Tis time to strike to work, sure.  
I sold the ring and got the brass,  
And so I did not play the ass;—  
'Twill do to toast the Lunnun lasses,  
When I get back to Yorkshire.  
Tol de roi, &c.



## THE STORM.

*Allegretto Moderato.*

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring rail-er! List, ye lands-men all, to me! Messmates, hear a

bro-ther sai-lor Sing the dan-gers of the sea. From bounding hil-lows first in motion Where the

dis-tant whirlwinds rise, To the tempest-trou-bled o - cean, Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely hawling:—

'By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand!

Down top-gallants quick be hawling!

Down your staysails,—hand, boys, hand!

Now it freshens, set the braces!

Quick the topsail sheets let go!

Luff, boys, luff,—don't make wry faces!

Up your topsails nimbly clew!

Now all you on down-beds sporting,

Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,

Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,

Free from all but love's alarms,—

Round us roars the tempest louder,

Think what fear our mind enthral—

Harder yet, it yet blows harder;

Now again the boatswain calls:—

'The topsail yard point to the wind, boys;

See all clear to reef each course!

Let the foresheet go; don't mind, boys,

Though the weather should be worse!

Fore and aft the spritsail yard get;

Reef the mizen; see all clear;

Hand up; each preventer-brace set;

Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!

Peal on peal contending clash!

On our heads fierce rain falls pouring!

In our eyes blue lightnings flash!

One wide water all around us,

All above us one black sky;

Different deaths at once surround us;

Hark! what means that dreadful cry!

'The foremast's gone!' cries ev'ry tongue out,

'O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.

A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,—

Call all hands to clear the wreck!

Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;

Come, my hearts, be stout and bold

Plumb the well;—the leak increases,

Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating.

We for wives and children mourn;

Alas! from hence there's no retreating;

Alas! from hence there's no return!

Still the leak is gaining on us,

Both chain-pumps are chok'd below;

Heav'n have mercy here upon us,

For only that can save us now!

O'er the lee-beam is the lead, boys;

Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;

To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys;

See, our mizen mast is gone!

The leak we've found,—it cannot pour fast;

We've lighten'd her a foot or more;

Up, and rig a jury foremast:—

She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,

Since kind fortune spar'd our lives;

Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking,

To our sweethearts and our wives.

Fill it up, about ship wheel it;

Close to th' lips a brimmer join:

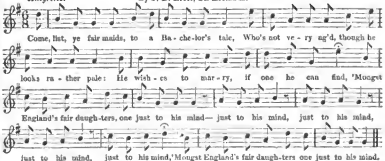
Where's the tempest now? who feels it?—

None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

## THE MODEST BACHELOR.

*Allegretto.*

By T. B. Brett, St. Leonards.



Come, list, ye fair maids, to a Ba-che-lor's tale, Who's not ve-ry ag'd, though he

looks ra-ther pale: His wish-es to mar-ry, if one he can find, 'Mongst

England's fair daugh-ters, one just to his mind—just to his mind, just to his mind,

just to his mind, just to his mind, 'Mongst England's fair daugh-ters one just to his mind.

He's modest as any can possibly be ;  
His age, you should know, too, is just thirty-three ;  
And to show what a little he craves of your sex,  
These few simple notions he begs to annex :—  
The first thing required is, the health to be good ;  
Then a richly-stor'd mind—that's of course under-  
Abilities rare, as a matter of course ; (stood ;  
And plenty of cash as an after-resource.  
A face that is pretty—the form rather tall—  
With friends and relations respectable all :

A fine flow of wit, and good-humour likewise ;  
A neat pair of feet, and intelligent eyes.

The next thing required is a good taste for music  
Free use of the tongue,—but not to abuse it ;—  
With modesty, beauty, and money combin'd,  
These qualities surely, so few, he may find.  
I've done now, fair maids, and I think you'll agree  
That a more modest person there never could be :  
Of ladies now present, if any one can  
Respond to these requisites,—I am her man.

### HARK! THE BELLS ARE GAYLY RINGING.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B. ; Music from Verdi's Opera of Nino.—Published by Davidson.  
*Allegro Moderato.*

Hark! the bells are gay-ly ring-ing, Notes of glad-ness round them  
sing-ing, From the stee-ple, from the tow-er ; What those sounds be-to-see  
say? 'Tis be-cause an heir is giv-en To the fa-vour'd son of  
Hea-ven, to the lord of lands and power ; 'Tis a Per-cy's born to-day.  
Hark! again the bells are pealing,  
Joyful tidings far revealing,  
While o'er earth and water swinging ;  
Tell me what those sounds convey?

### THE PEASANT BOY.

The Poetry and Music by John Parry.

Thrown on the wide world, doom'd to wan-der and roam, Be-reft of his pa-rents, be-reft  
of a home, A stran-ger to plea-sure, to com-fort, and joy, Be  
hold lit-tle Ed-mund, the poor pea-sant boy! O! pi-ty, O! pi-ty the  
poor peasant boy; O! pi-ty, O! pi-ty the poor peasant boy!  
I'm willing to labour, I'm willing to toil,  
For Fortune will ever on industry smile:  
But, ah! not a creature will deign to employ  
A wand'rer like Edmund, the poor peasant boy.  
Then pity, O! pity! the poor peasant boy.

## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Composed by Hook.

*Moderate.*

The flow'rs of the fo- rest in spring time were gay, And love high-ten'd  
 ev' - ry soft plen-sure of May; My Ma-ry stray'd with me, where - ev - er I  
 went, And my heart was the mansion of peace and con - tent. Bot, a -  
 las! she has left me, for pas-times more gay, And the flow'rs of the fo- rest all  
 wi-ther a - way, And the flow'rs of the fo - rest all wi-ther a - way.

The flow'rs of the forest in spring-time were gay,  
 And the smile of my Mary gave wings to the day;  
 But past are those pleasures, no more to return—  
 Her charms I adore, and her falsehood I mourn.  
 For, alas! she has left me for pastimes more gay,  
 And the flow'rs of the forest all wither away.

The flow'rs of the forest in spring-time were gay;—  
 Like their fragrance, my bliss and fond hopes pass  
 swby—  
 Fond hopes which I caught from the glance of her  
 Now, blighted by sorrow, fade, wither, and die;  
 For, alas! she has left me for pastimes more gay,  
 And the flow'rs of the forest all wither away.

## O! WERE I BUT A BIRD.

A German Air, composed by Louis Spohr.

O! were I but a bird, Then would I fly O-ver the e-me-rald o - cenn,  
 Thro' the blue vault of the sky— Quick-er than gales in swift mo - tion,  
 Ne-ver, O! ne-ver re - po - sing, Till with my love far a - way, a - way,  
 Till with my love far a - way; But, O! I am no wing-ed bird, And  
 here I still must stay, And here I still must stay.

Clouds so fair, could not ye  
 My greeting bear?  
 Tell him, I linger in sorrow,—  
 All my fond wishes declare,

And return swift on the morrow:  
 Tidings of comfort conveying—  
 But, O! ye are no messengers,  
 And all my wish is vain.

## ROCKAWAY.

The Poetry by Henry John Sharpe; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Allegro Moderato.*



On old Long Is-land's sea-girt shore, Ma-ny an hour I've whil'd a-way, In  
 list'ning to the breakers' roar, That wash the beach at Rock-a-way; On old Long Island's  
 sea-girt shore, Ma-ny an hour I've whil'd a-way, In list'ning to the  
 break-ers' roar, That wash the beach at Rock-a-way. Trans-fix'd I've stood while  
 na-ture's lyre In one har-mo-nious con-cert broke, And, catch-ing its Pro-  
 me-thean fire, My in-most soul to rap-ture woks. O! - - on, &c.

O! how delightful 'tis to stroll  
 Where murmur'ing winds and waters meet.  
 Marking the billows as they roll  
 And break resistless at your feet!  
 To watch young Iris as she dips  
 Her mantle in the sparkling dew,  
 And, chas'd by Sol, away she trips  
 O'er the horizon's quiv'ring blue.  
 On old Long Island's, &c.

To hear the startling night-winds sigh.  
 As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep;  
 While the pale moon reflects from high  
 Her image in the mighty deep.  
 Majestic scene, where Nature dwells,  
 Profound in everlasting love,  
 While her unmeasur'd music swells  
 'Tis vaulted firmament above.  
 On old Long Island's, &c.

## HARK! I HEAR THE OCEAN'S WHELMING SWEEP.

Irish Melody, Moore's 'Love's Young Dream'; the Poetry by Leman Rede.

*Andantino espress.*



Hark! I hear the o-cean's whelm-ing sweep, The loud wind's roar! Fare thee  
 well, my love,—I brave the deep, We meet no more. Deep glooms the night a-cross the  
 land, and dark-ly lour the skies; Cold-ly blows the wind, and cold's the hand that  
 in mine lies; And the un-ly lights up-on the strand Are those lov'd eyes.  
 When my bark across the foamy brine  
 Shall fly from thee,—  
 When those dear blue eyes no longer shine  
 Life's light to me,—  
 Thus heart thy smiles first taught to glow

Will bid emotion cease,  
 And I, from hills and griefs below,  
 Find one release,  
 When these eyes, that long have wapt in woe,  
 Shall close in peace.

## IN THE DOWNHILL OF LIFE.

Is the down-hill of life, when I find I'm de - cli - ning, May my  
fate no less for - tu - nate be Than a snug el - bow-chair can af - ford for re -  
cli - ning, And a cot that o'er - looks the wide sea; With an am - bling pad  
po - ny, to pace o'er the lawn, While I can - rol a - way I - die sor - row, And,  
blithe as the lark, that each day hails the dawn, Look for - ward with hope far to -  
mor - row, to - mor - row, to - mor - row, Look for - ward with hope for to - mor - row.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,

As the sunshine or rain may prevail; [too,

And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade

With a barn for the use of the stall;

A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,

And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;—

I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,

Nor what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be

completely

Secur'd by a neighbouring hill;

And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,

By the sound of a murmuring rill.

And while peace and plenty I find at my board,

With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,

With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,

And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail cov'ring,

Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,

On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep ho-

ving,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;

But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,

And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;

As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-

day,

May become everlasting to-morrow.

## WHERE, WHERE IS MY FAIR ONE!

Written and adapted by T. B. Brett.

Where, where is my fair one? O! where can she be? I sigh and com-plain, she has  
gone and left me; With sor - row I roam in dull so - li-tude's bow'r, So sad is my  
heart in this dark gloomy hour. I've sought till I'm wea - ry—un - hap - py—for-lost I've  
wan - der'd o'er moun-tain, in sun-shine and storm; I've call'd, but in vain, for no  
trace do I see Of that form so he - witch-ing, so pre - cious to me.

Where, where is my fair one? where can she be gone? There once was a time I was cheerful and gay;  
 I late take my rest, and I rise ere 'tis dawn; No trouble I saw then—I knew no dismay;  
 For peace and contentment are strangers to me— Then dull care and sorrow were strangers to me—  
 Then where is my fair one? O! where can she be? O! where is my fair one? where, where can she be?

## MY MEERSCHAUM BOWL.

The Words from 'The Family Herald.' The Music by T. B. Brett.

My meer-schaum bowl, in thee I find A so-lace, to my wea-ry mind; Thou  
 art to me a trus-ty friend, Who canst in need as-sist-ance lend;  
 When trou-bles o-ther means de-fy To cure the heart-felt ma-lan-dy, 'Tis  
 thou, with Dutch C'-Nas-ter fill'd, My stormy mind hath of-ten still'd.

When to my pleasure I resort,  
 My pipe, thou'lt urge me to the sport;  
 And, when the toils of daylight close,  
 In thee I find a sweet repose;  
 Or, if in study I intend,  
 My pipe, thou canst assistance lend,  
 To concentrate a wayward thought  
 Into the subject I have sought.

Aod thus, in study, toil, or play,  
 In grief or mirth—by night or day—  
 My meerschaum, thou'rt a friend in need,  
 And, being so, a friend indeed!  
 Well, since thou art so great a friend,  
 E'en let thy curling clouds ascend,  
 Serenity to all impart,  
 And tranquillise each gen'rous heart.

## MISS WRINKLE.

Composed by G. Nicks.

In a vil-lage there liv'd an old maid, Who was ne'er known for tri-fles to fret, But  
 yet she was sad-ly a-fraid That a hus-band she oe-ver should get. Miss  
 Wrin-kle was fif-ty, it can't be de-my'd,—Sing fal de ral lai de ral de; Yet  
 still to be mar-ried she con-stant-ly sigh'd—Sing fal de ral lai de ral de.

She went in the garret to pray,  
 And, hoping her pray'r might be granted,  
 She never omitted a day  
 To name in her pray'r what she wanted.  
 For, though she was fifty, it can't be denied—  
 Sing fal de ral lai de ral de!  
 That still to be married she constantly sigh'd—  
 Sing fal de ral lai de ral de!

A thatcher, one day, through the roof,  
 At her pray'rs did spy this old dame;  
 Then popp'd in his head—gave her proof  
 Her devotions were heard from above:—  
 'Will a thatcher do for you, Miss Wrinkle,' quoth  
 Sing fal de ral lai de ral de! (he—  
 'For better or worse, I'll consent,' replied she—  
 Sing fal de ral lai de ral de!

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

*Con Anima.*

March, march, Et-trick and Te-vi-at-dale! Why, my lads, din-na ye march far-ward in  
or-der? March, march, Esk-dale and Lid-des-dale! All the blue bon-nets are  
o-ver the bor-der. Ma-ny a ban-ner spread flut-ters a-bove your head; Ma-ny a  
crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry: Mount and make rea-dy, then, sons of the moun-tain glen;  
Fight for your King and the old Scot-tish bor-der! March, march, Et-trick and  
Te-vi-ot-dale! Why, my lads, din-na ye march for-ward in or-der? March, march,  
Esk-dale and Lid-des-dale! All the blue bon-nets are a-ver the bor-der.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing;  
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;  
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;  
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow!

Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding;  
Stand to your arms, and march in good order,  
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,  
When the blue bonnets came over the border!

## ANNIE LAURIE.

Scottish Melody.

*Moderato.*

Max-well-ton brass are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew; And it's there that An-nie  
Lau-rie Gl'ed me her pro-mise true, Gl'ed me her prom-ise true, Which  
ma'er for-got will be; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doune an' dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift;  
Her throat is like the swan;  
Her face it is the fairest,  
That e'er the sun shone on;  
And dark blue is her e'e;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune an' dee.

Like dew na the gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
An' like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet;  
An' she is a' the world to me I—  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doune an' dee.

## THE STANDARD-WATCH; OR, THE STANDARD-BEARER.

Translated from the German by George Soane, A.B.—Published by Davidson.

The min-strel holds the stan-dard-bear-er's watch; Up-on his arm his keen-edg'd  
sword is ly-ing; He flings his blood-stain'd fin-gers o'er his harp, And  
breathes his song forth to the night-wind's sigh-ing:— 'The la-dy of my  
love, I name her not, But wear her co-lours, and will wear them ev-er: For  
free-dom do I fight,—to her I've sworn, And ne-ver will I  
quit her co-lours, ne-ver! And ne-ver will I quit her co-lours, ne-ver!

The night is gone, and battle comes with day;  
Still float thy colours, faithful minstrel, o'er thee:  
His sword it flashes, and the bolt succeeds,  
The while he breathes his song of love and glory:  
'The lady of my love,' &c.

Now death is weary, and the battle's won,—  
The dying minstrel's life-blood stains the heather;  
Upon the colours kept so well he lies,  
And breathes his song and life there out together:  
'The lady of my love,' &c.

## WHEN I GAZ'D ON A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

Composed by M. P. King.

*Andante Grazioso ed Amoreoso.*

When I gaz'd on a beau-ti-ful face, Or a form that my fan-cy ap-  
prov'd, I was pleas'd with its sweet-ness or grace, And falsc-ly believ'd that I  
lov'd. But my heart, tho' it strove to de-ceive, The in-jus-tice it would not al-  
low;—I could look, I could like, I could leave, But I ne-ver could love till

now,—Ah! never, no, never, O! never, no, never,—I never could love till now!

Yet, though I from others could rove,  
Now harbour no doubt of my truth;—  
Those flames were not lighted by love,—  
They were kindled by folly and youth:

But, no longer of reason bereft,  
On your hand—that pure altar—I vow,  
Tho' I've look'd, and have lik'd, and have left,  
That I never have lov'd till now.  
Ah! never, &c.



## WHEN THE ROSEBUD OF SUMMER.

The Poetry by E. J. B. Fitzsimons, Esq.; the Music by Sir J. Stevenson

When the rose-bud of Sum-mer, its beau-ties be-stowing, On Win-ter's rude blast all its  
sweet-ness shall pour, And the sun-shine of day in night's darkness be glow-ing, O!  
then, dear-est El-len,\* I'll love you no more! I'll love you no more! And the  
sun-shine of day in night's dark-ness be glow-ing, Dear-est  
El-len, dear-est El-len! I'll love you no more, I'll love you no more, I'll  
*cresc.*  
love you no more! O! then, dear-est El-len! I'll love you no more!

When of hope the last spark, which thy smile And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall  
lov'd to cherish, perish, [etc.  
In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er, O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more!

\* Ladies in singing this song substitute the name of Henry for Ellen.

## ALICE GRAY.

Composed by Mrs. F. Millard.

*Allegretto Moderato.*

She's all my fan-cy paint-ed her, She's love-ly, she's di-vine; But her  
heart it is an-o-ther's—She ne-ver can be mine: Yet lov'd I as man ne-ver lov'd, A  
3 *a tempo.*  
love with-out de-cay:— O! my heart, my heart is breaking For the love of A-lie  
Gray; O! my heart, my heart is break-ing For the love of A-lie Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided  
O'er a brow of spotless white;  
Her soft blue eye now languishes,  
Now flashes with delight:—  
The hair is braided not for me,  
The eye is turn'd away;  
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking,  
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,  
I've trembled in the blast;  
But my pilgrimage is nearly done—  
The weary conflict's past:  
And when the green sod wraps my grave,  
May pity haply say:—  
'O! his heart, his heart was broken,  
For the love of Alice Gray!'

## THE POLICEMAN'S LOVE.—PARODY ON ALICE GRAY.

From 'Merry England in the Olden Time,' by Geo. Daniel, Esq.

She's all that fancy painted her ! she's rosy without  
rouge, [bright gamboge ;  
Her gingham gown a modest brown turn'd up with  
She learns to jar the light guitar, and plays the  
harpsichords.— [Cent Consols.  
Her fortune's five-and twenty pounds in Three per  
At Beulah Spa, where love is law, was my fond  
heart beguill'd ;  
I pour'd my passion in her ear—she whisper'd,  
'Draw it mild!' [does not?  
In Clerkenwell you hear the bell : what muffin-man  
And since, my Paul, you've gain'd your p'int, per-  
haps you'll stand your pot.

The Charlie quite, I've, honour bright, sent pack-  
ing for a cheat ;  
A watchman's wife, he'd whack me well when he  
was on his best.  
'Adieu !' he said, and shook his head, 'my dolor be  
And, while you laugh, I'll take my staff, and go and  
cry—the hour.'  
Last Greenwich Fair we wedded were : she's won,  
and we are one ;  
And Sally, since the honey-moon, has had a little son.  
Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none than  
Sally smarter ;  
I said it 'fore I married her, and now I say it arter.

## LOVE, LITTLE BLIND URCHIN.

Love, lit - the blind ur-chin, went stroll-ing one day, And mad-ri-gals chaunt-ed so  
pret-ty ; While hal-lads be sold as he went on his way, With Val-en-tine ver-ses so  
witty ; Love's burden was, 'Maids, ne'er away your hearts throw ; Till prudence prompts yes, always  
answer 'O! no,' al-ways answer 'O! no,' al-ways an-swer 'O! no!' Till prudence prompts  
yes, always answer 'O! no, no, no, no!' always answer 'O! no!' always answer 'O! no!'

Love, little blind urchin, advice didn't spare,  
Yet his arrows at random, he shut 'em ;  
And a dart aim'd at Prudence, who chanc'd to be  
there,

But, thus wounded, their hearts she forgot 'em.  
Left by Prudence, the maids turn'd out silly, and  
so [said 'No.'  
They often said 'Yes,'—when they should have

## I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING.

The Poetry adapted by J. N. Sola, to an Irish Melody.—Published by Davidson.

I love my love in the morn-ing, For she like morn is fair,—Her blushing cheek its  
crimson streak, its clouds her golden hair. Her glance its beam so soft and kind ; Her  
tears its dewy show'rs ; Her voice the ten-der whisp'ring wind, That stirs the ear - ly bow'rs.  
I love my love in the morning,—  
I love my love at noon ;  
For she is bright as the Lord of light,  
Yet mild as autumn's moon.

Her beauty is my bosom's sun,  
Her faith my fostering shade ;  
And I will love that darling one  
Till e'en that sun shall fade !

## MY FONDEST, MY FAIREST.

Hummel's celebrated Air, 'A la Tyrolienne,' written and arranged by George Linley.  
Published by Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

*Allegretto.*

My fond-est, my fair-est, my gen-tle Ca-ri-na! Come hi-ther, my  
own one! come hi-ther to me! Bright gar-lands I bring thee; Sweet songs I will  
sing thee, More sweet than the bird in yon emerald tree; While ev'-ry breeze that  
wantons by Shall soft-ly e-cho sigh for sigh, And ev'-ry note, sweet  
bird, from thee, By Love's fond strain shall an-swer'd be; And ev'-ry note, sweet bird,  
shall answer'd be, shall an-swer'd be, - - - - - My fond-est, my  
fair-est, My gen-tle Ca-ri-na! Come hi-ther, my own one! Come  
hi-ther to me; Bright gar-lands I bring thee; Sweet songs I will  
sing thee- Ca-ri-na, Ca-ri-na! I live but for thee!

My fondest, my fairest! though cold hearts should  
chide me—

O! what are their frowns, my own one! to me?  
I feel not a sorrow when thou art beside me!—  
What joy can be greater than gazing on thee?  
Sweet vale and grove! bright moon and star!

To those who love how dear ye are!  
E'en bird and bower, moon, star, and sea,  
Are twofold dear when bless'd with thee;  
Are twofold dear, sweet love! when bless'd with  
thee,  
My fondest, my fairest! my gentle Carina! &c.

## KATHLEEN O'MORE.

Irish Ballad.

*Slow and Expressive.*

My love, still I think that I see her once more; But, a-las! she has left me, her loss to de-  
plore: My own Me-tle Kathleen, my poor lost Kathleen, my Kath-leen, O!

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,  
Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new;  
No pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,  
my Kathleen, O!

She milk'd the dnn-cow that never offer'd to stir,—  
Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her;  
So kind was my Kathleen, &c.

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,  
To hear the wind blow and to look at the moon;  
So pensive was Kathleen, &c.

Cold was the night-breeze that sigh'd round her bower,  
It chill'd my poor Kathleen—she droop'd from that hour;

And I lost my poor Kathleen, &c.

The bird of all birds that I love the best,  
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds her nest;  
For she seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly  
o'er Kathleen, my Kathleen, O!

### I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

*Con Anima.* The Poetry by G. P. Morris. The Music by W. R. Dempster.

I'm with you once a - gain; my friends, No more my foot - steps roam; Where  
It be - gan, my jour - ney ends, A - mid the scenes of home. No o - ther clime has  
skies so blue, Or streams so broad and clear; And where are hearts so warm and true As  
*cres.*

those that meet me here? And where are hearts so warm and true As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,

I press'd my native strand,

I've wandered many miles at sea,

And many miles on land.

I've seen all nations of the earth,

Of every hue and tongue,

Which taught me how to prize the worth

Of that from which I sprung.

My native land, I turn to you,

With blessing and with prayer,

Where man is brave and woman true,

And free as mountain air.

Long may our flag in triumph wave

Against the world comb'd,

And friends a welcome—foes a grave,

Within our borders find.

### THE REJECTED.\*

Poetry by Miss Susan Wollaston; the Music by her sister.

*Allegretto*  
O! do not think, tho' I have learn'd To pass thee cold-ly by, My heart has still not  
fond-ly turn'd, Nor felt, nor felt that thou wert nigh. When midst'the heart-less  
I have sought The gay - est oft to be, My heart was un-asy with some  
*ad lib.*  
thought, Some feel - ing wak'd by thee, Some feel - ing wak'd by thee.  
I could have triumph'd in thy fame,  
Or lov'd thee, if unknown;  
I could have proudly spoke thy name,  
Though Fortune's gifts had flown.

\* Josephine was to be divorced, sacrificed to his ambition, or, as he termed it, "to the welfare of France,"—she endured the anguish of wounded love and mortified pride—but he was inexorable, and she obeyed.—Vide *L'Academy of France*.

## SING ON, SING ON.

The Poetry by T. H. Bayly; the Music by J. C. Clifton.—Published by J. Willis.

*Scupper.*

O! give me a sweet and a shu-dy bower, On the banks of a ri-ver  
clear and bright; And let not a ray of the sun have pow'r To peep thro' the  
woodhaes from morn till night: Then sing me the songs that I used to hear in our  
own sweet home, more fair than this: And, if on my cheek you be-hold a tear, Sing  
*ad lib.*  
on, sing on, for such tears are bliss; Sing on, sing on—for such tears are bliss.

When last we met in that lonely bow'r,  
We knew not the meaning of such fond tears;—  
We are older now, and weep for some  
Who shar'd in the pleasure of former years.

Ah! when I remember how oft they heard  
That song in a shady spot like this,  
Though a tear may fall for ev'ry word,  
Sing on, sing on—for such tears are bliss.

## O! TWINE ME A BOWER.

The Poetry by Thomas Crofton Croker; the Music by Alexander D'Roche.

*Andante.*

O! twine me a bow'r all of woodbine and ro-ses, Far, far from the path of your  
com-mon-place joys; Where the gem of content-ment in si-lence re-po-ses, Un-  
sul-led by tears, and un-trou-bled by noise: Yes, there would I  
dwell, in my own flow'-ry cell, Nor the dream of am-bi-tion, of  
hon-our, or pow-er, Should tempt me to part from my  
*ad lib.*  
own hap-py bow-er, Should tempt me to part from my own hap-py bow-er.

True friendship should light up his torch at my  
dwelling,  
To cheer me when youth and its pleasures were  
past;

Without friends, where on earth are the joys worth  
the telling?  
For friendship through years and through sorrows  
will last.  
Yes, there would I dwell, &c.

## O'ER THE DARK WATERS.

Written and Composed by Mrs. William Marshall.

*Allegretto Moderato.*

Kind boat-man, lend me thy lit - tie bark, And I'll give thee this gold-en ring; If you'll  
guide me o-ver these wa-ters dark to my la - dy fair, I'll sing 'Come  
hither, come hither; thro' perils I've sought thee, and o'er the dark waters thy good man hath brought me.  
And if you'll row us safely back,  
In your good little bark,  
Nor gold nor jewels you shall lack,  
For the stream flows deep and dark.  
Row, boatman, row, and swiftly move,  
O'er the dark waters to meet my love.

O'n went the kindly little bark,  
And bore his promi'd bride;  
Safe it return'd - the bark afloat  
On waves that gently glide:  
O! Love was their pilot; the torch that he bore  
The dark, dark waters lighted them o'er.

## A GOBLET OF WINE.

The Poetry by J. W. Leslie. The Music by J. M. Jolly. - Published by Davidson.

*Spiritoso.*

The Ro - se's rich blos - som soon wi - thers a - way, - In an hour not a  
trace of its beau - ty we find; But the grape's glow - ing trea - sures shall ne - ver de -  
cay: When it dies, it a last - ing be - quest leaves be - hind. Years can - not destroy it, but  
on - ly im - prove; Through a - ges its bright beaming spi - rit shall shine; It sea - sons  
our friend - ship, it heightens our love! For there's warmth, strength, and life in a gob - let of  
wine! For there's warmth, strength, and life in a gob - let of wine! For there's  
warmth, strength, and life in a gob - let of wine! It sea - sons our friend - ship, it  
height - ens our love! For there's warmth, strength, and life in a gob - let of wine!

When friend shall meet friend in convivial throng,  
They chafe not with water the heart's glowing flood;  
To the heartless alone such cold comforts belong -  
True friendship is sign'd with the grape's ruby  
blood!

When it sparkles, the eyes of my love I behold!  
Her smiles in the wine-cup eternally shine!  
The soul that drinks deeply shall never grow cold,  
For love ever dwells in a goblet of wine!

## DARK-EYED BEAUTY.

The Poetry by Leman Rede; to the Music of 'Tu non sai,' in Bellini's Opera of 'La Sonnambula.'  
Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto Moderato.*

Dark-eyed bean-ty, thy witching glances call up visions fraught with joy and  
youth, And wild mem'-ry my soul en-tran-ses, Pict'ring bygone hours of in-no-cence and  
truth. Not more lovely, fair one, thou art, Than she my boy-dream, in her gen-tle girlhood's  
bloom. Like thee, la-dy, lovers sought to win her hand, her heart. Her eyes are dim; that hand, that  
heart are mould'ring, mould'ring in the tomb, - - - in the tomb.

The ebon tresses that float around thee  
Like tendrils fan the wanton summer air;  
All the graces that surround thee  
Call back one as truthful, gentle, young, and fair.

Dark-eyed beauty, then, let me view [brav]  
Thy fairy face—though mem'ry 'wilder heart and  
For, gazing thus, I live my early hours anew,  
And dream of youth and joy, of hope and love,  
again.

## MY NATIVE ISLE.

*Andante.*

O! tell me not of fair-er lands, Be-neath a bright-er sky; Of streams that  
roll o'er gold-en sands, And flow'rs that nev-er die. My na-tive isle! my na-tive  
isle! Tho' bleak and bare thou be. And scant and cold thy sum-mer smile, Thou'rt  
all the world to me! Thou'rt all the world to me! Thou'rt all the world to  
me! Tho' scant and cold thy sum-mer smile, Thou'rt all the world to me!

The flow' that on the mountain's brow,  
When wintry winds assail,  
Securely sleeps beneath the snow—  
Its cold and kindly veil,  
Transplanted to a richer soil,  
Where genial breezes play,

In sickly bloom will droop awhile,  
Then wither and decay:—  
Thou'rt all the world to me,  
Though cold thy smile, my native isle!  
Thou'rt all the world to me!

## THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

Con Anima.

Composed by L. Heath.

Oo a lone bar-reo isle, where the wild roar-log bil-low As-sails the stern  
rock, and the loud tem-pests rave, The he-ro lies still, while the dew-drooping willow, Like  
fond weep-ing mourn-ers, lean o-ver the grave. The lighto'logs may flash, and the  
loud thun-ders rat-tle: He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain:—He  
sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last bat-tle! No sound can a-wake him to  
glo-ry a-gain! . . . No sound can a-wake him to glo-ry a-gain!

O! shade of the mighty, where oow are the legions  
That rush'd but to conquer when thou led'st  
them on?

Alas! they have perish'd in far hill'y regions,  
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone!  
The trumpet may sound, the loud cannoo rattle!  
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from  
all pain: [last battle]

They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their  
No sound can awake them to glory again!

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,  
For, like thine own eagle that soar'd to the sun,  
Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee  
A name which before thee no mortal had won.

Though oceans may combat, and war's thunders  
rattle, [plain:  
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the  
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy  
last battle!

No sound can awake thee to glory again!

## FROM DISTANT CLIMES.

Andante.

Composed by J. Magrath.

From dis-tant climes the stran-ger came, With friend-ly view and so-cial aim, The  
va-rious tribes of earth to scan, As friend to friend, As man to man. No  
gift-t'ring stores the stran-ger brought, No lands pos-sess'd, no wealth he sought: His  
ev'-ry wish one view con-fir'm'd,—The in-ter-change of mind with mind.

What he the richest prize would deem  
Was friendship, kindness, and esteem;  
What he could in turn impart,  
The same warm feelings of the heart.

Not his, with selfish views alone,  
To trace his course from zone to zone;—  
His hope, to stretch affection's chain  
From land to land—from main to main!

The various powers and virtues tell,  
In human heads and hearts that dwell,  
In bonds of love the race to bind,  
To make one people of mankind.

Let all the wise and good combine  
To teach mankind of ev'ry clime  
To love and aid their fellow man,  
Without respect to creed or clan.



## THE SNOW-STORM.

The Poetry by Seth Smith. The Music by L. Heath.

*Andantino.*

The cold wind swept the moon-tain's height, And path-less was the drea-ry  
wild; And 'mid the cheer-less hours of night, A mo-ther wan-der'd  
with her child! - As through the drift-ed snows she press'd, The babe was  
sleep-ing on her breast, the babe was sleep-ing on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,  
And darker hours of night came on,  
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—  
Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone—  
'O God!' she cried, in accents wild,  
'If I must perish, save my child!'  
She stripp'd her mantle from her breast,  
And bar'd her bosom to the storm;  
As round the child she wrapp'd the vest,

She smil'd to think that it was warm,  
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,  
And sunk upon a snowy bed.  
At dawn a traveller passed by,  
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—  
The frost of death was in her eye,  
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale—  
He moved her robe from off the child;—  
The babe look'd up, and sweetly smil'd.

## THE OLD CHURCH BELL

Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.  
*Andante Moderato.*

O! a mourn-ful sound has the Old Church bell, That swings in the bel-fry old!—How  
ma-ny a sad and mer-ry knell Has he rung from his tur-ret bold! The  
old gray-beard and the pra-sant boy Have lis-ten'd to his chime, As he chang'd his note from  
death to joy, With the chang-ing hours of Time. Toll-ing on, with mournful knell, A  
warn-ing voice has the Old Church Bell,—Toll-ing on, with mournful knell. A warn-ing  
voice has the Old Church Bell,—Toll-ing on, with mournful knell. A warn-ing voice has the  
Old Church Bell. Ding dong, ding dong, bell; ding-dong, bell; ding-dong, bell; ding-dong, bell.

O! his voice is clear as it gayly peals  
On a happy bridal morn,  
But it mournfully to the fun'ral steals,  
Ere the fading day be gone:  
Impartial he maketh his summons ring,  
Unlike the courtier's plan,  
For he'll wait no louder the death of a king  
Than he would of a poor old man.  
Tolling on, with solemn knell,  
A solemn sound has the Old Church Bell.  
Ding, dong, &c.

He has seen the sire and seen the son  
To the village churchyard bend;  
And the deep-ton'd welcome shall still ring on,  
Till Time itself shall end;  
And his loud old tongue, like a lonely bird,  
Chimes with a sacred spell;—  
For the sweetest music earth e'er heard  
Must yield to the Old Church Bell.  
Tolling on, with solemn knell,  
A mournful sound has the Old Church Bell.  
Ding, dong, &c.

### COULD THE VOICE THAT I LOV'D WAKE AGAIN TO THIS EAR.

Poetry by Leman Rede, to Moore's Irish Melody, 'She's far from the land.'—Published by Davidson.  
*Lenno Music—no.*

Could the voice that I lov'd wake a - gain to this ear, All its  
rap - tur - ous me - lo - dy breath - ing, I then might for - get all the  
sor - rows that here Round this de - so - late heart are en - wreath - ing.

Could the eyes on whose light it was rapture to  
Shed on me their lustrous splendour, [grass,  
Beam again, like the moon on the streamlet, their  
All glowing, yet meltingly tender, — [rays,  
Could the lips that were brighter than rosebuds'  
hues,

When the dew of the morning weep o'er them,  
Melt once more to my own, or be bright to my view,  
As when first my heart learn'd to adore them—

I again might be bless'd;—but cold in the tomb  
Lie those charms, with my Julia sleeping;  
and lonely I wander in silence and gloom,  
To moisten her grave with my weeping.

The winds whistle over the grass at her head,  
And wild roses around it are springing,  
As still, though the queen of their beauty lies  
dead,  
To the mem'ry of loveliness clinging.

### LOVE, THEY SAY, IS LIKE THE METEOR.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; to the Music of 'Durch die Thaler,' from Flotow's Opera of Stradella.  
Published by Davidson.

Love, they say, is like the me-teor, Burn-ing from some fen at night: Lead-ing  
those a-stray who trust it, With its false and dex-ter-ing light:— Ra-ther like the  
pole-star name it, Beam-ing with a con-stant ray, - - - Light-ing  
sea - men lone and wea - ry O'er the - - o - cean's path - less way.

Love, they say, is like the flowers,  
Under which a serpent lies,—  
Fatal to the hands that touch it,  
When 'tis fairest to the eyes:—

Rather like the rainbow same it,  
Rising when the storm is past,  
Herald of a brighter evening,  
Though the morn was overcast.

*Non troppo Presto.* I'M NOT SUCH A FOOL AS I LOOK.

I was born in a neat coun-try town, Of school-ing but lit-tle I had; The  
pride of her sex was my mam, Though I can't say so much for my Dad: He somehow found that  
what wa'n't lost, For which he was soon brought to book; This prov'd to me good as ad-vice, For I'm  
not such a fool as I look. Tol loi de rol loi de rol loi, Tol de rol loi de rol lay.

A genius, you'll find, I have got,  
For writing, in blank verse or rhyme;  
And for melo-dram', opera, or farce,  
I have jokes that will suit 'em all, prime.  
My writings (and they're not amiss;  
Would fill a large ciphering-book;  
I beg you wo'n't doubt what I say,  
For I'm not such a fool as I look.  
Tol loi be rol, &c.

I'm resolu'd not to drink table-beer,  
When ale's to be had in its stead;  
And you'll not catch me sleeping on straw,  
Can I, any how, get a good bed.  
If of friends you would offer the best,  
Commend me unto a good cook I  
You may laugh, but you know what I mean;—  
Oh! I'm not such a fool as I look.  
Tol loi de rol, &c.

When first I reach'd Lunnun's fam'd town,  
'Mong the wonderful sights I saw in't,  
There was one, such a beauty, O dear!  
With whitey-brown hair and a squint.

She ogled me, then whispered softly,  
And my arm she so lovingly took:—  
'Don't you wish you may get it,' says I,—  
'I'm not quite such a fool as I look.'  
Tol loi de rol, &c.

Introduc'd to an elderly dame,  
Whose purse was as long as my arm,  
I fall'd not to visit her oft,  
And she, faith! suspected no harm.  
For our courtship a short month suffic'd,  
And then we got married—odd zook I  
She grew ill—died—but left me her cash;—  
This proves I'm not just what I look.  
Tol loi de rol, &c.

And now that I'm single again,  
And, what's more—have got plenty of pelf,  
I'll try, since my wife has cut me,  
To cut a fine figure myself.  
So, if there be any lass here  
In a good house would like a snug nook,  
She might do worse than share it with me,—  
For I'm not such a fool as I look.  
Tol loi de rol, &c.

## O! THIS LOVE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

*Moderate.*

O! this love! this love! I once the pas-sion slight-ed; But hearts, but hearts that  
tru-ly love Must break or be u-ni-ted! O! this love! O! this love!  
O! this love! O! this love! O! this love! O! this love!

When first he came to woo,  
I little car'd about him;  
But soon I felt as though  
I could not live without him!  
O! this love! &c.

He gave to me the ring,  
My hand ask'd of my mother;—

I could not bear the thought  
That he should wed another.  
O! this love! &c.

And now I'm all his own,—  
In all his joys I mingle;  
Not for the wealth of worlds,  
Would I again be single!  
O! this love! &c.

## THE IVY GREEN.

The Poetry by Charles Dickens, Esq., printed by permission; the Music by Henry Russell.  
Published by Davidson.

*M. d. rait.*

O! a dain-ty plant is the I - vy green, That creepeth o'er ru - ins old! Of  
right choice food are his meals, I ween, In his cell so lone and cold; The walls must be  
crumbled, the stones de-cay'd, To pleasure his dain - ty whim; And the mould'ring dust that  
years have made is a mer-ry meal for him. Creep-ing where no life is seen, A  
rare old plant is the I - vy green. O! creep-ing where no life is seen, A  
rare old plant is the I - vy green. Creeping, creeping, creeping where no  
life is seen, Creeping, creeping, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.

Fast he stealth on, though he wears no wings,  
And a stanch old heart has he!  
How closely he twineth, how tightly he clings,  
To his mate, the huge oak-tree!  
And slyly he trilleth along the ground,  
And his leaves he gently waves,  
As he joyously hugs and creeps around  
The rich mould of dead men's graves.  
Creeping where, &c.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd,  
And nations have scatter'd been;  
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,  
From its hale and hearty green.  
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,  
Shall fatten upon the past:  
For the stateliest building man can raise  
Is the Ivy's food at last.  
Creeping where, &c.

## FOR TENDERNESS FORM'D.

*Andante.*

For ten - der-ness form'd in life's ear - ly day, A parent's soft sor-rows to  
mine led the way, A parent's soft sor-rows co mine led the way; The les-son of  
pi-ty was caught from the eye, And ere words were my own I spoke with a sigh!

The nightingale plunder'd the mate-widow'd dove,  
The warbled complaint of the suff'ring grove  
To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiments new,  
The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion still rest in their glow,  
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know;  
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim, (flame)  
Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the

# BIND THY BROW WITH A WREATH OF THE VINE.

*Modérato.* The Poetry by J. W. Leslie; Music by J. M. Jolly.—Published by Davidson.

A - way, a - way with the wil-low; No lon-ger, no lon-ger re - pine;

— Let each feel-ing of grief be re-press'd, be re - press'd; Bind thy

brows with a wreath, with a wreath of the ge-ne-rous vine! Bind thy

brows with a wreath, with a wreath of the ge-ne-rous vine! It will

teach thee the way to be bless'd! Why sail for the smile that has on - ly be -

tray'd! Why mourn in the summer of youth? Why mourn in the summer of youth? Why

sor-row for false-hood in beau-ty array'd, While this cup beams with sunshine and truth, While this

cup beams with sunshine and truth? Why sor-row for falsehood in beau-ty array'd, While this

cup beams with sunshine and truth? A - way, a - way with the wil-low; No

long-er, no long-er re - pine; Let each feel - ing of grief, of grief be repress'd; Bind thy

brows with a wreath, with a wreath of the ge - ne-rous vine! Bind thy brows with a

wreath of the ge - ne-rous vine! Bind thy brows with a wreath, with a wreath of the

ge - ne-rous vine! Bind thy brows with a wreath of the ge - ne-rous vine, with a

wreath of the ge - ne-rous vine, with a wreath of the ge - ne-rous vine!

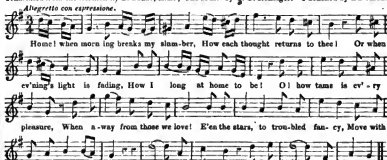
Blind gloomy despair on the altar of joy;  
 Thou leave him to wither and pine;  
 Hark the torments inflicted by Venus' blind boy  
 With the balm of luxurious wine.

Behold how its bubbles invitingly swim,  
 Like pearls on a rich ruby sea, [brim,  
 While I quaff this deep crystal now fill'd to the  
 As a pledge of my friendship to thee.  
 Away, & .

## HOME.

Translated from the German by G. Soane, A.B.; The Music by C. G. Reissiger.—Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto con espressione.*



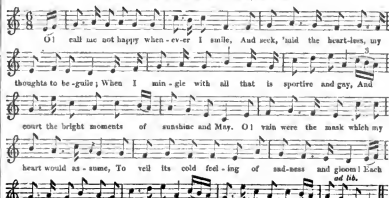
Home! when morn'ing breaks my slum-ber, How each thought returns to thee! Or when  
 ev'ning's light is fading, How I long at home to be! O! how tame is ev'-ry  
 pleasure, When a-way from those we love! E'en the stars, to trou-bled fun- cy, Move with  
 dim-mer light a - bove. Home of child-hood, can I slight thee?—no - ver!

When I see a youth and maiden  
 Arm in arm together roam,  
 Ah! it brings to recollection  
 How I, too, was bless'd at home!  
 O! how tame, &c.

Let me once again behold thee,  
 While I yet can smile or weep;  
 And, methinks, it then were easy,  
 Sleeping the eternal sleep.  
 O! how tam', &c.

## O! CALL ME NOT HAPPY.

Poetry by Miss S. Wollaston; Music by her Sister.



O! call me not happy when - ev - er I smile, And seek, 'mid the heart-les, my  
 thoughts to be - guile; When I min - gle with all that is sportive and gay, And  
 court the bright moments of sunshine and May. O! vain were the mask which my  
 heart would as - sume, To veil its cold feel - ing of sad-ness and gloom! Each  
 moment is cheerless, no pleasure I see, Un - mark'd by thy presence, Un - hallow'd by thee.

But yet there are moments when vainly I seem  
 To forget we are parted! O! would 'twere a dream—  
 And, though from the vision I wake with a sigh,  
 Again I would fancy that still thou art sigh.

O! think not that absence can banish from me  
 One thought or one feeling that speaks but of thee!  
 Then call me not happy, and still I'll seem gay,  
 Though no pleasure comes o'er me when thou art  
 away.

## THE LILY OF THE VALE.

Composed by F. H. S. Pendleton.—Published by Davidson.

*Moderato.*

There is a gen-tle flow-er-ct, That oft un-beed-ed grows Near some un-heard-of  
*Dolce.*  
 ri-vu-let, In calm and sweet re-pose. This lit-tle flow'r is of-ten seen To bloom in  
*rit.*  
 yonder dale: Tho' call'd by some the Forest Queen, 'Tis the Li-ly of the Vale!

Its fragrance fills the air around  
 With exquisite perfume;  
 And all who gaze upon admire  
 The beauty of its bloom,  
 The forest-trees that round it rise  
 Protect it from the gale:—  
 May storms by thee remain unfelt,  
 Sweet Lily of the Vale!

It seeks not to attract the gaze  
 Of ev'ry passer by,  
 But blooms alone, and unobserv'd,  
 In sweet humility,  
 Above all flow'rs it still must be,  
 The pride of yonder dale;  
 And, O! this gentle floweret  
 Is the Lily of the Vale!

## LORD LOVEL.

*Mock Pathetic.*

Lord Lo-vel he stood at his cas-tle gate, Comb-ing his milk-white  
 steed, When up came La-dy Nan-cy Bell, To wish her lo- - vier good  
 speed, speed, speed, To wish her lo- - vier good speed.

'O! where are you going, Lord Lovel?' she said.

'O! where are you going?' said she:

'I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,  
 Foreign countries for to see—

Foreign countries, &amp;c.

'When will you come back, Lord Lovel?' she said;

'When will you come back?' said she.

'In a year or two, or three, or four,

'I'll come back to my Lady Nance—

'I'll come back,' &amp;c.

He'd only been gone twelve months and a day,

Foreign countries for to see,

When lacerating thoughts came into his head,

Lady Nancy Bell he would go see—

Lady Nancy, &amp;c.

So he rode, and he rode, on his milk-white steed,

Till he came to London town;

And there he heard Saint Paneridge bells,

And the people all mourning around,

And the people, &amp;c.

'O! what is the matter?' Lord Lovel he said;

'O! what is the matter?' said he:

A Lord's lady is dead, 'he people all said,

'And some call her Lady Nance—

And some call her,' &amp;c.

Then he order'd the grave to be open'd wide,

And the shroud to be turned down;

And then he kiss'd her clay-cold lips,

Whilst the tears came trickling down,

Whilst the tears, &amp;c.

Then he flung his self down by the side of the corpse,

With a shivering gulp and a guggle;

Gave two hops, three kinks, heav'd a sigh, blew

his nose,

Sung a song, and then died in the struggle,

Sung a song, &amp;c.

Lady Nancy, she died as it might be to-day;

Lord Lovel, he died as to-morrow:—

Lady Nancy, she died out of pure grief;

And Lord Lovel, he died out of sorrow,

And Lord Lovel, &amp;c.

Lady Nancy was laid in Saint Paneridge's church,

Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;

And out of her buxum there grew a red rose,

And out of her lover's a brier,

And out of her, &amp;c.

So they grew, and they grew, to the church-sterple

And they couldn't grow up any higher; {top,

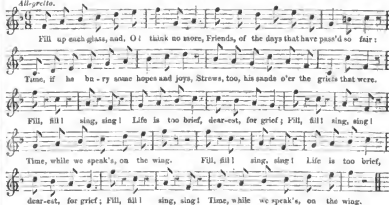
So they twio'd themselves in a true-lover's knot,

For all lovers true to admire,

For all lovers &amp;c.

## FILL, FILL!

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music from Flotow's Opera of Stradella.—Published by Davidson.  
*All-gretto.*



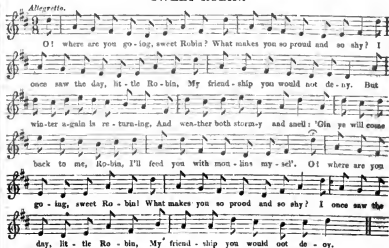
Fill up each glass, and, O! think no more, Friends, of the days that have pass'd so fair:  
Time, if he bu-ry some hopes and joys, Strews, too, his sands o'er the griefs that were.  
Fill, fill! sing, sing! Life is too brief, dear-est, for grief; Fill, fill! sing, sing!  
Time, while we speak's, on the wing. Fill, fill! sing, sing! Life is too brief,  
dear-est, for grief; Fill, fill! sing, sing! Time, while we speak's, on the wing.

Grieving will furrow the face with lines,  
Grieving will quench, too, the brightest eye;

Under the sun he's the happiest one  
Who only lives in the moment nigh.  
Fill, fill! &c.

## SWEET ROBIN.

*Allegretto.*



O! where are you go-ing, sweet Robin? What makes you so proud and so shy? I  
once saw the day, lit-tle Ro-bin, My friend-ship you would not de-ny. But  
win-ter a-gain is re-turn-ing, And wen-ther both storm-y and swell: 'Oin ye will come  
back to me, Ro-bin, I'll feed you with mon-lins my-sel'. O! where are you  
go-ing, sweet Ro-bin! What makes you so proud and so shy? I once saw the  
day, lit-tle Ro-bin, My friend-ship you would not de-oy.

When summer comes in, little Robin  
Forgets all his friends and his care;—  
Away to the fields flies sweet Robin,  
To wander the groves here and there.  
Though you be my debtor, sweet Robin,  
On you I will never lay blame;  
For I've had as dear friends as Robin,  
Who often have serv'd me the same.

O! where are you going? &c.

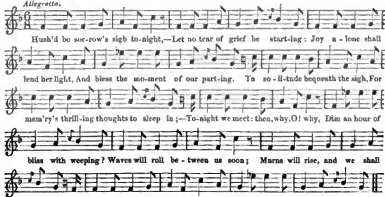
I once had a lover, like Robin,  
Who long for my hand did implore;  
At length he took flight, just like Robin,  
And him I never saw more!  
But should the stereo blast of misfortune  
Return him, as winter brings thee,  
Though slighted by both, little Robin,  
Yet both your faults I'll forgive ye.

O! where are you going? &c.



## HUSH'D BE SORROW'S SIGH.

Poetry by Leman Rede; to Irish Melody, Moore's 'Norah Creina.'—Published by Davidson.  
*Allegretto.*

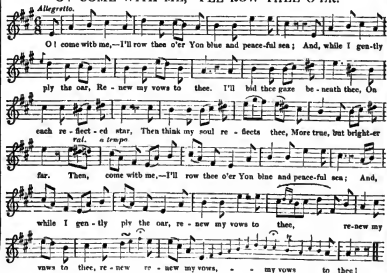


Hush'd be sor-row's sigh to-night,—Let no tear of grief be start-lag: Joy a-lone shall  
lend her light, And bless the mo-ment of our part-ing. To so-ll-tude bequeath the sigh, For  
mem'ry's thrill-ing thoughts to sleep in;—To-night we meet: then, why, O! why, Dim an hour of  
bliss with weeping? Waves will roll be-tween us soon; Murrs will rise, and we shall  
greet not; Re-serve your tears till eve has down, And let us weep, love, when we meet not.  
Come, take the cup! our only tears  
Must be the ruby tears of pleasure;  
These few last moments are as years—  
We cannot lose in woe the treasure!  
Now let ev'ry thought of bliss  
Here in rich communion meet, love!  
Perchance we take a last long kiss,  
O! let that dear last kiss be sweet, love!  
Waves will roll, &c.

O! let our parting hour be such—  
A brilliant moment of delight, love,—  
That rapture could not add a touch  
Of joy, to make the hour more bright, love  
That when, afar, we dream again  
On pleasure fled or bliss departed,  
One gem shall light the page of pain,—  
Remembrance of the eve we parted!  
Waves will roll, &c.

## O! COME WITH ME,—I'LL ROW THEE O'ER.

*Allegretto.*



O! come with me,—I'll row thee o'er Yon blue and peace-ful sea; And, while I gen-tly  
ply the oar, Re-new my vows to thee. I'll bid thee gaze be-neath thee, On  
each re-lect-ed star, Then think my soul re-lects thee, More true, but bright-er  
*ral. a tempo*  
far. Then, come with me,—I'll row thee o'er Yon blue and peace-ful sea; And,  
while I gen-tly ply the oar, re-new my vows to thee, re-new my  
vows to thee, re-new re-new my vows, - - my vows to thee!

O! could I count the stars above,  
The wild wave's ceaseless swell;  
My deep, my pure, my boundless love  
To thee I would not tell.

As soon the stars forget to rise,  
The waves shall cease to flow,  
Ere my fond heart forget its sighs,  
Or cease to love thee, no!  
Then come with me, &c.

## LITTLE TAFFLINE.

Music by Storace.

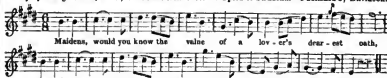
*Allegro.*



Should e'er the for - tune be my lot To be made a wealth - y bride, I'll  
glad my pa - rents' low - ly cot, All their plea - sure and their pride: And  
when I'm dress'd all in my best, I'll trip a - way, Like la - dy gay, I'll  
trip, I'll trip a - way, And the lads will say, 'Dear heart, what a flash! Look at  
lit - tle Taffline, with a silken sash!' And the lads will say, 'Dear heart, what a  
flash!' And the lads will say, 'Dear heart, what a flash! Look at lit - tle Taf -  
fine, look at lit - tle Taffline, O! look at lit - tle Taffline, with a silk-en sash!'  
O! then what pleasure to be seen,  
When the lads at evening meet!  
With silken sash of pink or green—  
Silken roses on my feet!  
How folks will stare,  
As her goes by!  
'See, see!' they'll cry,  
'Her saucy air!'  
And the lads will say, 'Dear heart, what a flash!  
Look at little Taffline, with a silken sash!'

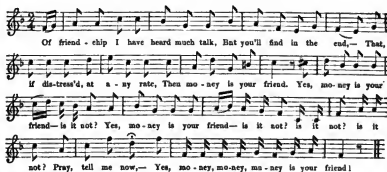
## MAIDENS, WOULD YOU KNOW.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; the Music from Flotow's Opera of Stradella.—Published by Davidson.



Maidens, would you know the value of a lov - er's dear - est oath,  
Go and ask Old Time the prophet, He will tell you, no - thing loth.  
Youths who worship at the altar  
Of some dear, lov'd, peerless fair,  
Go and look in Old Time's mirror,—  
Only see her image there.  
Age, that still must heap up treasure,  
While you crawl upon the earth:  
Seek Time in his church-yard dwelling;—  
He will laugh and tell its worth.  
Ooe and all, then, turn to wisdom,  
Age and youth, and maiden too;—  
What Old Time has said to others,  
Let it warning be to you.

## MONEY IS YOUR FRIEND.

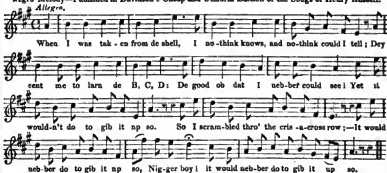


If you are sick and like to die,  
And for the doctor send,  
To him you must advance a fee :—  
Then money is your friend.  
Yes, money is your friend, &c.  
If you should have a suit at law,  
On which you much depend,

You must pay the lawyer for his brief;—  
Then money is your friend.  
Yes, money is your friend, &c.  
Then let me have but store of gold,  
From ill it will defend;  
In ev'ry exigence of life,  
Dear money is your friend!  
Yes, money is your friend, &c.

## "Twill Nebber Do to Gib it Up So.

Negro Melody—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of the Songs of Henry Russell.



From a tiny Nig grown up a lad,  
I look about what trade to be had:  
Hatter, tailor, can't advance,  
So I set up at once to teach de dance;  
Find it difficult to point de toe,  
To figger in and figger out so;  
Yet it acber do to gib it up so, Nigger boy,—  
It would nebber do to gib it up so.  
I dance as light as old bear's cub,  
And all at once I tumble into lub  
Wid de handsom'et critter ebber was seen;—  
Her hair is red, her eyes am green,  
And dat it wur dat make me lub her so;  
Though she keep confus'd all answer me 'No,'  
It would nebber do to gib her up so, Nigger boy,—  
It would nebber do to gib her up so.

Now I've fifteen little Nigs complete,  
And what's berry strange, ebbery one o' 'em can eat  
Day and night I dance, I toil,  
And all to make de pot to boil;—  
For it's munney makes de mare to go,  
And de little tings must lib, you know;  
So it nebber do to gib it up so, Nigger boy,—  
No, it nebber do to gib it up so.  
I'm happy man wid happy wife,  
Wid my little Nigs I lead a happy life;  
To gib any ting up I say is absurd,  
And as to can't, I don't know de word;  
Where de will is dere's a way, we know,—  
All can manage if to work dey go;—  
Labour hard, and nebber gib it up so, Nigger boy,—  
No, nebber, nebber gib it up so.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## I CANNA LIKE YOU, GENTLE SIR.

Scottish Melody.

can-na like you, gen-tle sir, Al-though a laird yna be: I  
like a bon - ny Scot-tish lad, Who brnought me frae Dun - dee;  
Had a - wa wi' Jam-le, Had a - wa wi' Jam-le, Had a - wa wi' Jam-le o'er the  
lea; I gang'd a - long wi' free gudewill, - He's all the world to me.

I've gang wi' Jamie frae Dundee,  
To cheer the lanesome way;  
His cheeks are ruddy n'er wi' health,  
He's frolic as the May.  
Had awa, &c.

The la erock mounts to hail the morn,  
The flit-white swells her throat;  
But neither are sa sweet, sa clear,  
As Jamie's tuncfu' note.  
Had awa, &c.

## HIGHLAND MARY,

Poetry by Burns.

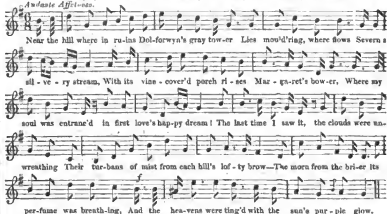
Ye banks and braes, and streams a - round The Cas-tle n' Munt - go - me - ry,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs, Your wa-ters ne - ver drum-lic;  
There sim-mer first un - fold'd her robes, And there the lang - est tar - ry! For  
there I took the last fare-weel O' my sweet High-land Ma - ry, For  
there I took the last fare - weel O my sweet High-land Ma - ry.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!  
As, underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
The golden hours, no angel wings,  
Flew n'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me, as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary!  
Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender!  
And, pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder;

But, O! fell death's untimely frost,  
That slipp'd my flower sae early!  
Now green's the sod, and canld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary.  
O pale, pale anw, those rosy lips,  
I aft hae kiss'd one fondly!  
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,  
That dwelt on me sae kindly;  
And mould'ring now in silent dust,  
That heart that lov'd me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

## MARGARET'S BOWER.

The Poetry by J. W. Leslie; the Music by J. M. Jolly.—Published by Davidson.

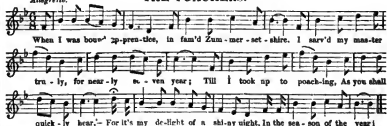
*Andante Affettuoso.*


Near the hill where in ru-las Dol-forwyn's gray tow-er Lies mou'd'ring, where flows Severn's  
 all - ve - ry stream, With its vine - cover'd porch ri - ses Mar - ga-ret's bow-er, Where my  
 soul was entranc'd in first love's hap-py dream! The last time I saw it, the clouds were un-  
 wreathing Their tur-bans of mist from each hill's lof - ty brow.—The morn from the bri-er its  
 per-fume was brenth-ing, And the hea-vens were ting'd with the sun's pur - ple glow.

No parting farewell we exchanged, nor a token  
 To soften my exile or lighten my care;  
 But the bond that enslaved me remains still un-  
 broken,  
 And I sigh for the scenes to fond memory dear!  
 Should I ever return, then woe to the scorner  
 Who branded my truth with dishonour's dark  
 name:—  
 I'll turn his false yell to the wail of the mourner,  
 And expunge the foul blot that has sullied my  
 fame.

Ah! where are my hopes? They like shadows have  
 vanish'd;  
 And the star of my happiness darkly hath set:  
 Heart-broken and wretched, distracted and ban-  
 ish'd,  
 I weep o'er the hours I can never forget!  
 When death's fatal arrow is drawn from the quiver,  
 And my soul wings her flight to the regions  
 above,  
 Lay my form 'neath the tow'r near the beautiful  
 Margaret's bower, the home of my love.

## THE POACHERS.

*Allegretto.*


When I was bou-nd ap-pren-tice, in fam'd Zum-mer-set-shire. I serv'd my mas-ter  
 tru - ly, for near - ly se - ven year; Till I took up to poach-ing, As you shall  
 quick - ly hear,— For it's my de-light of a shi-ny night, In the sea - son of the year!

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,  
 The gamekeeper was a watching us,—for him we  
 did not care; (where,—  
 For we can wrestle, fight, my boys, jump over any  
 For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season  
 of the year!

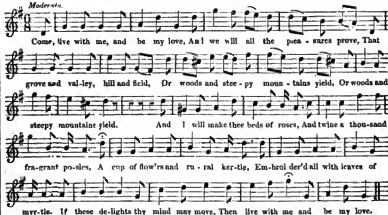
As me and my companions were setting four and  
 five, (live;  
 And taking of them up again, we took the hare a-  
 We popp'd her into a bag, my boys, and thro' the  
 wood did steer,—

For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season  
 of the year!

We threw her o'er our shoulders, and wander'd  
 through the town,  
 Call'd into a neighbour's house, and sold her for a  
 crown:— (you where,—  
 We sold her for a crown, my boys, but dare not tell  
 But it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season  
 of the year.

Well, here's success to Poaching, for I do think it  
 fair; (his deer;  
 Bad luck to ev'ry housekeeper that would not sell  
 Good luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that wants to buy  
 a hare,— (of the year!  
 For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season

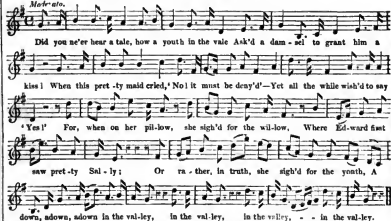
## COME, LIVE WITH ME.

*Moderato.*

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
A coral clasp and amber studs,—  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,  
For thy delights each May morning;  
If joys like these thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.  
If joys like these, &c.

## ADOWN, ADOWN IN THE VALLEY.

*Moderato.*

Did you ne'er hear it said, when he ask'd her to  
wed,  
And told her true love prompted so,  
How this silly maid spoke,—to be sure 'twas in joke,  
For she answered him, 'Shepherd, no, no!  
Yet, when on her pillow, she sigh'd for the willow,  
Where Edward first saw pretty Sally;  
Or rather, in truth, she sigh'd for the youth,  
Adown, adown, adown in the valley.

But, ah! now you shall find how this maid chang'd  
her mind,  
When a twelvemonth had pass'd after this;  
For when he next press'd, at the church to be bless'd.  
O! she answer'd, 'Dear shepherd, yes, yes!  
Nor, when on her pillow, more sigh'd for the willow  
Where Edward first saw pretty Sally;  
But bless'd the fond day they to church flew away,  
Adown, adown, adown in the valley.

## DE MERRY SHOE-BLACK.

Negro Melody.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of the Songs of Henry Russell.  
*Allegro Moderato.*

A gwine down to New Or-leans, I ax my-self a ques-tin: I go to yearn a  
lib-er-ty-hood, wat ting I do de best in? I can't set op for Pre-si-dent, a-  
cos I'm nnt im-pow-er'd; I can-not be a so-ger man, a-cos I am a  
cow-ard, a cow-ard, a cow-ard, a-cos I am a cow-ard. My feel-ings  
am as sen-si-tif as fee-lan-tro-py How-ard, How-ard, How-ard, de  
great man How-ard! Ro, re, ri, ro—I'm her-ry shock-ing cow-ard!

I tisk ob dis, I tisk ob dat, but nothdsk sult my  
view, sir: [shoe, sir;

At last I set me up in trade to clean de boot and  
Wid Day and Martin, brush and pot, to be a shining  
man, sir:

Ambition am my only fault, so I do all I can, sir,  
A man, sir, a man, sir, a berry shining man, sir;  
Lord Wellington and Bobby Peel dey follow out my  
plan, sir:

Plan, sir, plan, sir, ambition's plan, sir,—  
Ro, re, ri, ro,—Jim berry shining man, sir.

Wheo Kentucky come up to my stall, dere rudeness  
I abolish, [de polish;

And thn' on manners dey can boast, I tip 'em soon  
De white-wash wumans lart at me, and cock dem  
ugly nose up, [toes up;

But when it muddy, gorry den I brush dere little  
Dere toes, up, dere toes op, dere natty little  
toes up,— [it grows up,

Dere's nothink ever made but has some use in't as  
Grows up, grows up, it useful grows up,—  
Ro, re, ri, ro,—den why dey cock de nose up?

My blacking-pot am like meself, a handsome' stand-  
in' colour: [duller;

So, on my life, I get a wife, 'cos I find de days grow  
She's washer-wumans, scrubs all day, gibs dirty tings  
a racking, [ing;

She flourish in de whitening trade as I do in de black-  
De blacking, de blacking, de whitening and de  
blackening,— [Blackening;

So we set op in partnership, de firm of Whiting  
Blackening, blackening, de whitening blackening,  
Ro, re, ri, ro, whitening and de blackening.

My Dianh she get in de suds—I work away and  
grinny,

And berry soon, a happy Nig, I dandle piccaninny;  
Him bonifal as am meself, fine colour but not too  
black, [shoeblack;

And berry certain sure I am he'll make a handsome'  
A shoeblack, a shoeblack, rule mulatto shoeblack;  
So all my guls shall larn to wash—each boy shall be  
a shoeblack,

Shoeblack, shoeblack, shall be a shoeblack,  
Ro, re, ri, ro a merry, merry shoeblack!

## SWEET ANNE PAGE.

With thee fair sum-mer's joys ap-pear!—O! sweet Anne Page! [at, thou a-  
way, drend win-ter's near—O! sweet Anne Page! And all a-round is dark and drear: The  
bees—birds note, and shepherds mourn: All nature droops till you return!—O! sweet Anne Page!

When April's glories shine on me,—  
O! sweet Anne Page!  
And violets bloom,—ah! none I see,—  
O! sweet Anne Page!

But sweets or colours stolen from thee!  
Yet, though 'tis winter, thou away,  
Still these thy shadows make it May,—  
O! sweet Anne Page!

~~~~~  
L, A, W, LAW.

*Marche Bene.*

At-tend un-to me for a while,— I've a sto-ry will make you all smile, And your  
cares it will sure-ly be-guile, And make them at once to with-draw. The subject I  
sing of 's the law,— It gives room for a deal of slack jaw;— I have paid for my knowledge so  
gay-ly,—To do good, then, a lesson can't foll ya. And a moral will right-ly en-tail ye, in  
L, A, W, Law; The cares and the plea-sures of Law The saint and the sin-ner both  
awe;— So, if you are fond of a sta-tion, Where for cash you can have an or-  
ration That in np-rour would set all the na-tion, You're a downright tool for the Law.

When a cause you have got coming on,  
How the big-wigs will smile you upon,  
And they'll beat you, ten to one,  
While they make of you a cat's-paw,  
And they lay on your sovereigns their claw,  
Which into their fobs they draw.  
Then they tip you a long oration,  
With pomp and ostentation;  
And leave you in consternation,  
At there J. A. W, Law;  
Which is all that you get for Law,  
Excepting a Pish! or a Paha!

So if you, &c.

If in Chancery you'd be peeping,  
The judge on your case is sleeping,  
Or waking and sighing and weeping,  
Instead of attending to Law;  
Though of Equity he will jaw,  
And, swinging his leg, see-saw,  
Will puzzle you early and late,  
And doubt and procrastinate,  
And ruin you, certain as fate,  
Both in Equity and in Law:  
L, A, W, Law,  
Your estate will from you draw!—

So, if you, &c.

And should you be the Queen's Bench in,  
Because you've been going a wenching,

A thing which I blush to mention,  
For in character it is a flaw;—  
Then the Judge lets loose his jaw,  
And lays down what isn't Law,  
His hopes are rotten, whose trust is  
Plac'd upon getting cheap Justice;  
For what they say must be, must be,—  
'Tis always the maxim in Law.

L, A, W, Law:  
Which seldom is worth a straw.

So if you, &c.

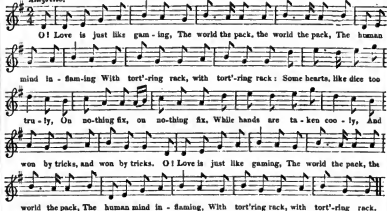
Then, while you're safely seated,  
Never mind being cheated,—  
'Tis better than being hated  
In the terrible oven of Law;  
If you wish to know what it's for,  
It's like a game at taw;  
And you'll be knock'd out of the centre,  
If e'er you attempt to enter;  
So take me for your Mentor,  
And don't be quite so raw;—  
R, A, W, Raw,  
Is a quality known in Law;—  
So I'd advise you to take a station,  
Where for cash you can have an oration,  
That we are all of us tools for the Law.  
And auricular demonstration!



## O! LOVE IS JUST LIKE GAMING.

Poetry by Miss Mary Leman Ride, to Irish Melody, Moore's 'To Ladies' Eyes.'—Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto.*



The men—O! who will doubt it?

Are oft the knaves, are oft the knaves;

But when we set about it,

We make them slaves, we make them slaves;

But some are so unruly,—

They will be kings, they will be kings,

And kings of clubs too truly,

And such like things, and such like things.

The ladies all to Hymen's

Bright altars crowd, bright altars crowd,—

Some to be queens of diamonds,

It is allow'd, it is allow'd;

But such soon change their billing,

And call in aids, and call in aids,

And, while their spouses killing,

Prove queens of spades, prove queens of spades.

But those who prize the winning

Of real bias, of real bias,

Despise such sword slaming,

As much amiss, as much amiss;

And seek those honours solely

That love imparts, that love imparts—

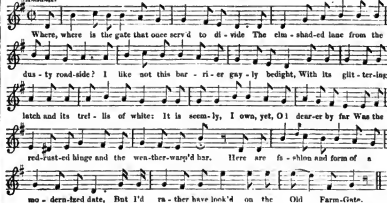
And then they are in verity

The queens of hearts, the queens of hearts!

## THE OLD FARM-GATE.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Andante.*



'Twas here that the urchins would gather to play  
In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day ;  
For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks or  
sand, [stand ;—

Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could with-  
But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,  
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride ;  
And the ear of the victor, or carriage of state,  
Never carried such hearts as the Old Farm-Gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound  
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a  
hound ;

The beagle might bust, and the spaniel might swim,  
But none could leap over the postern like him.

When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,  
And the quickly pull'd willow-branch serv'd for a  
whip, [freight,

Spite of lagging and tugging, he'd stand for his  
While I climb'd on his back from the Old Farm-  
Gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,  
When the moe was above and the glow-worms  
below ;

Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,  
While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs  
grew quick.

Why, why did he linger so restlessly there, [hair ?  
With church-going vestment and sprucely coat  
He lov'd, O ! he lov'd, and had promis'd to wait  
For the one he ador'd, at the Old Farm-Gate.

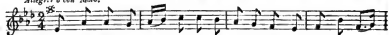
O ! fair is the barrier taking its place,  
But it darkens a picture my soul lov'd to trace ;—  
I sigh to behold the rough staple and haap,  
And the rails, that my growing hand scarcely could  
clasp.

O ! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part  
With the commonest reile once link'd to the heart !  
And the brightest of fortune, the kindest fate,  
Would not banish my love for the Old Farm-Gate!

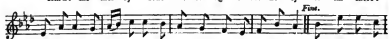
### HARK ! THE MERRY BELLS.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B. ; to the Music of 'Hort die Glocken,' from Flotow's Opera of Stradella.  
Published by Davidson.

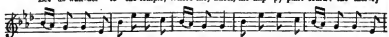
*Allerg. 1 o con Moto.*



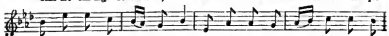
Hark ! the mer - ry bells are call-ing To the ho - ly al - tar there :



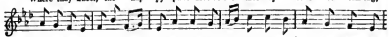
Let us wan-der to the temple, Where they kneel, the hap - py pair. Hark ! the mer-ry



bells are call-ing To the ho-ly al - tar there : Let us wan-der to the tem-ple



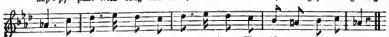
Where they kneel, the hap - py pair. Hark ! the mer - ry bells are call-ing,



To the ho-ly al-tar there. Let us wan-der to the temple, Where they kneel, the



hap - py pair. With song and dance, the crowds ad-vance, A gay and laugh-ing



through, And all take part, with joy - ous heart, The old as well as young.

Hear the lark and linnet singing ;  
Dance the flow'rs on the breeze  
All is full of life and pleasure,  
To the buds upon the trees.  
Hark ! the merry bells are calling  
To holy altar there :

Let us wander to the temple  
Where they kneel, the happy pair.  
Ah ! clearly flow the streams below,  
And bright the skies above ;  
But, O ! not half so clear and bright  
As youthful eyes of love.  
Hark ! the bells, &c.

## HOPE, THOU NURSE.

*Andantino.*

Hope, thou nurse of young de-sire, Fal-ry prom-i-ser of joy! Pain-ed  
va-pour, glow-ing fire, Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy! Hope, thou ear-nest  
of de-light, Soft-est sooth-er of the mind! Balmy cor-dial, pros-pect bright,  
Surest friend the wretched find! Kind de-er-er, flat-ter still; Deal out plea-sures  
un-pos-sess'd; With thy dream my fan-cy fill, And in wish-es make me bless'd.

## ACROSS THE DOWNS THIS MORNING.

From 'No Song no Supper.'

A-cross the downs this morn-ing, As be-times I chanc'd to go, A  
shep-herd led his flock a-broad, All white as dri-ven snow; But  
one was most the shep-herd's care, A lamb so sleek, so plump, so fair;—its  
wond'rous beau-ties, in a word, To let you fair-ly know,—'Twas  
such as Nel-ly from the fire Took off not long a-go.

This lamb, as blithe as Midsummer,  
His frolic gambols play'd,  
And now of all the flock a-head,  
The pretty wanton stray'd.  
A wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes,  
Rush'd forth and seiz'd the tender prize—  
The shepherd saw and rais'd a stone,  
So round, so large, I vow,—  
'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid  
Upon the shelf just now!

This monstrous stone the shepherd flung,  
And well his aim he took,  
Yet scarce the savage creature deign'd  
Around to cast a look;  
But fled as swift with footstep light  
As he who brought the wine to-night;—  
I tried to stop the thief, but he  
Turn'd round in rage, good lack!  
So mad the lawyer scarce can be,  
That's hid in yonder sack.

# WHEN VULCAN FORG'D THE BOLTS OF JOVE; OR THE ORIGIN OF GUNPOWDER.

The Poetry by Thomas Dibdin. The Music by M. Corri.

*Andante Moderato.*

When Vul - can forg'd the bolts of Jove, In Æt - na's roar - ing glow,  
 Nep-tune pe-ti-tion'd he might prove Their use and pow'r be - low, their use and pow'r be -  
 low; But, find-ing in the bound-less deep Such thunders would but i - dly sleep, He  
 with them arm'd Bri-tan-nia's hand, To guard from foes her na - tive land; He  
 with them arm'd Bri-tan-nia's hand, To guard from foes her na - tive land.

Long may she own the glorious right!  
 And when through circling flame  
 She darts her thunder in the fight,  
 May justice guide her aim!

And, when opposed in future wars,  
 Her soldiers brave and gallant tars  
 Shall launch her fires from every hand  
 On every foe to Britain's land.

## MY GENTLE ISABEL.

The Poetry by Mrs. Crawford. The Music by A. Loder.

*Andante.*

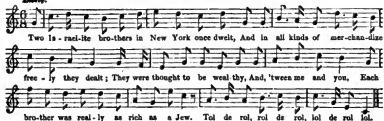
They tell me thou art chang'd, And smile on o - thers more than me; And  
 hap - ly I had been be-guil'd To think that such might be, But that a  
 voice with-in my breast Did plead thy cause so well, It put to si - lence all the rest, My  
 gen-tle Is - a - bel; It put to si - lence all the rest, My gen-tle Is - a - bel.

It told me spirits chase as thine  
 Were chary of their love,  
 Too delicate, too purely fine,  
 Like common minds to rove;  
 And therefore 'tis I love thee so,  
 As words but poorly tell;—  
 Ah! who like me thy heart can know,  
 My gen'tle Isabel?

Then let them tell me what they will,  
 I'll never more believe;—  
 As fragrant flow'rs their balm distill,  
 So memory shall leave  
 So rich and sweet account of thee  
 As will for ever dwell,  
 When thou art far away from me,  
 My gentle Isabel!

## THE BARREL OF PORK.

Published by Duncombe, Middle Row, Holborn.

*Lively.*

No creditor e'er went away from their door,  
Till death called on Moses to settle his score:  
No mortal can ever evade such a call,  
So Moses he sleeps, ains, his last sleep of all.

Tol lol, &amp;c.

Then Isaac, his brother, exclaimed, — 'Lucky elf!  
All his goods and his money belong to myself.  
Ah! but stop—dere's a will, I must just read it thro',  
To see what poor Moses would have me to do.'

Tol lol, &amp;c.

The will it thus ran:—'When I cease to live,  
All my cash and my goods to my brother I give,  
Upon this condition, that hard he shall toll  
To bury my body in real English soil.'

Tol lol, &amp;c.

Isaac tried every captain and could not prevail,  
For none would agree with the body to sell;  
But, not to be balk'd, he set quietly to work,  
And embarked it at last as a barrel of pork.

Tol lol, &amp;c.

Mo was cut to pieces with chopper and knife—  
He had never been cut up so much in his life;—  
Isaac wrote to his agent to tell him his plan,  
And beg'd him to bury the poor pickled man.

Tol lol, &amp;c.

Some months after this, as he walk'd on the wharf,  
He met with the captain, a sallow-faced man:—  
'Well, goot captain,' he cried, looking steadfastly  
round,

'You delivered my parrel, I hope, safe and sound.

Tol lol, &amp;c.

Said the captain, 'Friend Isaac, I'm sorry to say  
That during our trip we were near cast away:  
When in sight of old England we lay a sheer bulk,  
And, provisions beings scarce, we were forc'd to break  
bulk.'

Tol lol, &amp;c.

'Break bulk!' roared out Isaac, 'you're worse than a  
Turk!

But surely you ne'er broke my parrel of pork?'

'Indeed, but we did,' cried the captain; 'don't huff  
For I'll pay you a good price, though it was devilish  
tough!'

Tol lol, &amp;c.

'Ah! mine Got!' cried poor Isaac, 'as I am a sinner,  
You have eat my poor prober Moses for dinner.'

'Your brother? Why, sounds! then myself and the  
crew

Have feasted three days on a piece of tough Jew!'

Tol lol, &amp;c.

'But come now, friend Isaac, to finish this work,  
I'll pay for your brother as though he was pork.'

'No, no,' replied Isaac: 'tho' we cheat one another,  
Our law won't permit us to sell our own brother.'

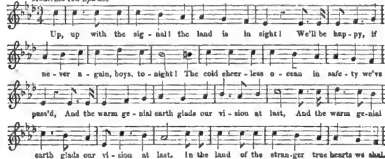
Tol lol, &amp;c.

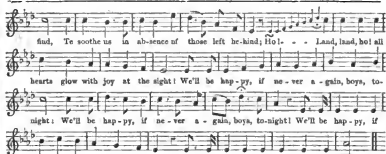
In his purse the captain was putting his gold,  
Which Isaac spying, cried, 'Goot captain, hold!  
Though I can't touch de cash for dat proder of mine,  
You can pay me, you know, for de parrel and prime.'

Tol lol, &amp;c.

## LAND, HO!

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.  
*Moderato con Spirito.*





The signal is waving!—Till morn we remain,  
Then part in the hope to meet one day again,  
Round the hearth-stones of home, in the land of our  
birth.

The holiest spot on the face of the earth!  
Dear country, our thoughts are as constant to thee  
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea;  
Ho! land, and, ho! we fear it, we bound at the  
sight!

We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

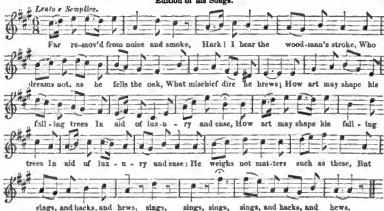
The signal is answer'd!—The foam-sparkles rise  
Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eye;—  
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of  
care

Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!  
One health, as chime gayly the nautical odes,—  
'To woman—God bless her! wherever she dwells!  
Ho! the pilot's on board, and, thank Heaven, all's  
right!

We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

### THE WOODMAN.

By Charles Dibdin.—Published, with Piano-Forte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Cheap and Complete Edition of his Songs.



Perhaps, now fell'd by this bold man,  
That tree shall form the spruce sedan,  
Or wheel-barrow, where oyster Nan  
So runs her vulgar rig;  
The stage where boxers crowd in flocks,  
Or else a quack's, perhaps the stocks,  
Or posts for signs, or barbers' blocks,  
Where smiles the parson's wig.  
Thou mak'st, bold peasant,—O! what grief!  
The gibbet, on which hangs the thief;  
The seat where sits the grave lord chief;  
The throne, the cobbler's stall:

Thou pamper'st life in every stage,  
Mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage,  
For children toys, crutches for age,  
And coffins for us all  
Yet justice let us still afford;—  
These chairs and this convivial board,  
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' board,  
Confess the woodman's stroke:  
He made the press that bled the vine,  
The butt that holds the generous wine,  
The hall itself where tipplers join  
To crack the mirthful joke.

## O! WHEN IN DAYS THAT ARE YET TO RISE.

Poetry by Miss Mary Leman Rede; to Irish Melody, Moore's 'Legacy.'

Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto.*

O! when, in days that are yet to rise, A - lone you stray by this moon - lit  
 sea, And gaze as now on the star - ry skies, Will not a fond thought re - vert to me?  
 Wilt thou not wish, al - though no longer Fond in - ter - est in thy heart I claim, That  
 o - ther friends and ties far stronger May hap - pi - ly light my steps to fame.

O yes! I know, though far I sever,  
 Without the hope that was once my own,  
 Thy heart cannot resign for ever  
 The thoughts of bright days too fleetly flown;  
 And thou wilt wish, where'er I wander,  
 That heaven's kind care my path may keep,  
 And shed a tear of pity—fonder  
 Than happier days e'er saw thee weep.

And when my weary exile's o'er,  
 And time shall bring the wanderer home,  
 To tread again the native shore  
 From which and thee 'twas death to roam—  
 Although forgot by all who may linger,  
 As kindred or friends, to my cold view,—  
 Love, early love, with unerring finger,  
 I feel, will point me out to you.

## THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION IN A STORM.

*Moderato.*

One night came on a hur - ri - cane, The sea was moun - tains roll - ing, When  
 Bar - nety Bunt - line turn'd his quid, And said to Bil - ly Bow - ling:— 'A  
 strong nor - wes - ter's blow-ing, Bill—Hark! don't you hear it roar now? Lord  
 help them—how I pi - ties all Un - hap - py folks a - shore now!

\* Foolhardy chaps what lives in towns,  
 What dangers they are hauling!  
 And now are quaking in their beds,  
 For fear the roof should fall in.  
 Poor creatures! how they envy us,  
 And wishes. (I've a notion,  
 For our good luck, in such a storm,  
 To be upon the ocean.

\* But as for them who're out all day,  
 On business, from their houses,  
 And late at night are coming home  
 To cheer their babes and spouses,

While you and I, Bill, on the deck  
 Are comfortably lying,  
 My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots  
 About their heads are flying!

\* And often have we seamen beard  
 How men are kill'd and undone,  
 By overtures of carridges,  
 By thieves, and fires, in London.  
 We know what risks all landmen run,  
 From noblemen to tailors!—  
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence  
 That you and I are sailors!

## HONEST BOB OF THE MILL.

*Live'y.*



My heart is as ho-nest and brave as the best; My bo-dy's as sound as a  
 roach; Tho' in gay span-gled garments I never was dress'd, Nor stuck up my nob in a  
 coach, Nor stuck up my nob in a coach. If for-tune re-fu-ses to flow with my  
 stream, My sacks with her rich-es to fill, Why, sure-ly, 'tis for-tune a-  
 lone that's to blame,—And not ho-nest Bob of the mill, And not ho-nest Bob of the  
 mill, And not honest Bob of the mill, And not ho-nest Bob of the mill, honest Bob of the  
 mill; Why, sure-ly, 'tis fortune a-lone that's to blame, And not honest Bob of the mill.

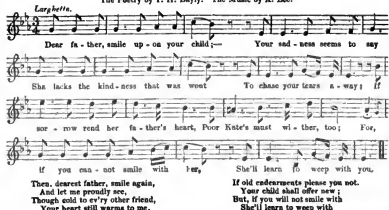
My breast is as artless and blithe as my lav.  
 From my cottage content never flies:—  
 She is sure to reward the fatigues of the day,  
 And I know how to value the prize.

Would the girl that I love, then, but give me her hand.  
 The world it may wag as it will:—  
 I defy the first 'squire or lord of the land  
 To dishonour plain Bob of the mill.

## DEAR FATHER, SMILE.

The Poetry by T. H. Bayly. The Music by A. Lee.

*Larghetto.*



Dear fa-ther, smile up-on your child;— Your sad-ness seems to say  
 She lacks the kind-ness that was wont To chase your tears a-way; If  
 sor-row rend her fa-ther's heart, Poor Kate's must wi-ther, too; For,  
 if you can-not smile with her, She'll learn to weep with you.  
 Then, dearest father, smile again,  
 And let me proudly see,  
 Though cold to ev'ry other friend,  
 Your heart still warms to me.  
 If old endearments please you not.  
 Your child shall offer new;  
 But, if you will not smile with  
 She'll learn to weep with



## THEY TELL ME THERE ARE OTHER LANDS.

The Poetry by Mark Lemon. The Music by Rossini.

*Allegro con Espressionc.*

They tell me there are o - ther lands More beau - ti - ful than thee, Up - on whose  
sands the gem and pearl Are scat - ter'd by the sea; They tell me there are o - ther  
lands More beau - ti - ful than thee, Up - on whose sands the gem and pearl Are scat - ter'd  
*ad lib.*  
by the sea. They say their streams o'er crys - tal flow, Through spi - cy groves and  
dells, - - And in their nev - er - fa - ding flow'rs The bee un - ti - ring  
dwells, And in [their nev - er fa - ding flow'rs The bee un - ti - ring dwells. They  
tell me there are o - ther lands More beau - ti - ful than thee, More beau - ti -  
ful than thee; They tell me there are o - ther lands More beau - ti - ful than thee.

But have their streams the music  
Of thy fountains and thy rills;  
And have their flow'rs the language  
Of those upon thy hills?

O! if they want their magic,  
How worthless all to me;—  
There is no spot, my native land,  
So beautiful as thee!

## A FROG HE WOULD A WOONG GO.

*Lively.*

A frog he would a woo - ing go, Heigh - o! says Row - ly; A frog he  
would a woo - ing go, Whe - ther his mo - ther would let him or no,—With his  
row - ly pow - ly, gam - mon and splaage—'Heigh-o!' said An - tho - ny Row

## DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

Off he set with his op'ra-hat,  
Heigho, &c.  
On the road he met with a rat,  
With a rowly powly, &c.  
They soon arriv'd at mouse's hall,  
Heigho, &c.  
They gave a loud tap, and they gave a loud call,  
With a rowly powly, &c.  
'Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?'  
Heigho, &c.  
'Yes, kind sire; I'm sitting to spin,'  
With a rowly powly, &c.  
'Come, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,'  
Heigho, &c.  
'That Froggy and I may have some cheer,'  
With a rowly powly, &c.  
'Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?'  
Heigho, &c.  
'And let it be something that's not very long,'  
With a rowly powly, &c.  
'Indeed, Mrs. Mouse,' replied the frog,  
Heigho, &c.  
'A cold has made us as hoarse as a hog,'  
With a rowly powly, &c.

'Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog,' mouse said,  
Heigho, &c.  
'I'll sing you a song that I have just made,'  
With a rowly powly, &c.  
As they were in glee and a merry-making,  
Heigho, &c.  
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in,  
With a rowly powly, &c.  
The cat, she seized the rat by the crown,  
Heigho, &c.  
The kittens, they pull'd the little mouse down,  
With a rowly powly, &c.  
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,  
Heigho, &c.  
He took up his hat, and he wish'd them good night,  
With a rowly powly, &c.  
As Froggy was crossing it over a brook,  
Heigho, &c.  
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up,  
With a rowly powly, &c.  
So here is an end of one, two, and three,  
Heigho, &c.  
The rat, the mouse, and the little froggy,  
With a rowly powly, &c.

### WIDOW GLIB AND SIR STEEPLE.

The Poetry by George Daniel, Esq., to the Music of 'A Frog he would a wooing go.'

Sir Steeple he courted the queer widow Glib—  
Heigho! Sir Steeple,—  
He knew she was rich, and he wanted to crib  
Her cash,—so he offer'd to make her his rib,  
With his teasing, pleasing,  
Hoaxing and coaxing:  
A comical bean was Sir Steeple.  
Her purse it was long, tho' her person was short—  
Heigho, &c.  
And her beauty was none of the ravishing sort;  
Yet the eye of his knightship her moony-bags  
caught,—  
Their mingling, jangling,  
Soon set a tingling  
The sensitive heart of Sir Steeple.

Now love, in return, the fair widow enthral'd,  
And fondly she ogled Sir Steeple;  
They gadded together to concerts and balls,  
Like the Monument illo'k'd to the dome of St. Paul's!  
With their perking, smirking,  
Winking and blinking,  
The fair Mrs. Glib and Sir Steeple.  
They trotted to church, for their passion increas'd—  
The parson he whisper'd Sir Steeple—  
'Your wife's rather short.'—'You are right, master  
priest;  
But, in choosing two evils, I've chosen the least!'  
With their roley poley,  
Coupled so drolly,  
Off march'd Widow Glib and Sir Steeple

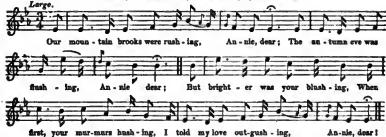
### AND HAS SHE THEN FAIL'D IN HER TRUTH.

*Andante.*

And has she then fail'd in her truth, The beau-ti-ful maid I a-dore? Shall I  
ne-ver a-gain hear her voice, Nor see her lov'd form a-ny more? Ah!  
Se-li-na, cru-el you prove, Yet sure my hard fate you'll be-wail: I  
could not pre-sume you would love, Yet pi-ty, I hop'd, would pre-vail.  
A moment my sorrows subside— Since hatred alone I inspire,  
Revenge stalks along in my sight; Life henceforth is not worth my care;  
Dread spectre, how could'st thou intrude?— Death now is my only desire,—  
Begone to the realms of black night. I give myself up to despair!

## ANNIE, DEAR.

Irish Melody, 'Maids in May;' the Poetry by Thomas Davis.

*Large.*

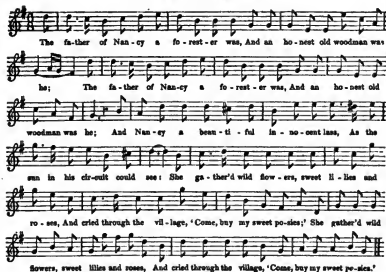
Ah! but our hopes were splendid,  
Annie, dear;  
How sadly they have ended,  
Annie, dear;  
The ring betwixt us broken,  
When our vows of love were spoken,  
Of your poor heart was a token,  
Annie, dear.

The primrose flow'rs were shining,  
Annie, dear,  
When, on my breast reclining,  
Annie, dear,  
Began our honey-moon,  
And many a month did follow  
Of joy—but life is hollow,  
Annie, dear.

For once, when home returning,  
Annie, dear,  
I found our cottage burning,  
Annie, dear;  
Around it were the yeomen,  
Of every ill an omen,  
The country's bitter foemen,  
Annie, dear.

But why arose a morrow,  
Annie, dear,  
Upon that night of sorrow,  
Annie, dear?  
Far better, by thee lying,  
Their bayonets defying,  
Than live an exile sighing,  
Annie, dear.

## LILIES AND ROSES.



The charms of this fair one a villager caught—  
A noble and rich one was he,—  
Great offers he made, but by Nancy was taught  
That a poor girl right honest might be.  
She still gather'd wild flowers, sweet lilies and roses,  
And cried through the village, 'Come, buy my nice  
posies.'

The father of Nancy a forester was,  
And a poor little stroller was she;  
But her lover so noble soon married the lass;—  
She, as happy as maidens could be,  
No more gather'd wild flowers, or lilies and roses,  
Nor cried through the village, 'Come, buy my  
nice posies.'

# AH! SURE A PAIR WAS NEVER SEEN.

From the 'Duenna.'

*Larghetto.*

Ah! sure a pair was nev-er seen So just-ly form'd to meet by na-ture! The  
youth ex-cel-ling so in mien, The maid in ev'-ry grace-ful fea-ture!  
O! how hap-py are such lov-ers, When kin-dred bean-ties each dis-co-vers! For  
sure-ly she was made for thee, And thou to bless this charm-ing creature!  
So mild your looks, your children thence  
Will early learn the task of duty,—  
The boys with all their father's sense,  
The girls with all their mother's beauty!

O! how charming to inherit  
At once such graces and such spirit!  
Thus, while you live, may Fortune give  
Each blessing equal to your merit.

# MA CHERE AMIE.

*Allegro.*

Ma chere A-mie, my charm-lug fair! - Whose smiles can ban-ish  
ev'-ry care! In kind com-pas-sion smile on me, Whose  
on-ly care is, love, of thee: Ma chere A-mie,  
ma chere A-mie, ma chere A-mie, ma chere A-mie!

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,  
My bosom caught the tender flame;  
May friendship in thy bosom be  
Converted into love for me!  
Ma chere Amie!

Together rear'd, together grown,  
O! let us now unite in one;  
Let pity soften thy decree,—  
I droop, dear maid—I die for thee!  
Ma chere Amie!

## THE TROTH I HAVE PLIGHTED I NEVER WILL BREAK.

The Words by — Neale, Esq.; the Air from an Italian Waltz, adapted by George Ware.  
Moderato.

I said I would love thee in want and in wealth, Through  
cloud and through sun-shine, in sick-ness, in health; And fear not, my  
love, when thy spi-rits are weak,— The troth I have plight-ed I  
ne-ver will break; And fear not, my love, when thy spi-rits are  
weak,— The troth I have plight-ed I ne-ver will break.

There's a magic in soothing the wearisome hour;  
Pity rears up the stem, and Hope looks for the  
flow'r.  
I have lov'd thee in sickness—I'll love thee in

And if want be our portion, why love be our  
wealth;  
Thy comfort in sorrow, thy stay when most weak—  
The troth I have plighted I never will break.

## WHEN THE DOVE LEFT THE ARK.

The Poetry by Miss Mary Leman Rede; to Irish Melody, Moore's 'Believe me if all those.'  
Published by Davidson.

*Larghetto.*

When the dove left the ark o'er the wa-ter-whelm'd world, To sut-ter her  
trem-u-ous way, How soon she re-turn'd, for the blue wave had curl'd O'er  
all, and de-nied her a spray: It is thus, when my light for a  
mo-ment I mark, Dear source of my plea-sures, from thee, I re-turn to thy  
breast as the dove to the ark, For the world holds no o-ther for me.

But the dove at last fled to the grove's sylvan shade,  
Forsaking the ark, you will say;  
But was it not nature whose call she obey'd—  
and how could she flatterer stay?

I shall yet quit this breast, where each warm virtue  
That to me ev'ry pleasure has giv'n; [springs,  
But, O! it will be so eternity's wings  
I shall fly from your bosom to heav'n.

# THE WIFE'S SONG.

The Poetry by a Lady; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Andante.*

E - le - ven years have pass'd a - way Since I be - came a  
bride, And left my na - tive land with thee, To cross the o - cean  
wide; To cross, to cross the o - cean wide; No store of  
world - ly wealth had we, To cheer our path through life; But thou wert  
all in all to me— I was thy hap - py wife!

But, when Colombia's free-born sons  
Thy matchless talent knew,  
With buoyant hope for fortune's smiles  
Thou had'st thy wife adieu;  
One blessed pledge of love was ours,  
To cheer my lonely life;  
And, as I heard thy fame resound,  
I felt a happy wife!  
Year after year roll'd on its course,  
Yet time brought some alloy;  
Again I felt a mother's pains,  
And felt a mother's joy.

Thou wert not there to join their sports,  
Nor watch their playful strife;  
And, as I press'd them to my heart,  
I felt a mournful wife!  
But now the storm has pass'd away:  
Like Noah's wand'ring dove,  
I've found, at last, a resting-place,  
A happy home of love.  
May'st thou, dear husband! ever find,  
In future days through life,  
For blessings that I now enjoy,  
I am a grateful wife!

# THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

The Poetry by Mrs. Brooks. The Music by Shield.

*Moderato.*

Her mouth, which a smile, De - void of all guile, Half o - pens to view, Is the  
bud of the rose, In the morn-ing that blows, Im - pearl'd with the dew, Im - pearl'd with the  
dew: The bud of the rose, Im - pearl'd with the dew. More fra-grant her breath Than the  
flow'r-scented heath, than the flow'r-scented heath At the dawn-ing of day, The hawthorn in  
bloom, The il - ly's per-fume, The il - ly's perfume, Or the blue - soms of May.

## FLY NOT YET.

Moore's Irish Melody.

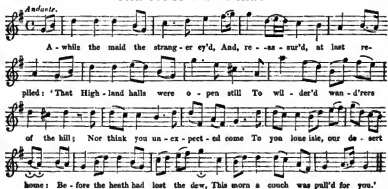


Fly not yet: 'tis just the hour When beau-ty shines with ma-gic pow'r, That youth, in-  
flam'd by fan-cy bright, Im-pels each son of joy to flight, And plea-sure reigns su-  
preme. 'Tis now, when Sol's re-tir'd to rest, To her fond lov-er's heart soft press'd, Each  
maid, with hopes and fears o'er-flow-ing, All of truth and vir-tue glow-ing. Then stay—  
O! stay— Hours like these so sel-dom reign, This hour we ne-ver can re-gain. O!  
where-fore go we hence? Then stay O! stay— Hours like these so  
sel-dom reign, This hour we ne-ver can re-gain; O! where-fore go we hence?

Fly not yet the glass with scorn,  
Or lovely woman's angel form;  
Such beauteous forms as erst of old  
Fam'd Erin's sons did oft behold;  
O! wherefore go we hence?  
While other minstrels seek the glade,  
And pine in some dark sylvan shade,

Here woman reigns, young Cupid smiling,  
Ev'ry roseate hour beguiling;  
Then stay, oh, stay—  
Hours like these so seldom reign,  
This hour we never can regain;  
O! wherefore go we hence?

## THE MOUNTAIN MAID.



*Andante.*  
A-while the maid the strang-er ey'd, And, re-as-sur'd, at last re-  
plied: 'That High-land halls were o-pen still To wil-der'd wan-d'rers  
of the hill; Nor think you un-ex-pect-ed come To you lone isle, our de-sert  
home: Be-fore the heath had lost the dew, This morn a couch was pull'd for you.'

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

'Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,  
Your courtesy has erred,' he said;  
'No right have I to claim, misplac'd,  
The welcome of expected guest.  
A wanderer here, my fortune toss'd,  
My way, my friends, my courser lost,  
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,  
Have ever drawn your mountain air.  
'I well believe,' the maid replied,  
As her light skiff approach'd the side,—  
'I well believe that ne'er before  
Your foot has trod Loch-Katrine's shore;  
But yet, as far as yesternight,  
Old Allan-hane foretold your plight,—  
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent  
Was on the visioned future bent.

'He saw your steed, a dappled gray.  
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;  
Your hunting-suit of Lincoln green,  
Painted exact your form and mien,  
That tassell'd horn, so gayly gilt,  
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt—  
He bade that all should ready be,  
To grace a guest of fair degree.'  
The stranger smil'd:—'Since to your home  
A destin'd errant knight I come,  
Announc'd by prophet sooth and old,  
Doom'd, doubtless, for achievement bold,  
I'll lightly front each high emprise,  
For one kind glance of those bright eyes!—  
Permit me, first, the task to guide  
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide.'

## SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

*Allegro.*

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam, Where the shrill winds whis- tie  
free, But a cho- sen band, in a moun- tain land, And a life in the woods, for  
me; But a cho- sen band, in a moun- tain land, And a life  
in the woods, for me! When morn- ing beams o'er the moun- tain streams, O!  
*rall.*  
mer- ri- ly forth we go, To fol- low the stag to his slip- p'ry crag, And to  
chase the bound- ing roe. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho, ho! - - -  
Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam, When the shrill winds whis- tie  
free; But a cho- sen band, in a moun- tain land, And a life in the woods, for  
me, And a life in the woods for me, And a life in the woods for me!

The deer we mark, in the forest dark,  
And the prowling wolf we track;  
And for right good cheer, in the forest here,  
O! why should a hunter lack?

For with steady aim at the bounding game,  
And hearts that fear no foe,  
To the darksome glade, in the forest shade,  
O! merrily forth we go.  
Ho, ho, ho! Some love to roam, &c.



# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## BONNY BRAVE SCOTLAND.

The Music by Niel Gow.—Published by Lavenu.

*Allegro.*

Where is the land which Scot-land sur-pas-ses? or Where are such souls as her  
 chil-dren in-he-rit? Bright in the smile of whose lo-vers and las-ses are  
 Beam-ing the lights of their beauty and spi-rit. Sigh for thee, die for thee—who would not  
 die for thee? Tell me what east-ern, west-ern, or what land, Fame in, name in,  
 e-ver was nigh to thee? Pride of each High-land heart, Bon-my brave Scot-land!

Deep in the heart of each vassal and stranger is

Buried a love for the hero it sigh'd on,  
 Breathing the story which tells you where danger

is—  
 That is the spot where its idol had died on.

Sigh for thee, die for thee,—who would not die for  
 thee?

Tell me what eastern, western, or what land,  
 Fame in, name in, ever was nigh to thee,

Pride of each Highland heart, bonny brave Scot-  
 land!

## THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

Scottish Melody.

*Andante.*

It was sum-mer, and soft-ly the breezes were blow-ing, And sweet-ly the  
 night-in-gale sang from a tree; At the foot of a rock where the ri-ver was sowing, I  
 sat myself down on the banks of the Dee. Flow on, love-ly Dee! flow on, thou sweet  
 ri-ver! Thy bank's purest streams shall be dear to me e-ver, Where I first gain'd th'af-  
 fec-tion and fa-vour of Jem-my, The glo-ry and pride of the banks of the Dee.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant was he;  
And yet there's no hopes of his speedy returning,  
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring  
oillows,

The sweetest and kindest of all his brave fellows,  
And has left me to mourn amongst these once-  
loved willows,

The loneliest of maids on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may, perhaps, yet restore  
him;

Bless'd peace may restore my dear shepherd to  
me;

And when he comes home, with such care I'll watch  
o'er him,

He never shall quit the sweet banks of the Dee.  
The Dee, then, shall flow, all its beauties displaying,  
The lambs on the banks shall again be seen playing,  
Whilst I with my Jemmy am carelessly straying,  
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

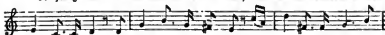
## YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

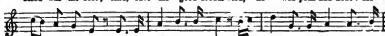
*Allegro Moderato.*



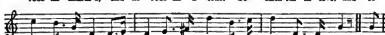
O! young Loch-in-var has come out of the west; Thro' all the wide bor-der his



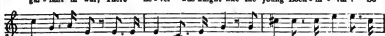
steed was the best; And, save his good broadsword, he wea-pons had none: He



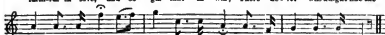
rode all unarm'd, and he rode all a-lone. So faith-ful in love, and so



gal-lant in war, There ne-ver was knight like the young Loch-in-var! So



faith-ful in love, and so gal-lant in war, There ne-ver was knight like the



young Loch-in-var, There ne-ver was knight like the young Loch-in-var!

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for  
stone;

He swam the Eak river, where ford there was  
none;

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,

The bride had consented—the gallant came late—

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,

Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall,

Among clansmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and  
all!

Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his  
sword,

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)

'O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,

Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long woo'd your daughter—my suit you denied;

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;

And now I am come, with this lost love of mine

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,

That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kiss'd the goblet; a knight took it up,

He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup;

She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar:

'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

One touch on her hand, and one word in her ear,

When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger  
stood near;

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,

So light to the saddle before her he sprang!

'She is won! we are gone, over bush, loch, and  
scour!

They'll have fleet steeds that follow!' quoth young  
Lochinvar.

There was mounting' moog Grimes of the Netherby  
clan!

Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,

Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar.

## MY LORD TOMNODDY.

The Poem from the Ingoldsby Papers.—Published by Duncombe, Middle Row, Holborn.

*Moderato.*

My Lord Tom-nod-dy got up one day, and his lord-ship rang for his cab-rio-let :

Tl - ger Tim was clean of limb; His boots were pol-lah'd, his jack - et was trim, With a

vs - ry smart tie in his smart cra-va-t, And a smart cock-ade on the top of his hat ;

Tall-est of boys or short-est of men, His stood in his stock-ings just four feet ten ; And he

ask'd, as he held the door on the swing, ' Pray, did your Lord-ship please to ring ? ' Yea,

Tl - ger Tim,—come tell me true, What may a No - ble - man find to do ?

Tim bit his lip, Tim scratch'd his head,  
Tim let go the handle, and thus Tim said,  
As the door releas'd behind him bang'd :—  
' An't please ye, my lord, there's a man to be hang'd !'  
My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,  
And ran to Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,  
Took a squint at his watch—'twas half-past two,  
So he ran to M'Fuse and Lieutenant Tregoo :—  
Rope-dancers a score I've seen before—  
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Blackmore,—  
But to see a man swing at the end of a string,  
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing !'

My Lord Tomnoddy stepp'd into his cab—  
'Twas dark rifle-green, with a lining of drab—  
Thro' street and thro' square his high-trotting mare  
Like one of Ducrow's goes pawing the air.  
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place  
Went the high-trotting mare at a deuce of a pace :  
She produc'd some alarm, but she didn't do harm,  
Saw fright'ning a nurse with a child on her arm ;  
Knocking down, very much to the sweeper's dismay,  
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way ;  
Upsetting a stall near Exeter Hall,  
Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.

Now eastward afar through Temple Bar,  
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car,  
Never heeding their squalls, their calls, or their bawls,  
And merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's ;  
Turns down the Old Bailey, in front of the gaol, he  
Pulls up at the door of a gin-shop, and gayly  
Cries.—' What must I fork out to-night, my trump,  
For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump ?'  
The clock struck Twelve—'tis dark midnight,  
But the Magpie and Stump's one blaze of light ;  
The parties are met, the tables are set,—  
There's punch, cold without, hot with, heavy wet ;

Ale-glasses and jugs, and rummers and mugs,  
And sand on the floor without carpets or rugs :  
Cold fowl and cigars, pickled onions in jars,  
Walsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws.  
The clock struck One,—the supper is done,  
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun ;  
My Lord Tomnoddy is drinking gin-toddy,  
And laughing and joking at ev'ry body :  
All singing and drinking, save Captain M'Fuse,  
Who's dropping his head and taking a snooze,  
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,  
Blacking his nose with a piece of burn'd cork.

The clock struck Two, and the clock struck Three,—  
Who's so merry, so merry, as we ;  
The clock struck Four—round the debtors' door  
Are gathered a couple of thousand or more ;  
The clock struck Five—the sheriffs arrive,  
And the crowd is so great the street seems alive.  
Sir Carnaby Jenks blinks and winks,  
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks ;  
While Lieutenant Tregoo and my Lord Tomnoddy  
Are soddling their heads thro' drinking their toddy ;  
And, just as the dawn is beginning to peep,  
The whoops of the party are fast asleep.

The clock struck Nine, the finishing stroke,  
And then my Lord Tomnoddy awakes ;  
And Tregoo and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,  
And Captain M'Fuse with the black on his nose :—  
' Halloo ! halloo ! here's the devil to pay,—  
The fellow's been cut down, and taken away !  
They'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town ;  
We're all of us done so uncommonly brown !'  
What was to be done :—'Twas perfectly plain  
They could'n't well hang the man over again ;  
What was to be done—The man was dead,  
So my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed.

## THE DYING LEGACY.

A Ballad.—The Poetry by J. M. Church, Esq.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Moderato con Anima Espressivo.*

Saw ye the sha-dow o'er his brow, The pal-lor on his cheek? Saw ye the sad-ness  
 In his eye, And did ye hear him speak? Ah! 'twas an im-pulse hor-ri-ble In -  
 - - - sam'd his a - ged breast, The blast-ing of his dy-ing hopes, - - - His poor wife's  
 sole be - - quest. Saw ye the sha-dow o'er his brow, The pal-lor on his  
 cheek? Saw ye the sad-ness In his eye, And did ye hear him speak?

But late a daughter, simple child,  
 Sat prattling on his knee;  
 'The solace of his tott'ring days,  
 His poor wife's legacy!  
 And, as he look'd into her eyes,  
 And watch'd her childish glee,  
 He murmur'd, 'Dear, oh! dear thou art,  
 My poor wife's legacy!'  
 Saw ye the shadow o'er his brow, &c.

'Tis now that old man, weak and wan,  
 Sits comfortless and lone:  
 His child, alas! poor fallen thing,  
 Slep'ning to think upon!—  
 And, as her image meets his thoughts,  
 They strive, they strive to flee!—  
 In vain: 'Poor fall'n Emm!' he sobs,  
 'My poor wife's legacy!'  
 Saw ye the shadow o'er his brow, &c.

## SING ME THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

Words by Mrs. Abday, published in the Royal Album.—Music by F. H. Brett.

*And. -vte. Moderato.*

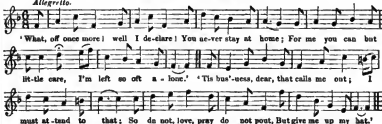
Sing me the songs of o - ther days, The songs I heard in ynth,— I  
 eling to those fa - mil - lar lays, With fond and change - less truth:  
 They lead me to a vale of flow'rs, The ver-dant grove and glen; The  
 scenes that charm'd my sun - ny hours, The friends that bless'd me then.

Sing me the songs of other days,—  
 For those of modern skill  
 I knew not till the world's false ways  
 Had wrought me grief and ill:

Their sweetness gives no charms to me,  
 Nor soothes my bosom's strife,  
 Like one remembered melody  
 That tells of early life

## BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

Words and Music by T. B. Brett.

*Allegretto.*

'What, off once more! well I de-clare! You ae-ver stay at home; For me you can but

lit-tle care, I'm left so oft a - lone.' 'Tis bus'-ness, dear, that calls me out; I

must at-tend to that; So do not, love, pray do not pout, But give me up my hat.'

'O! bus'ness ne'er can call you out

So often, and so long: v

I do believe, without a doubt,

That something must be wrong.'

'You much misjudge—indeed you do,—

My meaning and design;

My love for you is strong and true,

But bus'ness claims my time.'

'O! would that I was once more free,

I'd keep a single life;

And never wish again to be

A poor deluded wife.'

'My life,—my love,—my fairest one,

Pray let your rancour cease:

You make me anxious to be gone,

That I may be at peace.'

'O! yes,—make haste,—I plainly see

Your strong desire to go;

It is not as it us'd to be:

You're growing cold, I know.'

'Come, come, dear wife, let's have no more,—

I am not growing cold;

Aside, and let me ope the door,—

Now pray leave go your hold.'

'How very different now it seems,

How proud you us'd to be,

If you could get, by any means,

To sit and chat with me!'

'And so I am, my dearest, now;

But, as I said before,

'Tis bus'ness calls me out,—I vow

You're getting quite a bore!'

'O, certainly a bore!—No doubt,

'Tis bus'ness fills your mind;

From morn till night you're always out,

But wife is left behind.'

'You surely cannot always want

Me dangling by your side;

I love as much,—depend upon't,

As ere you were my bride.'

'You do! then say, without delay,

Why you appear so strange;

Have I e'er vex'd you? tell me, pray,

For surely there's a change.'

'I never change, although the times

Are chang'd, I do confess;

I ever strive, by looks and signs,

To show my tenderness.'

'Well, here's your hat,—I do agree

Henceforth you may go out;—

That is, if you will promise me

To mind what you're about.'

'I thank you, wife,—but listen, pray,

The truth must come at last:

I sought you once, I'm bold to say,

But now I have you fast.'

'Well, husband dear! let discord cease—

No more each our annoy;

In future we will live in peace,

And love without alloy.'

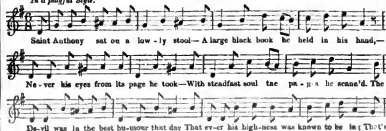
Both. 'Foul jealousy, get thee away,

And let us drown all sorrow,—

Live ev'ry day, that so we may

Be happy on the morrow!'

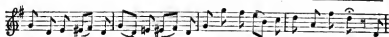
## THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE GOOD SAINT ANTHONY.

*In a playful Style.*

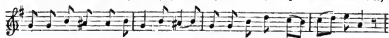
Saint Anthony sat on a low - ly stool—A large black book he held in his hand,—

Ne - ver his eyes from its page he took—With steadfast soul the pa - ge he scan'd. The

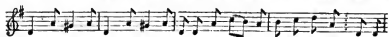
De-vil was in the best hu-mour that day That ev - er his high-ness was known to be in; That's



why he sent out his imps to play With sul-phur and tar, and pitch and ro-sin. They



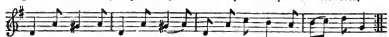
came to the saint in a mot-ley crew—Twist-ed and twirl'd them - selves a-bout :



Imps of ev' - ry shape and hue—A dev-il-ish strange and rum-look-ing rout ! Yet the



good Saint An-tho-ny kept his eyes so firm-ly fix'd up - on his book,



Shouts nor laugh-ter, sighs nor cries, Could e-ver win a - way his look !

A quaint imp sat in an earthen pot,  
In an earthen big-bellied pint pot he—  
Through holes at the sides his arms outshot,—  
Rather a comical sight to see.  
He drum'd his belly so fair and round,  
And drum'd his belly so round and fair—  
Brought forth a rumbling mingled sound,—  
Rather a comical sound to hear ;  
And he hoop'd, and haw'd, and wink'd, and grin'd,  
As birth to a bit of a song gave be—  
Keeping time with the tune as he gallop'd along,  
Till his eyes fairly stood out with glee.  
Yet the good, &c.

Another imp came with a trumpet snout,  
That was both nose and mouth in one ;  
And he twang'd his nasal melodies out,  
In many a quaver, shake, and run ;  
And his head mov'd backwards and forwards still,  
Upon his long and snaky neck ;—  
He sneezed his octaves out, until  
You'd think his nose was ready to break ;  
And close to St. Anthony's ear he came,  
And squeak'd and pip'd his music in,  
The shock ran through the good saint's frame,—  
He shook and shivered with the din.  
Yet the good, &c.

An imp came next with a skeleton form,  
Just come out of a charnel-vault ;  
His jaws with gristle were black and deform,  
And his teeth were large and as white as salt.  
His grin'd full many a lifeless grin,  
And wagg'd and rattled his bony tail ;  
His skull was deck'd with gill and fin,  
And his eyes were like the eyes of a snail.  
He took his stand at the good saint's back,  
On tiptoe ram he stood a space,  
And creak'd down his India-rubber eyes,  
To squint and gaze upon his face.  
But the good, &c.

Spiders, with an ugly guise,  
Hung from every creek and nook.  
Star'd at the saint with their night eyes,  
Danc'd a hornpipe on his book ;

Beetles and slow-worms crawled about,  
Forty-feet a full span long ;  
Through holes in the wainscot mice popp'd out,  
And danc'd in and out in an endless throng ;  
A sly old rat, with whisker'd snout,  
And toed on his head, did squat demure ;—  
There never was such an extravagant rout  
From that to the present time, I'm sure.  
Yet the good, &c.

A thing with horny eyes was there,  
With horny eyes, just like the dead ;  
While fish-bones grew, instead of hair,  
Upon its bald and skieless head.  
Last came an imp—how unlike the rest—  
A lively-looking female form,—  
And, whilst with a whisper his cheek she press'd,  
Her lips felt downy, soft, and warm ;  
As over his shoulders she bent the light  
Of her brilliant eyes upon his page,  
Soon fill'd his soul with mild delight,  
And the good old chap forgot his age.  
And the good St. Anthony boggled his eyes  
So quickly at'er his old black book ;  
Ho ! ho ! at the corners they 'gan to rise,  
And he couldn't choose but have a look.

There are many devils that walk this world,  
Devils so incense and devils so stout ;  
Devils that go with their tails uncurl'd ;  
Devils with horns and devils without ;  
Serious devils, laughing devils,  
Devils black, and devils white,  
Devils uncouth, devils for revels,  
Devils meek, and devils polite ;  
Devils with feathers, devils with scales,  
Devils with blue and wary skins,  
Devils with claws like iron nails,  
Devils with fishes' gills and fins,  
Devils foolish, devils wise,  
Devils great, and devils small ;—  
But a laughing woman, with two bright eyes,  
Proves to be the worst devil of all.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Allegretto.*

I'm wear-in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean; I'm wear-in' a -  
wa' To the land o' the leal: There's nae sor-row there, Jean; There's nae cauld nor  
care, Jean; The day is aye fair In the land n' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,—  
Your task's ended now, Jean,  
And I'll welcome yin  
To the land n' the leal.  
Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,—  
She was bairn guid and fair, Jean;—  
And we grudg'd her right sair  
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,—  
My soul lings to be free, Jean,  
And angels wait on us  
To the land n' the leal.  
Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,—  
This warld's care is vain, Jean;—  
We'll meet, and aye be faim,  
In the land o' the leal.

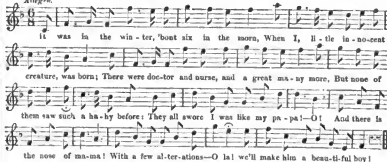
## THE LAST WORDS OF MARMION.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

*Andante.*

The war that for a space did fall, Naw tre-bly thund'ring, tre-bly thund'ring,  
swell'd the gale, And Stanley was the cry, And Stan-ley was the cry. A light on Mar-mion's  
vis-age spread, And fir'd his glar-ing eye; With dy-ing hand a - bove his  
head, He shook the frag-ment of his blade, And shout-ed, shout-ed 'Vie-to-ry!' And  
shout-ed, shout-ed 'Vie - to - ry! Charge, Ches-ter, charge! On, Stanley, on! Were the  
last words of Mar-mi-on; 'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stan-ley, on! Were the  
last words of Marmion, Were the last, the last words of Marmion.

## THE BEAUTIFUL BOY.

*Allegro.*

'To make him a beauty,' cried out Mrs. Suer,  
'We'll be-tron-ble, un-less the child has a sweet leer;'  
Then, to give me this leer Mrs. Glazier arose,  
And a piece of red putty stuck hang on my nose.  
This made me wink and blink so,  
The ladies knew not what to think, O!  
At last it turn'd into a squint, so—  
All to make me a beautiful boy.

To make me accom-plish'd, they said, I wanted one  
thing—

My month was too small for the dear child to sing;  
Then to lug it and stretch it they all of them tried,  
Till they stretch'd my sweet month near half a yard  
wide,—

Crying, 'Pull away now, Mrs. Ryder—  
It must be a little bit wider!'  
My dear mouth they split pretty nigh, sir,  
All to make me a beautiful boy.

Now, being complete, I was next sent to school,  
And to show off my make was stuck on a high stool:  
When the children went home, they cried out with  
surprise,

'We've a new boy at school with such beautiful eyes!  
He can look any way so handy!  
Such a month he has got to suck candy,  
And his legs are so pre-cious-ly handy,  
They call him the beautiful boy!'

T'other day I was ask'd in the city to dine;  
The ladies, in raptures, all thought me di-vine;  
And all, when observing my elegant grace,  
Neglected their dinners to gaze on my face.  
They cried,—'I shall faint with sur-prise!  
No gas-light can equal his eyes!  
And such a sweet month for mince-pies—  
O dear! what a beautiful boy!'

Now, ladies, beware of Love's powerful darts,  
For fearful I am I shall steal all your hearts;  
And then, sweet dear little creatures, you'll sigh,  
And doat on my charms, till you'll languish and die:  
For you know I can't marry you all,  
But believe me, whenever you call,  
My endeavours will be to please all,  
Although such a beautiful boy.

~~~~~  
LOVE SMILES OUR CARES AWAY.

Poetry by J. F. Kingston; the Music by A. Loder.

*Andante.*

O! when, brightly, love  
Gilds the social ray,  
Then how light we move  
O'er life's rugged way!

Toils and duties prove  
Games of school-boy play:—  
O! how sweetly love  
Smiles our cares away!



## THE SUN.

The Poetry by F. W. N. Bayley; the Music by John Barnett.

*Allegretto Vivace.*

He shineth out with the break, the break of day, And sweepeth the night a -  
*Marcato.*  
 way, a - way: O-ver the moun-tain and o-ver the sea, He flag-eth his gleams of  
 bri-lan-cy, And the wa-ters shine, and the earth looks bright, As his steeds bound  
 o - ver their path of light, As his steeds bound o - ver their path of  
 light; He shin-eth out with the break of day, And sweepeth the night a - way, a-way; He  
 shineth out with the break of day, And sweep-eth the night a - way, a - way, a -  
 way, a - way, a - way, a - way, he sweepeth the night a - way.

He leaveth gold on the noonday flower,  
 When zephyr sings in his seated bower;  
 And saileth over a thousand clouds,  
 That would cover his splendour with fleecy shrouds,  
 Till they weep at the warmth of his fiery glow,  
 And the green grass drinketh their tears below.  
 He shineth out, &c.

His last beams on the blue waves play,  
 As their radiance dyeth away;  
 And his tir'd steeds lay down to rest  
 In the crimson bed of the curtain'd west,  
 Till the silver moon comes out alone,  
 To smile from the east on their glory gone.  
 His last beams, &c.

## MY OLD WIFE.

The Poetry by Jonas B. Phillips, Esq.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Moderato con Espres.*

Old Time has dimm'd the lus-tre of her eyes that brightly shone, And her voice has lost the  
 sweetness of its girl-hood's sil-v'ry tone; But her heart is still as cheer-ful as in  
 ear-ly days of life, And as fond-ly as I pris'd my bride, I love my dear old wife.

When the spring of life was in its bloom, and hope  
gave zest to youth, [of truth;  
We at the sacred altar stood, and plighted vows  
And since, though changeable years have pass'd, with  
joys and sorrows rise, [wife.  
Yet never did I see a change in her, my good nid  
Her gentle love my cares hath sooth'd, her smiles  
each joy enhanc'd, [advanc'd;  
As fondly through progressive years together we've

Though calmly now the current flows, we've known  
misfortune's strife, [old wife.  
Yet ever did she cheer my woes, my faithful, fond  
And ever since that joyous day I kiss'd her as my  
bride, [my side;  
In joy or sorrow, calm or storm, I've found her at  
And when the summons from above shall close the  
scene of life, [old wife.  
May I be call'd to rest with thee, my good, my dear

## O! IT'S BEEN MY HAPPY LOT.

*Allegro Moderato.*

O! oft it's been my hap-py lot To gaze on pret-tier fa-cies, Yet, seen but once, they  
were for-got, Their sparkling smiles and gra-cies; And no-ver yet, in those light days, When  
eyes like stars flew o'er me, Did I e'er view such shining rays As those I see be-fore me.

O! look on Rosa's beaming eye,—  
She looks like love's own sister;  
Her lip retains that ruby dye  
It had when first I kiss'd her.  
O! should the day-star with'ring sink,  
And darkness swift come o'er me,  
I should not miss it much, I think,  
With eyes like those before me.

You little rosy laughing girl,  
With cheek all smooth and glowing,  
And raven hair in many a curl,  
Adown her shoulders flowing,—

Her eyes they sparkle warm and bright,  
I feel each glance steal o'er me;  
O! day might change to endless night,  
With eyes like those before me.

But the brightest eyes that ever yet  
Lit up a cheek all smiling,  
Were her's,—which I can ne'er forget,  
No lovelily beguiling!  
A glance destroys the grief and gloom  
That sometimes hovers o'er me;  
And woes, though deep, will find a tomb,  
With eyes like those before me.

## QUEEN CATHARINE'S DEATH-BED.

The Poetry by George Soane, A. B.; the Music by Edward J. Loder.—Published by Davidson.

*Andante Semplire.*

Dost ask me how I am to-night? O! mar-vel-ous-ly well! My  
pains are o'er, my spi-rit feels more bless'd than I can tell; Yet in mine  
ears ring, low and clear, in mine ears ring, low and clear, Lal-la-by!  
hush, Lal-la-by! Lal-la-by! Lal-la-by! Lal-la-by!

So sweet a calm is o'er me now,  
Such gentle fancies spring,  
I could not, if I would, be wrath  
With any living thing;  
For in mine ears, &c.

And yet, upon this hour of peace,  
A troubled thought will creep;—  
I think upon my babe, and then  
I cannot choose but weep;  
And in mine ears, &c.

## O! THE MARRIAGE.

Irish Melody.—The Poetry by Thomas Davis.—Published in Duffy's Spirit of the Nation.  
*Allegro.*



His hair is a shower of soft gold—  
His eye is as clear as the day—  
His conscience and vote were unsold  
When others were carried away—  
His word is as good as an oath,  
And freely 'twas given to me—  
Oh! sure 'twill be happy for both  
The day of our marriage to see.  
Then, O! the marriage, &c.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,  
The neighbours think much of his skill,  
And Eoghan's the lad to my mind,  
Though he owns neither castle nor mill;

But he has a tilloch of land,  
A horse, and a stocking of coin,  
A foot for the dance, and a hand  
In the cause of his country to join.

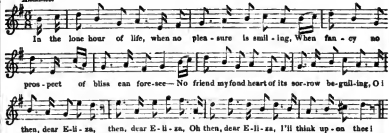
Then, O! the marriage, &c.  
We meet in the market and fair—  
We meet in the morning and night—  
He sits on the half of my chair,  
And my people are wild with delight.  
Yet I long through the winter to skim,  
Though Eoghan longs more, I can see;  
When I will be married to him,  
And he will be married to me.  
Then, O! the marriage, &c.

\* My boy.

† Vulgo, Owen.

## I'LL THINK UPON THEE.

*Andante.*

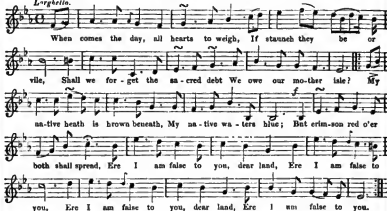


When the gay voice of pleasure, dispersing my  
sadness,  
To the circle of friendship my summons shall be,

'Mid the bright scenes of mirth, in the moments  
of gladness,  
O! then, dear Eliza, I'll think upon thee!

## DEAR LAND.

Irish Melody; the Poetry by Sileas Cullinn.—Published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Nation.'

*Larghetto.*


When comes the day, all hearts to weigh, If stanneth they be or  
vile, Shall we for - get the an - cred debt We owe our mo - ther - land? My  
na - tive heath is brown beneath, My na - tive wa - ters blue; But Erin - son red o'er  
both shall spread, Ere I am false to you, dear land, Ere I am false to  
you, Ere I am false to you, dear land, Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains' bold—  
Your noble lakes and streams—  
A mingled tide of grief and pride  
Within my bosom teems,  
I think of all your long dark thrall—  
Your martyrs brave and true;  
And dash apart the tears that start—  
We must not weep for you,

Dear land—

We must not weep for you.

My grandsons died, his home beside;  
They aced and hang'd him there;  
His only crime, in evil time,  
Your hallow'd green to wear.  
Across the main his brothers twain  
Were sent to pine and rue;  
And still they turn'd, with hearts that burn'd,  
In hopeless love to you,

Dear land—

In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still cling to hear  
Of Erin's pride of yore,  
Ere Norman foot had dar'd pollute  
Her independent shore:  
Of chiefs, long dead, who rose to head  
Some gallant patriot few,  
Till all my aim on earth became  
To strike one blow for you,  
Dear land—  
To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest  
Let other heads divine;  
By work or word, with voice or sword,  
To follow them be mine.  
The breast that zeal and hatred steel  
No terrors can subdue:  
If death should come, that martyrdom  
Were sweet, endure'd for you,  
Dear land—  
Were sweet, endure'd for you.

~~~~~  
SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.*Andante.*


Shepherds, I have lost my love: Have you seen my An-na, Pride of ev - ry  
sha-dy grove, Up - on the banks of Ban-na? I for her my home for - sook, Near you  
mis-ty mountain Left my flock, my pipe, my crook, Green-wood, shade, and foun-tain.

Never shall I see thee more  
Until her returning:  
All the joys of life are o'er,  
From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither has my charmer flown?  
Shepherds, tell me, whither:—  
Ah! woe for me, perhaps she's gone  
For ever and for ever

## WOULD I WERE, SWEET BIRD, LIKE THEE.

Poetry by 'G. Soane, A. B.—to the Music of 'Alles Theile,' in Flotow's Opera of 'Stradella.'  
Published by Davidson.

*Andante con moto.*

Would I were, sweet bird, like thee, Ca - rol - ing from yon - der tree, Light of heart, and  
free to do What thy fan - cy tempts thee to, Thy fan - - - - - cy tempts thee to;  
Sail - ing now up - on the wing, Through the a - sure fields of Spring, Now a - midst the  
lea - - - - - fy grove - - - - - War - ling ten - der notes of love. Ah! - - - - -  
- - - - - Would I were, sweet bird like, thee, Ca - rol - ing from yon - - - - - der tree,

*Andante.*

Light of heart, and free to do What thy fan - cy, thy fan - cy tempts thee to.

What a life, sweet bird, is thine!  
Oh! so little like to mine!  
Broken hopes, and doubts, and fear,  
Griefs that may not meet the ear,  
Tears that would, but may not flow,—  
These are things thou canst not know;  
None can bid thee love or hate;  
Thou canst choose thy happy mate.

Ah! would I were, &c.

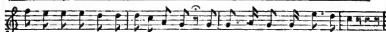
When thy little life is o'er,  
And thy song is heard no more,  
Night her dewy tears shall weep  
O'er thy everlasting sleep,  
And the leaves shall be thy shroud,  
While the winds are piping loud,  
Torn by winter from the bough,  
Where thou lov'st to warble now.  
Ah! would I were, &c.

## THE IRISH JOINER.

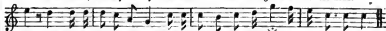
The Words by J. Lunn, Esq.—The Music by J. Blewitt.

*Moderato.*

I'm a Join - er by trade, and O'Chis-el's my name; From the sod, to make sha - vings and  
mo - acy, I came: But my self I was ne - ver con - sarn - ing 'Bout the les - sons of  
schools, For my own chest of tools And my shop were a col - lege of larn - ing;—For, by  
cut - ting, con - tri - ving, and bor - ing, and dri - ving, Each larned pro - fession gains bread. Oh! they're



sure to suc-ceed, if they on-ly take heed To strike the right nail on the head.



Whack, whack, hub-bub-boon gra-ma-chree; All the dons in the na-tioo are join-ers, like me.

The lawyers, like carpenters, work oo a bench,  
And their trade's just the same as my own to an inch;  
For clients, whenever they dive in it,

For he pins man and wife  
Together for life,  
Just as firm as a tenoo and mortice.  
So, by cutting, &c.

Soon find their cash fail,  
For the law's a big oail.  
And the 'torneys are hammers for driving it.  
Them, by cutting, &c.

And the heroes that serve in our army and ships,  
When they're fighting our battles, are all brotherships,  
So entirely our trades are according;

The doctor a big chest of tools carries out,  
And cuts, saws, and hacks his poor patients about,  
Just as I would a plank or a scantling;

For, with tools of sharp steel,  
Soldiers cut a great deal,  
And the tars are nate workmen at boarding.  
So, by cutting, &c.

And it's all one to him  
If he lops off a limb,  
Or takes out an oild tooth or young bantling.  
For, by cutting, &c.

Then our nobles and marchants, and stock-jobbing lads,  
Like joiners, work best when they've plenty of trades;  
Each projector's a great undertaker;

Then each Snoddy, at church, by the parson we're tould,  
By illoc, square, and compass our actions to mould,  
And at joining himself the right sort is;

And, to cleck up the whole,  
Our good Queen, bless her soul!  
Is an elegant cabloet maker! So, by cutting, &c.

### THE WELCOME.

Irish Melody.—The Poetry by Thomas Davis.—Published in Duffy's Spirit of the Nation.

*Allegro.*



Come in the ev'ning, or come in the morn-ing, Come when you're look'd for, or come with- out



warn-ing, Kis-ses and wel-come you'll find here be-fore yoo, And the oft'-ner you come here, the



more I'll a-dore you. Light is my heart since the day we were plight-ed,



'Red is my cheek that they told me was blight-ed, The green of the trees looks far



greeo-er than ev-er, And the lin-nets are sing-ing, 'True lov-ers, don't sev-er!'

I'll pull your sweet flowers to wear if you choose them,  
Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll lie on my bosom;  
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you,  
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.  
Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vee'd  
farmer.

And trust, when lo secret, most tunefully streaming  
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,  
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river.

Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour I—  
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,  
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,  
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warn-  
ing,—

We'll look through the trees at the elf and the cyrie,  
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,  
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,  
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.  
Oh! she'll whisper you, 'Love as unchangeably  
beaming.'

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore  
yoo!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,  
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;  
The green of the trees looks far greener than even  
And the linnets are singing, 'True lovers, don't  
sever!'

## DEEP IN THE ABRUZZI.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B. ; Music from Flotow's Opera of Stradella.—Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto.*

Deep in the A - bruz - zi There lurks, in the shade, The ban-dit who watches,  
and plunder his trade: Hush, hush! Still there! Look out! Beware! When trav'lers are  
wea-ry and lin-ger be-hind, All tir'd, of their gold-bags to ease them is kind. Tra,  
la la la la la la la la la la la! Yet with robbers d-vels com-  
pas-sion; If they're bad, they might be worse: They will no - thing take from  
peo-ple who have no - thing in - the purse. The world, with  
all its faults and woes, is not so bad as some sup-pose; The world, with  
all its faults and woes, is not so bad as some sup - pose.

There comes a wayfarer—"Hollo! who art thou"  
A man much like others; no better, I vow.  
Like you, I, too, steal and cry stand!  
From night I steal often its sleep and its dreams;  
From day rob, by sleeping, its brightest of beams.  
Tra, la la la la la la la la la!

Friends, like you, I've oft compassion;  
I am not the worst of men;  
And, when kisses I've been straggling,  
I still give them back again.  
The world, &c.

## THE GARLAND OF LOVE.

Composed by Hook.

*Moderato.*

How sweet are the flow-ers that grow by yon fountain, And sweet are the cowslips that  
spangle the grove, And sweet is the breeze that blows o - ver the moun-tain; But  
sweet-er by far is the lad that I love;—I'll weave a gay gar-land. a

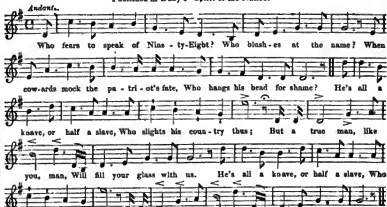


fresh blow - ing gar - land, With li - lacs and ro - ses, and sweet bloom - ing po - ties; I'll  
weave a gay gar - land, a fresh blow - ing gar - land, With li - lacs and ro - ses, and  
sweet blooming po - ties, To give to the lad my heart tells me I love.  
It was down in the vale where the sweet Torza I own'd what I felt—all my passion confiding,  
gliding, To ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love.  
In murmuring stream ripples through the dark Then I'll weave, &c.

## THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Nation.'

*Andante.*



Who fears to speak of Nin - ty-Eight? Who blush - es at the name? When  
cow - ards mock the pa - tri - ot's fate, Who hangs his head for shame? He's all a  
knave, or half a slave, Who slights his coun - try thus; But a true man, like  
you, man, Will fill your glass with us. He's all a knave, or half a slave, Who  
slights his country thus; But a true man, like you, man, Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
The faithful and the few,—  
Some lie far off beyond the wave—  
Some sleep in Ireland, too;  
All, all are gone—but still lives on  
The fame of those who died—  
All true men, like you, men,  
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands  
Their weary hearts have laid,  
And by the stranger's heedless hands  
Their lonely graves were made;  
'Tis, though their clay be far away,  
Beyond the Atlantic foam—  
Is true men, like you, men,  
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth,—  
Among their own they rest;  
And the same land that gave them birth  
Has caught them to her breast;

And we will pray that from their clay  
Full many a race may start  
Of true men, like you, men,  
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days,  
To right their native land;  
They kindled here a living blaze  
That nothing shall withstand.  
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—  
They fell and pass'd away;  
But true men, like you, men,  
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be  
For us a guiding light,  
To cheer our strife for liberty,  
And teach us to unite!  
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
Though sad as theirs your fate;  
And true men be you, men,  
Like those of Ninety-Eight.



## THE CORK LEG.

*Moderato.*

A tale I'll tell you with-out a - ny sham: In Hol-land there dwelt Myn-heer Von Ciam, Who  
e - ve - ry morn - ing said, 'I am The rich - est mer - chant in Rot - ter - dam.' Ri  
too ral loo ral loo la loo, too ral loo lu ral, ri too loo lai la.

One day he had stuff'd as full as an egg,  
When a poor relation came to beg;  
But he kick'd him out without hrosching a keg,  
And in kicking him out he broke his own leg.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

A surgeon, the first in his vocation,  
Came and made a long oration:—  
He wanted a limb for anatomization,  
So finish'd the job by amputation.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

'And Mynheer, when he'd done his work,  
By your knife I lose one fork;  
But upon crutches I'll never stink,  
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork.'

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

An artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,  
Had made cork legs his study and theme:  
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,  
The springs a compound of clock-work and steam.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

The leg was made and fitted right,  
Inspection the artist did invite;  
The fine shape gave Mynheer delight,  
And he fix'd it on and screw'd it tight.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He walk'd through squares and past each shop,  
Of speed he went at the very top;  
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,  
Till he found his leg he couldn't stop.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

Horror and fright were in his face,  
The neighbors thought he was running a race!  
He clung to a post to stay his pace,  
But the leg remorseless kept up the chase.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

Then he call'd to some men with all his might,  
'Oh, stop me, or I'm murdered quite I'  
But, though they heard him aid invite,  
He in less than a minute was out of sight.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He ran o'er hill, and dale, and plain;  
To ease his weary bones, he fain  
Did throw himself down, but all in vain,—  
The leg got up, and was off again.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He walked of days and nights a score,  
Of Europe he had made the tour;  
He died,—but, though he was an more,  
The leg walked on the same as before.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

In Holland sometimes he comes in sight,  
A skeleton on a cork leg tight;  
No cash did the artist's skill requite,  
He never was paid—and it serv'd him right!

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

My tale I've told both plain and free  
Of the richest merchant that could be  
Who never was buried though dead, ye see,  
And I have been singing his L E G.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

## THE STEAM ARM.

To the Tune of 'The Cork Leg.'

Oh! wonders sure will never cease,  
While works of art do so increase—  
No matter whether in war or peace,  
Men can do whatever they please.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

A curious tale I'm going to unfold  
To all of you, as I am told,  
About a soldier stout and bold,  
Whose wife, 'tis said, was an arrant scold.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

At Waterloo he lost an arm,  
Which gave him pain and great alarm;  
But he soon got well, and grew quite calm,  
For a shilling a day was a sort of balm.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

The story goes on, that ev'ry night  
His wife would bang him, left and right;  
So he determin'd, out of spite,  
To have an arm, cost what it might.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He went at once, strange it may seem,  
To have one made to work by steam;  
For a ray of hope began to gleam,  
That force of arms would win her esteem.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

The limb was finished, and fixed unto  
His stump of a shoulder, neat and true;  
You'd have thought it there by nature grew,  
For it stuck to its place as tight as glue.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He started home, and knock'd at the door,—  
His wife her abuse began to pour;  
He turn'd a small peg, and before  
He'd time to think, she fell on the floor.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

With policemen soon the place was fill'd,  
But every one he nearly kill'd;  
For the soldier's arm had been so drill'd,  
That once in action it couldn't be still'd.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

They took him at once before the mayor,  
His arm kept moving all the while there;  
The mayor cried, 'Shake your fist, if you dare I'  
When the steam arm knock'd him out of his chair.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

This rale'd in court a bit of a clamour,  
The arm going like an auctioneer's hammer:  
It fell in weight like a pavior's rammer,  
And many with fear began to stammer.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He was lock'd in a cell, from doing harm—  
To satisfy those who had still a quarrel;  
When, all at once, they had so alarm,—  
Down fell the walls, and out popp'd the arm.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He soon escap'd and reach'd his door,  
And knock'd by steam-rape half a score;  
But, as the arm in power grew more and more,  
Bricks, mortar, and wood soon strew'd the floor.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

With eagerness he stepp'd over each chair,  
Popp'd into the room,—his wife was there:  
'O, come to my arms!' she cried, 'my dear!'  
When his steamer smash'd the crockery-ware.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He left his house at length outright,  
And wanders about just like a sprite;  
For he can't get sleep, either day or night,  
And his arm keeps moving with two-horse might.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

## THE MOMENT AURORA PEEP'D INTO MY ROOM.

By Charles Dibdin.

*Finace.*



Who seem'd long-log to hear the glad sound, hark a-way! hark a-way! hark a-way!

Will Whistle by this had uncoupled his bounds,  
Whose ecstasy nothing could keep within bounds;  
First forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then  
Snare,—

Three better stanach harriers ac'er started a hare;  
Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Stanoch, and  
then Tray,—

All ready to open at—Hark! hark away.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,  
And we all gallin'd off to the sound of the horn:  
Jack Gater, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the Gun,  
And o' this time the merry Tom Fairplay made one;  
Who, while we were jogging on, blithesome and gay,  
Sang a song, and the chorus was—Hark! hark away.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had ev'ry bush beat,  
And no signs of madman, or trace of her feet;  
Nay, we just had begun our hard fortune to  
curse.

When all of a sudden out starts Mistress Fuss:—  
Men, horses, and dogs, all the glad call obey,  
And echo was heard to cry—Hark! hark away.

The chase was a fine one; she took o'er the plaid.  
Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled  
again;

Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,  
Where I and Will Whistle were so at the death:—  
Then in triumph for you I the bare did display,  
And cried to the horses, 'My boys, hark! hark away.'

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## WE'RE A' NODDIN'.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegro Moderato.*

And we're a' nod-din', nîd, nîd, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame. Guds  
e'en to ye, Kim-mer, And are ye a-lane? O, come and see how blythe are we, For  
Jam-ie he's come hame; And O! but he's been lang a-wa', And O! my heart was  
sair, As I sob-bed out a lang fars-weel—May-be to meet nae mair. Noo we're  
*Repeat f*

a' nod-din', nîd, nîd, nod-din', And we're a' nod-din', at our house at hame.

O! sair hac I fought—  
Ear' and late did I toil,  
My bairnies for to feed and clead :  
My comfort was their smile.  
When I thocht on Jamie far awa',  
An' o' his love so fain,  
A bodin' thrill cam' through my heart—  
We'd maybe meet again.  
Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

When he knockit at the doo r,  
I thocht I ken'd the rap;  
And little Katie cried,  
' My daddie he's come back !'  
A stoon gaed through my anxious heart  
As thochtfully I sat:  
I rais'd—I gas'd—fell in his arms,  
And bursted out and grat.  
Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

## THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

Up amang yon cliffy rocks Sweetly rings the ris-ing e-cho, To the maid that tends the goats  
Lilt-ing o'er her native notes. Hark, shesings, Yonag Sandy's kind, Here's a brooch, I ne'er shall time't  
Till he's fair-ly mar-ried to me: Drive a-wag, ye dronetime, And bring a-bout our bridal-day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep;  
Often does he blaw the whistle,  
In a strain sae softly sweet,  
Lammies list'ning darra hieat.  
He's as fleet's the mountaie roe,  
Hardy as the highland heather,  
Wading through the winter snaw,  
Keeping aye his socks together;  
But a plaid wi' bare boughs,  
Me braves the bleakest norland blast.

Bravly can he dance and sing  
Castle glee or highland cronach;  
Naes can ever match his fieg  
At a reel or round a ring :—  
Wightily can he wield a rung :—  
In a brawl he's aye the bangster:  
A' his praise can ne'er be sang  
By the lungest-winded sangster.  
Sangs that sing o' Sandy  
Seem short, though they were s'er sae lang.

## THE DEATH OF TOM MOODY.

Composed by W. Shield.

With Animation. Dejectedly.

You all know Tom Moo-dy, the whip-per is, well: The bell just done

Revering.

toll-ing was hon-est Tom's knell;— A more a - - ble sports-man ne'er

fol-low'd a hound, Through a coun-try well known to him Fif-ty miles

round, Through a coun-try well known to him Fif-ty miles round. No

hound ev-er o-pen'd with Tom near the wood, But he'd chal-lenge the

tone, and could tell if 'twas good; Loick; Loick! And all with at-ten-tion would

ca - - ger - - ly mark, When he cheer'd up the pack—Hark! to Rock-wood! hark!

hark! Whoop, whoop, whoop! Tal-ly-ho! Tal-ly-ho! Whoop - - - - - p! And

all with at-ten-tion would ca - - ger - - ly mark, When he cheer'd up the pack—Hark! to

Rock-wood! hark! hark! Heigh! Wind him! and cross him! Now, Rat-ter, boy! hark! hark!

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunters' green dress'd,  
Supported poor Tom to an earth made for rest;  
His horse, which he styl'd his 'Old Soul,' next ap-  
pear'd, [rear'd.  
Oo whose forehead the brush of his last fox was  
Whip, cap, boots, and spurs in a trophy were bound,  
And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.  
Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace;  
Nor the wrack resound his first burst in the chase,  
With High over, Now press him, Tally ho! &c.

Thus Tom spoke his friends, ere he gave up his breath;  
'Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death,  
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave,—  
Give a rattling view-hallo thrice n'er my grave!  
Aod, unless at that warning I lift up my head,  
My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead.'  
Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the  
sky.  
For ev'ry voice join'd in the Tally-ho cry!  
Hark forward, High over, Tally ho! &c.

## THE COTTAGE OF LOVE.

*Andantino.*

Composed by W. Reeve.



The carols of spring sweetly sound on the ear;— Mild autumn's response give new life to the year,  
The glad voice of summer the lay shall improve. And winter seem spring in the cottage of love.

## IN GRIEFS AND IN DANGERS.

By Lemaa Rede, to Moore's Melody. 'The Last Rose of Summer.'

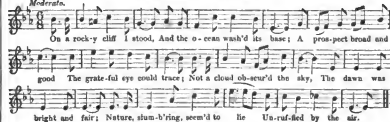


Whilst I suffer'd capture,  
Wrong'd, wounded, oppress'd,  
Thy heart beat with rapture  
To Netherville's breast:  
In my wants and my sorrows,  
I fear'd th' should'st mourn;  
And my heart was distress'd,  
Lest thine should be torn!

Tho' false friends have decried thee,  
I join not their hate;  
Tho' the world may deride thee,  
I pity thy fate.  
I know thou hast wrong'd me,  
Will ne'er be my own;  
But I feel that I love thee,  
And love thee alone!

## THE RISING SUN.

The Poetry by H. J. Sharpe; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Moderato.*

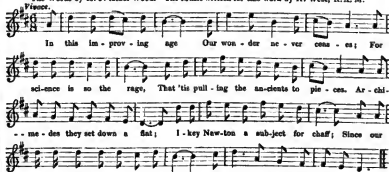
In the east the rising sun  
Display'd his golden crest;  
His daily race he had begun  
T'ward the glowing west.  
O'er the waters of the deep  
His glitt'ring rays he shed,  
While the sparkling billows leap  
From out their liquid bed.  
See where bright Aurora twines  
Her tresses round her brow,  
As the rugged lofty pines  
With admiration bow:

Dewy mists, in sportive play,  
Their glitt'ring veils unfold;  
Like happy spirits, flee away  
In tints of molten gold.  
Gentle zephyrs float around,  
And morn'ring surges meet,  
Blending their notes of sound  
In music wild and sweet.  
How the grateful bosom burns  
With wonder and with love,  
As the soul in rapture turns  
To brighter scenes above.

### THE NEW SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPH.

The Words by H. J. Athol Wood.—The Music written for this work by H. West, R. A. M.

*Allegro.*



In this im-prov-ing age Our won-der ne-ver ceases; For  
sci-ence is so the rage, That 'tis pull-ing the an-cients to pie-cen. Ar-chi-  
-me-des they set down a flat; I-key New-ton a sub-ject for chaff; Since our  
mo-derns have in-vent-ed, so pat, The New Sub-ma-rine Tel-e-graph!

We're to have railroads to traverse the world,  
Ship canals to the Bay of Panama;  
Going, gone, and away you are whir'd,  
'Midst the engines' loud puffing and clamour.  
Such common-place stuff, I declare,  
A fit subject to make you all laugh;  
For I'm sure they are not to compare  
With the New Submarine telegraph!

Fol lol, &c.

Light travels like lightning, 'tis said,  
But I really think now we outdo it,  
Since this fam'd discovery's made,  
By the aid of electric fluid.  
If a message to Turkey you'd send,  
By means of this unrivall'd power,  
You'd an answer get, you may depend,  
To England sent back in an hour.

Fol lol, &c.

The fishes, I'm thinking, 'twill shock,  
When swimming at ease through the ocean,  
If perchance they should happen to knock  
'Gainst the wire when it is in motion.  
Galvanism I tell you's no joke,—  
To be shock till you tumble in half;  
But it's all like a bottle of smoke,  
To the New Submarine Telegraph.

Fol lol, &c.

'Tis said—but that's all, I'm thinking—  
If to China a trip you'd desire,  
They can send you right over like winking,  
By your sitting cross-legged on the wire.

The transit is novel, no doubt;  
But, as things are not done now by half,  
Only think that, the whole of the route,  
You're on the New Submarine Telegraph.

Fol lol, &c.

I've heard there's a company forming,  
And 'twill be advertised very soon,  
Who the planets intend to be storming,  
In order to people the moon.  
If the famous projector you'd know,  
'Tis Monsieur Antoine de Mooncalf,  
Who will bring us green-cheeses, I trow,  
On this far-famed New Telegraph.

Fol lol, &c.

And, if faith! there's another scheme, too,  
Which has recently been set in motion;—  
I confess 'tis a tough yarn to chew—  
This trip to the depths of the ocean,  
In cork-dresses and Mackintosh cloaks,  
A certain prevention from drowning,  
And a new apparatus—a hoax—  
To pump air from the water surrounding.

Fol lol, &c.

Gravesend voyages will now be no go,  
For they're common, and very immoral,  
And our swells are all on the tip-toe  
For a trip to the sea-caves of coral.  
They're tired of the belles of the town,  
So with mermaids' would chatter and laugh;—  
That's the reason they want to go down  
On the New Submarine Telegraph.

Fol lol, &c.

## O! HAD MY LOVE NE'ER SMIL'D ON ME!

From the Opera of the Duenna.

*Andante.*

O! had my love ne'er smil'd on me, I ne'er had known such an-guish; But  
 think how false, how cru - el she, To bid me cease to lan - guish, To  
 bid me hope her hand to gain, Breathe on a flame half pe - - - rish'd, And  
 then, with cold and fix'd dis - - dain, To kill the hope she che - - - rish'd!

Not worse his fate who, on a wreck,  
 That drove as winds did blow it,  
 Silent had left the shatter'd deck,  
 To find a grave below it:

Then land I was cried;—no more resign'd,  
 He glow'd with joy to hear it;—  
 Not worse his fate, his woe, to find,  
 The wreck must sink ere near it.

## O! ITALY, MY NATIVE LAND.

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; the Music from Flotow's 'Stradella.'—Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto*

O! I - ta - ly, my na - tive land! Thou fair - est of earth's bow - ers! All  
 gir - dl'd in by dark - blue waves, With fields of fair - est flow - ers! To  
 thee my heart— to thee my song, Through all the chang - ing hours, be - long; Where  
 e'er my wan - d'ring course may be, This heart is still with thee; This heart is  
 still, is still with thee! Where - e'er my wan - d'ring course may be, This  
 heart is still with thee; This heart is still, is still with thee!

Oh! Italy, my native land,  
 How many thoughts of glory

Are waken'd by thy ruin'd piles.  
 Where time has writ thy story!  
 To thee my heart, &c.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## O, WEE! MAY THE BOATIE ROW.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Words by the late Mr. Ewen, of Aberdeen.

*Moderato.*

O, wee! may the boat-ie row, And bet-ter may she speed! O, wee! may the  
boat - ie row That wins the bairns' bread! The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The  
boat - ie rows is-deed, And hap-py be the lot of a' That wish the boat to speed.

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,  
Are up, and gotten lea,  
They'll help to gur the boatie row,  
And lighten a' our care.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' wee!  
And lightsome be her heart that bears  
The mairins and the crew.

And when wi' age we're worn down  
And birpling round the door,  
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,  
As we did them before.  
Then wee! may the boatie row,  
That wins the bairns' bread;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boat to speed.

## MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Scottish, Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Poetry by Burns.

Now in her green man-tle blithe Na-ture ar-rays, And list-ens the  
lamb-kins that bleat o'er the braes; While birds wai-ble wel-come in  
il'-ka green shaw, But to me it's  
de-light-less, my Nan-nie's a- wa.

The snow-drop and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
And violets bathe in the wet o' the morn;  
They pain my sad bosom, see sweetly they blaw;  
They mind me o' Nannie,—and Nannie's awa'.  
Thou laverock, that springs frae the dew of the lawn,  
The shepherd to warn of the gray-breaking dawn;

And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night fa',  
Give over for pity,—my Nannie's awa'.  
Come, autumn, see pensive, in yellow and gray,  
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay;  
The dark dreary winter and wild driving snow  
Alane can delight me,—my Nannie's awa'.

## BONNIE LIZZIE BAILLIE.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

My bon-nie Lix-zy Bail-lie, I'll row you in my plai-die; And ye manna  
gang a - wa wi' me, And be a high-land la-dy, My bon-nie Lix-zy Bail-lie.  
I am sure they wadna' ca' me wise, Ye'll hae nae need o' card or spin, To skip among the heather.  
Gin I would gang wi' you, Sir; Your mither weel can want ye, Now we're to the silly chields  
For I can neither card nor spin, Now she's cast aff her bonnie shoon That dwell near Castlecary,  
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir, Made o' the gilded leather, Tu let awa' sic a bonny lass,  
My bonnie Lixzy Baillie, And she's put on her highland brogues, A Highlandman to marry,  
Let nae o' these things daunt ye;



## THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

Composed by J. M. Jelly.

*Marcia Promessa.*

Take the helm from my ach-ing brow. Too long by its i-ron press'd; And  
 let my thro-bing tem-ples now Re- pose on thy gen-tle breast, Re-  
 pose on thy gen-tle breast. Take my shield—it has done its part Where the  
 bar-bed ar-row flies; But, ah! it must not guard my heart From  
 beau-ty's joy - lit eyes; But, ah! it must not guard my heart From  
 beau-ty's joy - lit eyes! Take my shield, take my shield—it has  
 done its part Where the bar-bed ar-row flies; But, ah! it must not  
 guard my heart From beau-ty's joy - lit eyes, From beau-ty's joy - lit  
 eyes, From beau-ty's joy - lit eyes. And, dearest, lead me to thy bower,  
 And strike thy soft lute again,  
 To wake the strain that hath the power  
 To beguile each lag'ring pain:  
 Return'd, return'd from the tented plain,  
 Let me here my triumph find;  
 For honour's laurel-wreath in vain,  
 Save with love's roses twin'd.  
 Take my shield, &c.

## THE BRIDESMAID.

*Allegretto.* The Poetry by Edward Fitzball; the Music by Miss Mounsey.

By moon-light he met her, And whis-per'd soft vows That hea-ven it - self had be-  
 liev'd; Then ask not why A-ah, so gen-tle so young, By his il-ber-tine spell was de-celv'd. He  
 swore on the cross, by the book, and the mass; And a type of his love and des-pair He  
 hung round her bo-som, a neck-lace of pearl—He placed the white rose in her hair.

Yet now he is gone with her sister to church.  
And Ada the bridesmaid has been ; [cade,  
But she shrunk, unobscured, from the bright caval-  
And cover'd her eyes from the scene.  
Alone at her lattice, she hears the bells ring ;  
Her heart is distracted with care ;  
Her tears fall, like gems, on the necklace of pearl ;  
The white rose lies torn from her hair.

With song and with dance from the altar they come,  
The bride and the bridegroom so gay ;  
But where is the bridesmaid, lovely and young ?  
Why thus from the banquet away ?  
They seek her above, and they seek her below,  
At the bride's gilded mirror, and there,—  
Yes, there she sits dead, in her necklace of pearl,—  
The wither'd white rose to her hair.

## MADAME VANDERCROUT.

By Charles Dibdin.

*Fine.*

Ma'am Van-der-crou, her weeds quite new, Fif-ty, and rich-er than a Jew; With  
voice of ra-ven, and an eye—with voice of ra-ven, and an eye Might with the cod-died  
goose-b'ry vie; Fair as bull-beef; and then a form, Love-ly as por- poise in a storm! A  
ton of flesh with gold hoops bound, A ton of flesh with gold hoops bound, Just four feet high and  
six feet round: Thus form'd, thus featu'r'd, and thus fac'd, Her person and her purse thus grac'd, No  
won-der lovers swarm'd a-bout, No won-der lo-vers swarm'd a-bout, The charming Madame  
Van-der-crou, The charming Ma-dame Van-der-crou, The charm-ing Madame Van-der-crou!

A lawyer begg'd his cause to plead;  
Said, if he lik'd each title-deed,  
'Twixt Hymen, him, and her, that ought  
He'd draw indenture tri-partite:  
'Come, come,' said she, 'my man of law,  
In your proceedings there's a flaw,—  
My goods and chattels you'd convey!  
Please to convey yourself away.  
You plead in vain,—the trial's pass'd;  
You're unsuited, ejected, cast;  
You're ignoramus'd, and throw out:  
Then sue out Madame Vandercrout.

An Irish jolman swore away  
He'd love for ever and a day;  
And, if she'd him for husband have,  
Her lord and master were her slave.  
'Paddy, you're made a bull,' cried she;  
You want to make a slave of me:  
I'm his who for my person seeks;  
Sure, en't you Irishmen all Greeks?  
Nothing but loss with you I'd gain;  
No, never, wid your 'seven's the main,  
'Mongst Pharaoh's host shall fly about  
The cab of Madame Vandercrout.'

An auctioneer, a cunning dog,  
Of her charms had made a catalogue;  
With small talk keeping still a dio,  
Said he should like to buy her in.  
'Indeed,' cried she, 'by fortune cross'd,  
Must I then wed to who bids most;  
My person to the hammer brought,  
And put up like a scurvy lot?  
Be going, sir! lest with a frown,  
Without reserve, I knock you down.  
'Tis heart for heart, you babbling lost,  
Must purchase Madame Vandercrout.'

Thus lover after lover came,  
The fortune courting, not the dame;  
Which fortune rather than cuthral,  
She vow'd she would not wed at all.  
This conduct's given a hundred names:  
Some say she drinks, some say she games;  
But none have hit the truth,—not one!—  
The fact is,—she has married John.  
John's tall and comely; and, beside,  
She knew him ere her husband died.  
And now the hist'ry's fairly out  
Of lovely Madame Vandercrout.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## BEN BATTLE, OR FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

Ben Bat - tle was a sol - dier bold, And us'd to war's a-larms; But a  
can - non-ball took off his legs, So he laid down his arms. Now, as they bore him  
off the field, Said he, 'Let o - thers shoot: For here I leave my second leg, And the  
for - ty se - cond foot!' For Ben he was a soldier bold, And us'd to war's a-  
larms: As the can-non-ball shot off his legs, Why he laid down his arms.

The army-surgeons made him limbs;  
Said he, 'They're only pegs;  
But there's no wooden members quite,  
As represent my legs.'  
Now Ben, he lov'd a pretty maid,—  
Her name was Nelly Gray;  
So he went to pay her his devours,  
When he'd devour'd his pay!  
For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff;  
And, when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off:—  
'O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!  
Is this your love so warm?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat  
Should be more uniform!  
For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

Said she, 'I lov'd a soldier once,  
For he was blithe and brave;  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave.  
Before you had those timber toes,  
Your love I did allow;  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now.'  
For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

'O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call, I left my legs  
In Badajoz's breaches.'

'Why then, said she, 'you've lost the feet  
Of legs in war's alarms;  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feet of arms!'

For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.  
'O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!  
To you, a long farewell;  
For though you'll be my death—alas!  
You will not be my Nell!  
Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got,  
And life was such a burden grown,  
It made him take a knot!

For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.  
So round his melancholy neck  
A rope he did entwine,  
And, for his second time in life,  
Enlisted in the line!  
One cart he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs;  
And, as his legs were off, of course  
He soon was off his legs.

For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.  
And there he hung till he was dead  
As any nail in town;  
For, though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down!  
A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
To find out why he died;  
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,  
With a stake in his inside!  
For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

## YOUNG BEN THE CARPENTER AND THE FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

To the Tune of 'Ben Battle.'

YOUNG Ben, he was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade,  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
Who was a lady's maid.

But, as they fetch'd a walk one day,  
They met a prepsang crew,  
And Sally she did faint away,  
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That, though she did seem to a fit,  
'Twas nothing but a feint.  
'Come, girl,' says he, 'hold up your head,  
He'll be as good as me;  
For, when your swain is in the boat,  
A boatswain he will be.'

So, when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She rous'd, and found she only was  
A-coming to herself.  
'And is he gone? and is he gone?'  
She cried, and wept outright;  
'Then I will to the water-side,  
And see him out of sight.'

A waterman came up to her:  
'Now, young woman,' said he,  
'If you weep so so, you'll make  
Eye water in the sea.'  
'Alas! they've taken my Bean Ben  
To sail with nld Benbow!'  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she'd said, gee-wo.

Says he, 'They've only taken him  
To the tender-ship, you see!'  
'The tender-ship!' cried Sally Brown;  
'What a hard ship that must be!  
Oh! would I were a mermald now,  
For then I'd follow him;  
Bot, oh! I'm not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim!

'Alas! I was not born beneath  
The Virgin and the Scales;  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in wails.'  
Now, Ben had sail'd to many a place  
That's underneath the world;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all the sails were fur'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,  
To see how she went on,  
He found she'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.  
'Oh! Sally Brown,—oh! Sally Brown,  
How could you serve me so?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow!'

Then, pond'ring o'er his 'baccy-box,  
He heav'd a heavy sigh;  
And then began to cry his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.  
And then he tried to sing All's well!  
But couldn't, though he tried;  
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,  
At forty odd befell;  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton toll'd the bell.  
Now Sal his fun'ral did attend,  
With fearful, anxious look;  
She waited in the cold churchyard,  
Till the parson—shut his book.

## ALL HAIL, HAPPY MEETING.

By T. B. Brett, St. Leonard's.

*Moderato.*

All hail, hap - py meet-ing, right wel - come art thou! All hail to the  
plea - sure that beams on us now! All hail to the friend-ship, the truth, and the  
love! All hail to the friendship, the truth, and the love,— Those em - blems of  
hap - pi-ness drawn from a - bove, Those em-blems of hap-pi-ness drawn from a - bove.

'Tis here that we find, free from turmoil and strife,  
The balm of our care and the comfort of life;  
'Tis here that within us a feeling dith glow,  
Which binds us in harmony's bonds here below.

'Tis good thus to spend a few bright sunny hours,  
Where laurels of peace and goodwill deck the bowrs;  
'Tis good thus to dwell where such scenes do attend,  
And quaff cups of joy with a really true friend.

Then let us be merry, and let us be wise!  
The poor and distress'd may we never despise!  
But freely and truly rejoice with each other;  
And then shall we merit the title of brother.

All hail, happy meeting, right welcome art thou!  
All hail to the pleasure that beams on us now!  
All hail to the friendship, the truth, and the love,  
Those emblems of happiness, drawn from above!

## WHEN BIDDEN TO THE WAKE OR FAIR.

Composed by W. Shield.

*Moderato.*

When bidden to the wake or fair, The joy of each free - heart-ed swain, Till  
Phœ-be pro - mis'd to be there, I lov - ter'd last of all the train; If  
chance some fair - ing caught her eye, The rib - bon gay or silk en glove, With  
ea - ger haste I ran to buy— For what is gold com - par'd to love

My poey on her bosom plac'd,  
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale!  
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,  
And flutter'd in the wanton gale

With scorn she hears me now complain,  
Nor can my rustic presents move;  
Her heart prefers a richer swain,  
And gold, alas! has banish'd love.

## MUST I LEAVE THE FRIENDS THAT LOVE ME?

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; the Music from Verdi's Opera of 'Nino.'—Published by Davidson.  
*Andante Cantabile.*

Must I leave the friends that love me? And the lights so bril - liant a -  
bove me? Miss the sound of those dear voi - ces, Still at which my  
heart re - joic - es? Though they come now as mur - murs on - ly, Heard in  
fo - rest, from wa - ters lone - ly— Ah! dark - ness ga - thers fast a -  
round me, Breaks the chain, breaks the chain to earth that bound me; Breaks  
the chain, breaks the chain to earth that bound me; Breaks the  
chain that bound - - - me, that bound me.

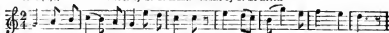
But a fairer day is dawning;  
Ah! It is another world's morning!  
Bright, as earth recedes, 'tis glowing;  
Round me waves of light are flowing!  
Is this death, whose gentle finger

Only makes me wish to linger?  
Ah! farewell, wood and stream and mountain;  
Welcome, life's eternal fountain!  
Welcome to the joys of Heaven!  
Death is past, my sins forgiven.

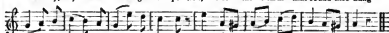
## THE SORROW-STRUNG HARP.

*Moderato.*

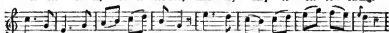
Words by S. T. Hunt.—Music by T. B. Brett.



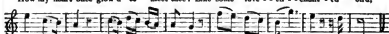
Ma-ry, thy name no longer is spo-ken, For the charm that round thee hang



Is for ev-er, ev-er bro-ken, And my harp to sor-row strung.



How my heart once glow'd to meet thee! Like some love-enchant-ed bird,

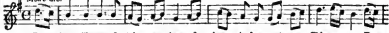


Rap-ture-wing'd, it flew to greet thee, When thy fal-ry steps it heard.

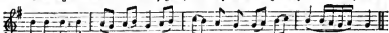
Love, thy cliff flowers are blighted,  
And thy shrine is ruin'd now;  
For the maid who once delighted  
Wears a cold and ailer'd brow.

Still my soul can ne'er forget her,  
Still it feels the pangs of love;  
Still is dear that hour I met her,  
When the moon shone bright above.

## FROM NIGHT TILL MORN.

*Moderato.*

From night till morn I take my glass, In hopes to for-get my Chlo-e; From



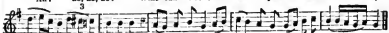
night till morn I take my glass, In hopes to for-get my Chlo-e.



But, though I take the pleas-ing draught, She's ne'er the less be-fore me!



Ah! no, no, no! Wine can-not cure the pain I en-dure for my



Chlo-e. Ah! no, no, no! Wine cannot cure the pain I en-dure for my Chlo-e.

To wine I flew to ease the pain  
Her beauteous charms erected;

But wine more firmly bound the chain,  
And love would not be cheated.

Ah! on, no, no, &c.

## THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

By Chas. Arnold.

*Andante espressivo.*

When the breeze is soft - ly sing - ing, O - ver the deep blue sea,  
 And the ves - per - bell is ring - ing, I'll steal a - - way to thee, to  
 thee, I'll steal a - way to thee! From a world whose i - - ron chain  
 sits hea - - vy on my soul, From ma - ny a wea - ry pala - ce  
 yond my weak con - - trol - - - - O! When the breeze is sing - ing,  
 O - ver the deep blue sea, And the ves - per - bell is ring - ing,  
 I'll come, my love, to thee, to thee— I'll come, my love, to thee.

Away to the shining waters,  
 Rippling o'er the land;  
 Away to the rocks of coral,  
 Along the moon-lit sand.

The glow of health will meet us,  
 On the sweet ev'ning air;  
 The sparkling waves will greet us,  
 With a murm'ring welcome there,  
 When the breeze, &c.

## GRATITUDE.

Composed by William Reeve.

*Andante.*

How lost the mind which, cold and dark, From Gra-ti-tude's ce-lestial fire In vain re-  
 ceives the hal-low'd spark, Fall-ing, a-las! but to ex-pire! Oft be my fer-vent  
 vows re-new'd, Oft be my fer-vent vows re-new'd, At the shrine of Gra-ti-tude, of  
 Gra-ti-tude, of Gra-ti-tude; Oft be my fervent vows re-new'd, At the shrine of Gra-ti-tude.  
 Honour abhors the darksome cell  
 Unless'd by Gratitude's bright flame;  
 There pale distrust and trench'ry dwell,  
 There fraud asserts her wily claim;—  
 Oft be my fervent vows renew'd,  
 At the shrine of Gratitude.

## SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

Saint Pa - trick was a gen - tie - man, he came of an - cent peo - ple; In  
 Dub - lin town he built a church, And he put up - on't a stee - ple. His fa - ther was a  
 Cal - lag - han, His mo - ther was a Bea - dy, His aunt was an O' Shaughnes - sy, And his  
 un - cle was a Gra - dy;—Then, suc - cess to bold Saint Patrick's fist—He was a saint so  
 cie - ver; He gave the snakes and toads a twist, And ban - ish'd them for e - ver!

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle where the dirty  
 vermin musters;— [them in clusters.  
 Where'er he put his dear fore-foot, he murder'd  
 The toads went hop, the frogs went flop, slap dash  
 into the water, [selves from slaughter.  
 And the beasts committed suicide, to save them-  
 Then success to bold St. Patrick's fist, &c.  
 Nine hundred thousand vipers blue he charm'd with  
 sweet discourses, [courses.  
 And dia'd on them at Kíllaloo, in soups and second  
 When blind worms, crawling in the grass, disgusted  
 all the nation, [sense of their situation.  
 He gave them a rise, and send'd them up to a  
 Then success to bold St. Patrick's fist, &c.

No wonder that our Irish boys should be so free  
 and frisky, [pling the whiskey;  
 For St. Patrick taught them first the joys of tip-  
 No wonder that the saint himself to taste it should  
 be willing, [I am sicklin.  
 For his mother kept a sheebean-shop in the town of  
 Then success to bold St. Patrick's fist, &c.  
 The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's the hill  
 of Howth, sir; [than them both, sir;  
 But there's a hill much higher still,—ay! higher  
 'Twas on the top of this high hill St. Patrick preach'd  
 the sermon [the varment.  
 That drove the frogs into the bogs, and bother'd all  
 Then success to bold St. Patrick's fist, &c.

## THE CONVENT BELL.

Composed by T. Attwood.

*Larghetto.*  
 When waken'd by the con - vent bell, At mid - night's dark and drea - ry hour, the  
 con - vent bell, at mid - night's dark and drea - ry hour, I rose, my mourn - ful heads to  
 tell, And think of life and love no more, no more, no more;—in vain I  
 wept,—I blush to own I dropp'd the tear for him a - - lone; in  
 vain I wept,—I blush to own I dropp'd the tear for him a - - lone.

At sober eve or twilight gray,  
 The swelling organ's awful sound  
 Would warn the vestals when to pray:

While holy tears bedew'd the ground,  
 In vain I wept,—I blush to own  
 I dropp'd the tear for him alone.



# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## A YOUNG ROSE IN MY GARDEN GREW.

Composed by Henry Russell.

*Moderato.*

A young rose in my gar - den grew, All flush'd with sum-mer's pride, And  
 bal - my frag - rance round it threw, As fult - 'ring breez - es sigh'd, As fult - 'ring  
 breez - - - - es sigh'd. In mild con - tent there did re - pose A  
 vio - let in the shade, While scorn - ful - ly the blush - ing rose The sim - ple flow'r sur -  
 vey'd, The sim - ple flow'r sur - vey'd, The sim - ple flow'r sur - vey'd.

I view'd the flower of summer's pride,  
 By beams and gales caress'd,  
 [And then to be a rose I sigh'd,  
 And thought its lot the best :

But, when I view'd the changeful sky,  
 That fairest flow'rs endure,  
 I'd be the violet, said I,  
 In humble shade secure.

## SUCH A BEAUTY I DID GROW.

*Finece.*

When I was a lit - tle boy, some twen - ty years a - - go, I  
 was the pride of Mam-my's heart, - she made me quite a show, Such a Bea - ty  
 I did grow, did grow, did grow, such a Bea - ty I did grow.

Straight hair I had, and goggle eyes, with such a  
 roguish leer, [ear to ear;  
 A broad flat nose turn'd up, beside a mouth from  
 And a beauty I did grow, did grow, &c.  
 My mother prais'd my little charms, and when she  
 did me fill, [fed me with a quill;  
 Lest she should spoil my mouth with spoons, she  
 And a beauty I did grow, did grow, &c.  
 But when I came to riper years, and should have  
 studied books, [rooks;  
 I sat out at the kitchen-door, a watching of the  
 And a beauty I did grow, did grow, &c.  
 So elevated were my thoughts, no wonder I look'd  
 wise, [the flies;  
 When my sweet mouth was always open, catching of  
 And a beauty I did grow, did grow, &c.

Abroad, to take the summer air, sometimes I us'd  
 to go, -  
 The children, screaming, ran away, and cried 'a  
 [bug-a-bol'  
 Such a beauty I did grow, did grow, &c.  
 At mountebanks a candidate, I bent them all dead  
 hollow,  
 And thrice I won the gold-lac'd hat by grinding  
 thro' a collar;  
 Such a beauty I did grow, did grow, &c.  
 Now, ladies, if you're smit in love, I pray do not  
 disguise,  
 But commend me to a handsome wife, that is her  
 pretty eyes  
 For a beauty I may go, may go; for a beauty  
 may go.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Words by John Hamilton.

*Vivace.*

Could blaws the wind frae north to south, The drift is driv-ing sair - ly, The  
sheep are cower - in' in the heuch—O, sirs, 'tis win - ter fair - ly:  
Now up in the morn-in's no for me, Up in the morn-in' ear - ly;— I'd  
rather gae sup - per-less to my bed, than rise in the morn - in ear - ly.

The sun peeps awer yon southland hills,  
Like ony timorous carlie;  
Just blinks a wee, then seeks again,  
And that we find severely,  
Now up in the mornin' 's no for me  
Up in the morning early;—  
To sit all the night I'd rather agree,  
Than rise in the mornin' early.

A cosie house and cannie wife  
Aye keep a body cheerly;  
And pantries stow'd wi' meat and drink,  
They answer unco rarely.  
But up in the mornin'—na, na, na,  
Up in the morning early;—  
The gowans wauk gleat on bonns and beaze,  
When I rise in the mornin' early

## BUSK YE, BUSK YE, MY BONNIE BRIDE.

Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon - ny bride; Busk ye, busk ye, my win - some mar - row;  
Busk ye, busk ye, my bon - nie bride, And let us to the brass of Yar - row.  
There we will sport and gath - er dew, Dan-cing while lav'-rocks sing to the morn-ing;  
There learn frae tur - tles to prove true. O! Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorn-ing!

To westlin breezes Flora yields,  
And when the beams are kindly warming,  
Blythness appears n'er all the fields,  
And nature looks mair fair and charming.  
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,  
Though on their banks the roses blossom,  
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,  
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonnie Bell,—  
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;  
With free consent my fears repel,  
I'll with my love and care reward thee.  
Thus sang I softly to my fair,  
Wha rais'd my hopes wi' kind relenting:  
O, queen of smiles! I ask nae mair,  
Since now my bonnie Bell 's consenting.

## I WOULD SING OF HER I LOVE.

The Poetry by J. W. Dalby; adapted, expressly for this work, to an Air by Rossini.

*Moderato.*

I would sing of her I love— But how shall I frame my song? How  
 breathe a pas-sion a-bove— All o-thers sin-cere and strong? Shall I  
 swear, as some have done, When they spoke of la-dies dear, That her  
 eyes e-clipse the sun, And her brow the ery-stal clear?

That the incense breath of May  
 Is less fragrant than her own?  
 That the rose's hue so gay  
 Is by her bright cheek outshone?  
 That the song-birds in the grove,  
 Or the brooklet murmur near,  
 Could never make such music  
 As her sweet voice in mine ear?

No! this were not language fit  
 For a breast that rolls like mine;  
 Love that scorns the aid of wit,  
 Nor would seek in verse to shine.  
 Muse welcome to her line  
 That says, 'I'll love thee ever!'  
 Than the studded stanzas fine,  
 The head's, not heart's, endeavour.

## THE LAY OF THE MOUNTAINEER.

The Poetry by A. D.; adapted, expressly for this work, to an Air by Donizetti.

*Moderato.*

I am a child of the moun-tain, I sigh for no ci-vic wreath; My  
 mir-ror I find in the foun-tain, My couch in the flow-'ry heath; My  
 mu-sic is that of the bird, E-ver-more soar-ing and spring-ing; And my  
 soul in its depths is stir'd, By the heav'n - taught hymn he is sing-  
 ing. I am a child of the moun-tain, I sigh for no ci-vic wreath; My  
 mir-ror I find in the foun-tain, My couch in the flow-'ry heath.

The moon and stars at night  
 Have for me a language holy;—  
 They breathe a calm delight,  
 Half joy, half melancholy:  
 The sun in his uprise  
 Is a warning spirit splend'ed,  
 And I gaze with reverent eyes  
 When he comes, by pomp attended

I am a child of the mountain,  
 I sigh for no civic wreath;  
 My mirror I find in the fountain,  
 My couch in the flow'ry heath:  
 Here is the life, in sooth,  
 Though cities are bright in seeming;  
 Here we are bless'd in truth,—  
 There we are bless'd but in dreaming.

## MY SKIFF IS ON DE SHORE.

*Allargretto.*

Sung by the Ethiopian Servants.

I'm gwan, I'm gwan to see my lah-ly Di-nah, Down a-mong de swamps in  
 ole Car-li-an: Hap-py den we'll be in lub I say, Courtin' till de  
 brake'n de day. Tra la la la la a la la la a la la la a la la,  
 Tra la la la la a la la la a la la la - - My skiff is by de shore dare—  
 don't you see?—O-pen de de door, and gwan wid me; And as we paddle na, my  
 song shall be—My dear-est Di-nah, I lub hut de; And as we pad-die  
 on, ny song shall be, My dear-est Di-nah, I lub hut de.

Come, O! Dinah come, de time don't waste;  
 Come, O! Dinah come, make haste, make haste:  
 Hap into de boat, an gwan wid me,  
 Unto de Norden country.

Tra la la, &amp;c.

Now, O! now, we lib in peace an pleasure—  
 Blinckin' ob de boots I money makes;  
 I in Dinah find a precious treasure—  
 She can hurry up de cakes.

Tra la la, &amp;c.

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

The Poetry translated from the German, and adapted expressly for this work to a German Air.

Be-side a fountain's border, Where wanton ze-phyr's rove, A nymph in sweet dia-or-der,  
 Now sleeps in you-der grave: If thus her beau-ties charm me, All sleep-ing as she  
 lies, What ills, a-las! shall harm me When once she opes her eyes.

On her white arm reposing,  
 Reclines her lovely cheek;  
 Far sweeter tints disclosing,  
 Than May's sweet mornin's deck.  
 What tender fears alarm me—  
 What tender hopes arise;  
 Alas! what ills shall harm me,  
 When once she opes her eyes!

And fain would I discover  
 What pains my breast invade;  
 But, ah! too timid lover!  
 My lips refuse their aid.  
 May Love with boldness arm me,  
 And cheek depending sighs;  
 Or, oh! what ills shall harm me,  
 When once she opes her eyes!

## HAVE YE FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER.

Music by T. B. Brett, St. Leonards.—Composed expressly for this Work.

*Moderato.*

Have ye faith in one an-oth-er, When ye meet in friend-ship's name!

For the true friend is a brother, And his heart should bent the same.

Though your paths in life may dif-fer, Since the hours when first ye met,

Still have faith in one an-oth-er— You may need that friend-ship yet.

Have ye faith in one another,  
When ye whisper love's food vow!  
It will not be always summer,  
Nor be always bright as now:  
And, when winter time comes o'er thee,  
If some kindred heart ye share—  
Have ye faith in one another!  
Then ye never shall despair.

Have ye faith in one another!  
Nor should doubts alone incline;—  
That would make the world a desert,  
Where the sun would never shine.

We have all some transient sorrow  
That o'ershadows us to-day;  
But have faith in one another,  
And it soon shall pass away.  
Have ye faith in one another!  
Let true honour be your guide,  
And let truth alone be spoken,  
What else ever may betide.  
Falschood may at times prevail—  
Yes, my friends, no doubt it will;  
But have faith in one another,  
And the truth shall triumph still!

## THE OLD COMMODORE.

Composed by W. Reeve.

*Alllegro.*

Od's blood! what a time for a sea-man to skulk Un-der gin-ger-bread hatch-es a-

shore! What a damn'd bad job that this bat-ter'd old hulk Can't be rigg'd out for

sea once more, Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more: For the pup-pies, as they

pass, cock-ing up a squinting-glass, Thus run down the old com-mo-dore:—

\* That's the old com-mo-dore, The rum old com-mo-dore, The gout-y old com-mo-dore!

He, he, he! Why the bul-lets and the gout Have so knock'd his hull a-bout, That he'll

nev-er more be fit for sea! He'll nev-er more be fit for sea!

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,  
Not a tow-ropc at hand or a sail;  
I'm left by my crew,—and, may I belogg'd,  
But the doctor's a son of a whale!  
While I'm swallowing his -lops,  
How nimble are his chops;  
Thou's queering the old commodore!—  
' Had ease, commodore—  
Can't say, commodore—  
Mus'n't flatter, commodore,' says he:  
' For the bullets and the groat  
Have so knock'd your hull about,  
That you'll never more be fit for sea!'

What! no more be afloat!—blood and fury! they  
I'm a seaman, and only threescore! [He]  
And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,  
Odsooks! let me not die ashore.  
As to death, 'tis all a joke—  
Sailors live in fire and smoke!  
So, at least, says the old commodore;  
The rum old commodore—  
The tough old commodore—  
The fighting old commodore, says he!—  
Whom the bullets o'er the gout,  
Nor the foreigners to boot,  
Shall kill, till they grapple him at sea.

## WIDOW WALMSLEY'S SHINERS.

By Charles Dibdin.

*Moderato.*

Wi-dow Walm-sley, scarce her hus-band cold, A lit-tle worn, and ra-ther old, But  
roll-ing in her dear-ly's gold, Was o-pen to de-sign-ers, Was o-pen to de-  
sign-ers. The first week, like th' Ephre-sian dame—The first week, like th' Ephre-sian dame, She  
'unk in grief, the next the same; The third a troop of lov-ers came, the  
third a troop of lov-ers came, To touch, touch, touch, touch, touch, To touch Wi-dow  
Walmsley's shin-ers, To touch Widow Walm-sley's shin-ers; The third a troop of  
lov-ers came, The third a troop of lov-ers came To touch Wi-dow Walmsley's shiners.

The neigh'ring squire chas'd her in view,  
Whose fortune out at elbows grew;  
And Irish jolmen, not a few,  
All sapp'd the fort, like miners.  
They ogled, blarney'd, sung, and dress'd;  
She swallow'd ev'ry fulsome jest,  
Till 'twas a bet, who fatter'd best  
Would touch Widow Walmsley's shiners.

A painter knew what to be at;  
He drew her squirrel and tom-cat,  
A cupid made her ngly brat,  
An adept 'mongst designers;

Gave to each wrinkle in her face  
A softness, symmetry, and grace,  
Turn'd rough to smooth at ev'ry trace,  
To touch Widow Walmsley's shiners.

Vermilion grac'd her sallow cheek;  
On the canvas lovely, fair, and sleek,  
A living Venus seem'd to speak,  
Till this pattern of designers,  
When he had woo the jolly dame,  
Like hook-nose Caesar, great in fame,  
With his ewi, idi, ric came,  
And touch'd Widow Walmsley's shiners.

## I MET UPON A JOURNEY.

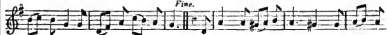
The Verses from the Athenæum, translated from the German of Heine, adapted expressly for this Work to an Air by Beethoven.

*Moderato.*



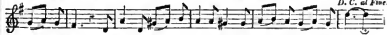
I met up - on a jour - oey The fam - i - ly of my fair, And cor - dial - ly they

*Fine.*



hail - ed me, With un - af - fect - ed air. They ask'd me ma - ny ques - tions, If all were

*D. C. al Fine.*



right and well? And said, I had not al - ter - ed, Ex - cept that I was pale.

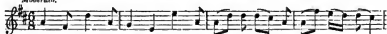
I ask'd for old relations.  
And friends of auld lang syne,  
And for the little dog that used  
To lick my hand and whine;  
For my belov'd, now wedded,  
I asked with careless brow,  
And joyfully they answer'd  
She was a mother ewe.  
I met upon a journey, &c.

Her little sister told me  
The pup of auld lang - yne  
Hind grow'd a growling mastiff.  
And fallen into the Rhine;—  
The fairy's like her sister,—  
The very smile she wore  
Still lives in ev'ry dimple,  
And charms me as of yore.  
I met upon a journey, &c.

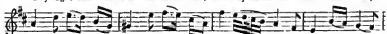
## THE DAWN OF DAY.

The Poetry by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.—Adapted expressly for this Work to an Air by Weber.

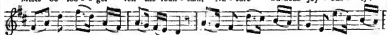
*Moderato.*



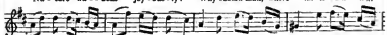
Day - light blush - es o'er the moun - tain, Sun - ny beams sa - lute the sea;



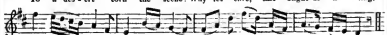
Mists oo loo - ger veil the foun - tain,— Na - ture wa - kens joy - ous - ly!



Na - ture wa - - kens joy - ous - ly! Why should man, where all is smil - ing,



To a des - ert torn the scene? Why let care, like blight de - fa - ling.



Steal the ro - se's leaves be - tween, steal the sa - sa's leaves be - tween?

Ev'ry bird, from brake and valley  
Warbling, tells its tale of love;  
Beasts from leafy covert sally,  
O'er the smiling earth to rove.

Why should man, 'mid happy creatures,  
Shroud alone his brow with cares?  
Let him gaze on Nature's features,  
Till his heart her gladness shares!

## COME, IF YOU DARE!

*Con Spirito.*

From ARTAXERXES.

1st. 2nd.

Come, if you dare our trumpet's sound: Come, if you dare the foe's re-bound! We  
 come, we come, we come, we come, Says the double, double, double beat of the  
 thund'ring drum. Now they charge on a-main, Now they rally a-gain; The  
 gods from above the mad labour behold, And pity mankind that will  
 perish for gold, And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons quit the ground,  
 The trumpets languish in their sound;  
 They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly,—  
 Victoria! Victoria! the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,  
 To the plunder we run;—  
 We return to our lasses like fortunate traders,  
 Triumphant with spoils of vanquish'd invaders.

## EARLY DAYS, HOW FAIR AND FLEETING.

Composed by Sir J. A. Stevenson.

*Large Aff. Andante.*

Early days, how fair and fleeting, Bless'd us ere the parting scene; Now the  
 fates forbid our meeting, And the deep seas roll between. Fare thee well! the love I  
 bear thee, Hope-less, yet shall true re-main, Hope-less, yet shall true re-main! Ne-ver  
 one I lov'd before thee, Ne'er thy like shall see a-gain; Ne-ver one I lov'd more  
 dear-ly, Ne-ver one shall see a-gain, Ne-ver one shall see a-gain.

Yet with hope should fortune cheer me,  
 Peace and joy may still be mine;  
 Were my soul's dear idol near me,  
 I would ne'er at fate repine;—

For thy sake alone, believe me,  
 Through the wintry hours I'd toil;—  
 Trust me, love, I'd ne'er deceive thee,  
 Could I once but gain thy smile.



## MARY, I BELIEV'D THEE TRUE.

Composed by Sir J. Stevenson.

*Andante.*

Ma-ry, I be-liev'd thee true,— And I was bless'd in thus be-  
 liev-ing; But now I mourn that e'er I knew A girl so fair and  
 so de-ceiv-ing. Few have e-ver lov'd like me— O! I have  
 lov'd thee too sin-cere-ly; And few have e'er de-ceiv'd like thee!— A-  
 -nd de-ceiv'd me too se-vere-ly.

Fare thee well, yet think awhile  
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;  
 Who now would rather trust that smile,  
 And die with thee, than live without thee.

Fare thee well, I'll think of thee—  
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;  
 For see, distracting woman, see,  
 My peace is gone—my heart is broken.  
 Fare thee well, &c.

## ANOTHER CUP, AND THEN.

By Charles Dibdin.

*Vivace.*

Mat Mudge, the sex-ton of our town, Tho' oft a lit-tle ben-dy, The  
 drink not so his wits could drown, But some ex-cuse was ren-dy. Mat said, the par-son  
 lov'd a sup, And eke al-so the clerk; And then it kept his spi-rits up 'Mongst  
 spi-rits in the dark; Swore'twas his pre-de-cis-sor's fault, A curs-ed drunk-en  
 fel-low,—The ve-ry bells to ring he taught, As if they all were mel-low. Hark,  
 hark! cried he, in tip-sy peal, 'Like roaring to-pers as they reel, Hark! what a



For good news Mat got drunk for joy,  
If he could beg or borrow ;  
Did anything his mind annoy,  
He drank to drown his sorrow.  
Thus he'd rejoice, or he'd coodle ;  
Cried Mat, ' Be 't joy or grief,  
As the song says, the flowing bowl  
Still gives the mind relief.  
'Twas all my predecessor's fault, &c.

Were peace the theme, and all its charms,  
Mat fill'd the sparkling noggin ;  
If war, he drank, ' My British arms  
Still give the foe a flogging.'

The parson once took Mat to task,  
Bid him beware the bowl ;  
' Your pardon, I most humbly ask,'  
Cried he, ' hut, 'pon my soul,  
'Twas all my predecessor's fault,' &c.  
And then no liquor came amiss,  
Wherever he could forage ;  
That gave him spirits, wisdom this,  
And t'other gave him courage.  
Thus was he merry and jocose,  
If fortune smil'd or frown'd ;  
And, when he'd fairly got his dose,  
And all the things turn'd round,  
Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault, &c.

## DEAR MARY, ADIEU!



Dear Mary, adieu! can that ship go to wreck,  
When'er'y plank bears your sweet name on the deck?  
Nay, many love-knots on the tops have I made,  
While guileless my shipmates at chequers have play'd.  
Their sports are no pastime, but sorrow to me, —  
My mind is more happy in sighing to thee,  
More happy, by far, when I'm thinking of you,  
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu.

Yes, the hope of return's all the joy of a tar,  
'Tis his compass, his helm — 'tis his guide, and his star;  
'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he sails:  
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales:  
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,  
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day:  
With rapture it makes his affection to burn,  
And changes adieu into welcome return.

## A LIFE IN THE WEST.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Allagro con Sprio.*

Ol hro - thers, come hi-ther, and list to my sto - ry,— Mer - ry and brief will the  
nar - ra-tive be,— Here, like a mon-arch, I reign in my glo - ry— Mas-ter am  
I, boys, of all that I see:— Where once frown'd a fo - rest a gar - den is  
smil-ing, The meadows and moor-lands are marsh es no more; And there curls the  
smoke of my cot-tage, be-gull-ing The chil-dren who clus-ter like grapes at the door. Thra  
en-ter, boys—cheer-ly, boys, en - ter and rest; The land of the heart is the land of the  
west! O-hol boys! O-hol boys! O - hol boys! O - hol - - -

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,  
Where man, like the wind, rolls impulsive and free;  
Behold how its beautiful colours all vary,  
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.  
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;  
With proud independence we season our cheer,  
And those who the world are for happiness ranging,  
Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here!  
Then enter, boys, cheerly, &c.

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,  
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own:—  
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,  
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.  
We oever know want, for we live by our labour,  
And in it contentment and happiness find;  
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbour,  
And die, boys, in peace and goodwill to mankind!  
Then enter, boys, cheerly, &c.

## GAIETE DE CŒUR.

The Words adapted expressly for this Work, to an Air by Winter.

They tell me that love is a fol-ly; They tell me that hope is vain,—That life is all  
me-lan - chol - y, Yet, cousin, I ne'er com - plain; Yet, cousin, I ne'er com-plain.  
I dance with the Spring when she calleth;  
I laugh at the bright June day;  
And when the wild Autumn falleth,  
I look for the Christmas gay.  
Tim's evils for ever are flying  
Away, like the swift-wing'd rack,  
Life's shadows are daily dying;  
Ah, why should we call them back?  
The mind, it should gladden the seasons,  
Should strengthen the heart in pain;  
And so—and for other bright reasons—  
Sweet cousin, I ne'er complain.

## O! NAME NOT THOSE DAYS.

The Poetry by W. M.—Adapted expressly for this Work to an Air by Louis Spohr.

*Andante.*

O, name not those days Which for e - - ver are past,— I deem'd them too  
bright For their bright - ness to last; I deem'd them too bright for their brightness to

*Fine.*

last! O, sing not that song Which in joy was once sung,— Re - tune not the  
D. C.  
harp, Let it still be unstrung— Retune not the harp. Let it still be unstrung!

Those chords have oft spoken,  
Mid light hearts and gay;  
But the charm is now broken,  
And withered away.

The lips that once echoed  
Thy vibrating thrill,  
And the heart that so felt it,  
Now for ever are still.

## THE BROKEN HEART.

The Poetry by Sarina. — Adapted expressly for this Work to an Air by Mayer.

*Andantino.*

I gaz'd u - pon her face— No sign of guilt was there; - A -  
last! I could alone but trace the calmness of despair. No tear was in her  
eye, Its li - quid light to dim; Her gen - tle bos - som heav'd no sigh, To  
tell the grief with - in; Her gen - tle bosom heav'd no sigh, to tell the grief with-in.

The purity of heaven  
Grac'd her fair and spotless brow;  
But I knew her heart was riven,  
For her very smile was woe.  
The cold world's cruel scorn  
Had rent that heart in twain;  
For she knew, though she was lorn,  
That her soul was free from stain.

There was one whom she had lov'd  
With a woman's warmest glow;  
But he had faithless prov'd,  
And she sank beneath the blow.

Yet her love remain'd unshaken,  
Though its brightest hope was gone;  
And, while her heart was breaking,  
It still clung to him alone.

I mark'd the dazzling light  
Which sparkled in her eye;  
I beheld her cheek's pure white  
Stain'd with a hectic dye;  
More fragile grew her frame,  
And I knew her earthly doom;—  
She died—and then the false one came  
To weep beside her tomb.

## HERE WE MEET, TOO SOON TO PART.

Composed by Rossini.

*Andante.*

Here we meet, too soon to part— Here to leave will raise a smart— Here I'll press thee  
to my heart, Where none have place a - bove thee. Here I vow to love thee well—  
Could hot words unseal the spell— Had but lan-guage strength to tell, I'd say how much I  
love thee. Here we meet, too soon to part— Here to leave will raise a smart—  
Here I'll press thee to my heart, Where none have place a - bove thee.  
Here the rose that decks thy door— Had they light of life to see—  
Here the thorn that spreads thy bower— Sense of soul like thee and me,  
Here the willow on the moor— Soon might each a witness be  
The birds at rest above thee— How dotingly I love thee.

## THE PARSON'S CLERK.

By Thomas Hodgson

*Adagio.*

Near Moorfields is a house of prayer, Which e - very eha - pel - go-er knows, And  
pious folks they do go there, To sport their Sun - day clothes. The par-son, filled with  
gos - pel grace, Could show good liv - ing to his face, And fruits of the Spi - rit  
you might trace—In the dark. Just be - neath him did appear A man who sang, so  
sweet and clear, The hymns for two-ty pounds a year—The par - son's clerk!  
Mister Joseph Joshua Twight  
Always dress'd as if lo priot;  
His eyes were beautifully bright,  
Though they had a little squint.  
He gave out a hymn, his head he shook,  
One eye was fix'd upon the book,  
T'other would round the chapel look—  
Only mark.  
Like others, he could not resist  
Singing with a beautiful nasal twist,  
The while he beat time with his fist,  
The parson's clerk!  
By fate's decree a rich man died,  
Whose widow, with much grief and pain,  
On Sundays to the chapel hied,  
In hopes—to wed again.  
The flesh did the spirit sore assail;  
She pray'd that her prayers might avail.  
And sang as sweet as a nightingale—  
Or a lark.  
She look'd as meek as any dove,  
Thought love-feasts were feasts of love,  
Turn'd her eyes on heaven above—  
And the parson's clerk!

Mister Twight, though his eyes were bad,  
A nose so keen and sharp had got,  
In less than 'no time at all' egad!  
He smelt out what was what,  
And soon gave her to understand,  
By plously talking of wedlock's band,  
Sigh'd, and groan'd, and squeeze'd her hand—  
To the dark.  
A month from the time her husband died,  
At living alone so much she sigh'd,  
She went to church and was fairly tied—  
To the parson's clerk!

Ere the honey-moon had flown,  
His manners somehow seem'd so strange,—  
He dress'd quite spruce, left her alone,  
Astonish'd at the change.  
From righteous path he turned astray.  
And even on the Sabbath day  
Draved himself in a one-horse-shay—  
In the park.  
And all the week—I don't know how,  
At singing glees he made a row,  
And got as drunk as 'Davy's sow'—  
Did the parson's clerk!

Only a short time after that,  
These revels turn'd to grief and care;  
He was took by a man, with large cock'd hat,  
Before the great Lord Mayor.  
Charges against him, not a few,  
For being in love and being untrue,  
And children sworn, a dozen or two—  
Fair and dark.  
And when at the truth they did arrive—  
To show what a rare game he did drive—  
He'd three wives besides, and all alive—  
Had this parson's clerk!

Committed to Newgate's dreary cell—  
Proof of guilt beyond all doubt—  
He served three years in Clerkenwell,  
And then, quite fresh, came out.  
His wives were gone—he knew not where,  
And, what was more, he did not care;  
He wanted a trade—the wind was fair—  
To embark.  
For gospel grace his bowels yearn'd,  
He had a call, and it was not spurn'd,  
And now a methodist parson turn'd—  
Is this parson's clerk!

### THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA.

Poetry by M. N. O.—Arranged, expressly for this Work, to an Air by Donizetti.

*Allegro Moderato.*

I'm a spir-it of o-cean! and wan-der through its caves' and its pa-la-ces'  
gor-gious blue! From the whale so rude to the nan-ti-lus small, I com-mand with a  
breath, and command them all.—I teach them to sport on its bil-low-y breast, And  
guard them all as they sink to rest; I teach them to sport on its  
bil-low-y breast, And guard them all as they sink to rest!

I blow with the Naiads the zephyr light,  
Or storm the wide waters in wild affright;  
I go with the bark to a distant land,  
And return with the home-bound happy band;  
I mark the patriot's gladdening eye,  
As the ship sails on so gallantly.  
I pilot the vessel through dangerous seas,  
And unfurl the sails to the wafting breeze;  
I convey it home, and the friendly band  
On their country's shore once more I land;  
And to join my fellows I hasten away,  
Skimming swiftly as light to illumine the day.  
I encounter the storm as I pass along;  
I laugh at its thunders, and mock with my song;  
The lightning's play harmless on heaving waves,

Whose voice as the voice of the madman raves;  
And the bowl of the waters is music there,  
Tho' 'tis music that charms not the spirits of air.

With the pride of Armada I sport across  
The boundless sea, and its surges toss;  
I drink with its king in his rocky cave,  
Where my throne is made of the crystal wave;  
And, as night comes on, I sport with the moon,—  
On the breast of a billow I reach her soon.

In the sea's vast hall my repose I take,  
And with morn's first bow to the sun I wake,  
Sportive again on the briny wave,  
And dancing with sea-nymphs, loud Eolus brave  
Endless my days, and eternal my bliss,—  
Can the children of earth ever equal this?

## STEP TOGETHER.

From Duffy's Spirit of the Nation.

*Allegro Fermo.*

Step to - geth - er - bold - ly tread, Firm each foot, e - rect each head; Fix'd in front be  
 ev' - ry glance, For - ward at the ward ad - vance! Serried files that foes may dread,  
 Like the deer on moun - tain heath - er, Tread light, Left, right, — Left right, —  
 Steady, boys, and step to - geth - er! Steady, boys, and step to - geth - er!

Step together—be each rank  
 Dress'd in line, from flank to flank,  
 Marching so that you may halt  
 'Mid the onset's fierce assault,  
 Firm as is the rampart's bank,  
 Rais'd the iron rain to weather—  
 Proud slight!  
 Left, right—  
 Steady, boys, and step together!  
 Step together—be your tramp  
 Quick and light, no plodding stamp.  
 Let its cadence quick and clear  
 Fall like music on the ear;  
 Noise befits not hall or camp—

Eagles soar on silent feather—  
 Tread light,  
 Left, right—  
 Steady, boys, and step together  
 Step together—self-restrained,  
 Be your march of thought as trained,  
 Each man's single pow'r combin'd  
 Into one battalion'd mind,  
 Moving on with step sustain'd,  
 Thus prepar'd we rock not whether  
 Foes smite,  
 Left, right—  
 We can think and strike together!

## THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

By John Sinclair.

*Allegretto con Anima.*

The moun - tain maid from her bow'r had bled, And sped to the glas - sy ri - - ver's  
 side, Where the ra - diant moon shone clear and bright, And the wil - lows wav'd in the  
 sil - ver light, the wil - lows wav'd in the sil - ver light; On a moss - y  
 bank lay a shep - herd swain, — He woke - - - his pipe to a  
 tune - ful strain, He woke - - - his pipe to a tune - ful strain.

And so blithe - ly gay were the notes he play'd, That he charm'd the ear of the  
moun - tain maid; And so blithe - ly gay were the notes he  
play'd, That he charm'd the ear of the moun - tain maid; And so blithe - ly  
gay were the notes he play'd, That he charm'd the ear of the moun - tain maid

She stopp'd, with timid fear oppress'd,  
While a soft sigh swell'd her gothic breast,  
He caught her glance, and mark'd her sigh—  
And triumph laugh'd in his sparkling eye.

So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,  
He charm'd her tender soul to pity;  
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,  
That he gain'd the heart of the mountain maid.

### I'VE LOVERS KIND, AND SUITORS MANY.

Composed by T. Hook.

*Andantino.*

I've lo - vers kind, and suit - ors many. Who sigh and promise to be true; But  
ne'er will I be kind to a - ny, Till such a one I find as you. The  
angs of absence thus o'er - paid, A Bri - tish maid would never mouro; Her charms her country's  
cause can aid— She shares his fate at his re - turn. I've lovers kind, and suitors  
many, Who sigh and promise to be true; But ne'er will I be kind to a - ny, Till  
such a one I find as you; But ne'er will I be kind to any, Till such a  
one I find as you; But ne'er will I be kind to any, Till such a one I find as you.



## THE FEMALE CRYER.

Composed by Hook.

*All-gretto.*

I've lost my heart, I've lost my heart; Pray tell me if you've found it: 'Tis free from  
 scorn, from pride, or art—Has Da-moc's name a-round it. I've lost my heart, I've  
 lost my heart; Pray tell me if you've found it: 'Tis free from scorn, from pride, or art, Has  
 Da-mon's name a-round it. O! yes! O! yes! O! yes! I've lost my  
 heart! I've lost—I've lost my heart! - - - - I've lost my heart!  
 No heart so con-stant, soft, and true, Till from this breast last night it flew, When  
 Da-mon danc'd up-on the green, The sweet-est youth that ere was seen; When Da-mon  
 danc'd up-on the green—The sweet-est youth that e'er was seen! Such charme a-lone my  
 heart could move,—'Tis constant as the tur-tle dove, 'Tis constant as the tur-tle dove!  
*Fine.*  
*Al. o. r.*  
 O! bring me back my heart a - gain, or bring me Da-mon's in re - turn; O!  
 bring me back my heart a - gain, or bring me Da-mon's in re-turn. At-tend my  
 call, my cry re-gard, And beau-ty's smile be your re-ward; And may the fair you  
*D. C.*  
 fond-ly love Be con-stant as the tur-tle dove! Be con-stant as the tur-tle dove!

## FAINT AND WEARILY.

Composed by Dr. Arnold.

*Allegretto Moderato.*

Faint and wea-ri-ly the way-worn tra-vel-ler Plods on - cheer - 4 - ly, a-  
 fraid to stop: Wan - d'ring drea-ri - ly, and sad on - ra-vel-ler of the  
 max-es tow'rd the moun-tain's top: Doobt-ing, fear-ing, while his course he's  
 steer-ing, Cot-tag-es ap - pear - ing as he's sigh to stop:— O, how  
 busi-ly tho the way-worn tra-vel-ler Threads the mazes tow'rd the moun-tain's top.

Though so melancholy day has pass'd by,  
 'Twould be folly to think on't more;  
 Blithe and jolly he the can holds fast by,  
 As he's sitting at the goatherd's door,

Eating, quaffing, at past labours laugilog,  
 Better far by half in spirits than before:—  
 O, how merry then the rested traveller  
 Seems while sitting at the goatherd's door!  
 O! how merry, &c.

## HOW OFT, LOUISA, HAST THOU SAID.

From the Duenna.

*Andante.*

How oft, Lou - i - sa, hast thou said, Nor wilt thou the food boast dis-own, Thou  
 wouldst not lose An - to - nio's love, To reign the part - ner of a throne. And  
 by those lips which spoke so kind, And by this hand I press'd to mine, To  
 be the lord of wealth and pow'r, I swear I would oot part with thine.

Thou how, my soul, can we be poor,  
 Who own what kingdoms could oot buy;  
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,  
 And, serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,  
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine,  
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,  
 And I'll take kingdoms back with thine.

## HE WAS FAM'D FOR DEEDS OF ARMS.

*Andante Espressiono.*

Composed by D. Corri.

He was fam'd for deeds of arms; Shr, a maid of eo-vied charms, Now to  
him her love im-parts.— One pure flame per-vades both hearts. Ho-nour calls him  
to the field, Love to con-quest now must yield; 'Sweet maid,' he cries, a -  
gain I'll come to thee, I'll come to thee, When the glad trum-pet sounds a Vic-to-ry.

Battle now with fury glows,  
Hostile blood in torrent flows;  
His duty tells him to depart,—  
She press'd her hero to her heart.  
And now the trumpet sounds to arms,  
And now the clash of war's alarms —  
Sweet maid, he cries, again I'll come to thee.  
When the glad trumpet sounds a Victory.

He with love and conquest burns,—  
Both subdue his mind by turns;  
Death the soldier now enthral's!  
With his wounds the hero falls!  
She, disdain'g war's alarms,  
Rush'd and caught him in her arms!  
'O death!' he cried, 'thou'rt welcome now to me,  
For hark! hark! the glad trumpet sounds a Victory.'

## SO YOUNG AND SO LOVELY.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Andante Moderato.*

So young and so love-ly, so wise yet so kind—She has gone, she has left me with  
sad-ness be-hind; The hope of my life from my fond arms is torn, And a-  
lone in the world I must now wander on. O! El-len, fond mem'-ry re-  
calls the delight, When, like the fair moon, you il-lu-mino'd my night—I see thee, O!  
lov'd one—I see thee a-gain, And the vi-sion not brings back the plea-sure of pain.

I see thy bright form, and thy face, once so fair,  
And the pearls made more white by thy raven black hair;  
I see thee in joy, on thy lip the bright smile  
Of love and of beauty, so thoughtless of guile;  
I see thy pure thoughts as in sparkles they rise  
From thy fair spotless soul to thy beautiful eyes;  
I hear thy low voice, and its sweet gushing thrill,  
As it charm'd and enchain'd my fond heart to its will.

I see thee, I hear thee, I feel thy soft kiss,  
And madness succeeds to the mem'ry of bliss;  
She has gone, she has left me alone and to mourn,  
From the fading of day to the flush of the morn;  
But, O! while my thoughts can rove back to the past,  
Fond mem'ry will bid me love on to the last;  
But O! while my thoughts can rove back to the past,  
Fond mem'ry will bid me love on to the last!

## OF ALL THE LANDS THAT ON EARTH ARE FOUND.

Composed by Henry West, R.A. of Music.

*Moderate Vivace.*

Of all the lands that on earth are found, The best is our good old Eng - lish  
ground, So rich in each bless-ing of heav'n, So rich in each bless-ing of heav'n: The  
south's su-per-su - l - ties grow not here, But our men have hearts that know no fear, And our  
maids are by God's self giv'n; The south's su-per-su - l - ties grow not here, But our men have  
hearts that know no fear, And our maids are by God's self giv'n: Of all the  
lands that on earth are found, The best is our good old Eng - lish ground.

Of all the tongues that on earth are found,  
The best is that spoken on English ground;

If less soft than some of its brothers,  
Our words convey a meaning clear,  
And every friend the heart holds dear  
Can understand another's.

Of all the maids that on earth are found,  
The best is the maid born on English ground—  
The earth's fairest flower is she!

Our call her the rose, and she would be such,  
But she has no thorn to wound our touch;  
And her bloom in all seasons we see.

Of all the wives that on earth are found,  
The best wife dwells upon English ground,

For she loves for ever truly;  
To sickness and sorrow she tends on her lord,  
And none can doubt the worth of her word—  
While her fame she merits duly.

Long life to all that on earth are found—  
But for ever success to our English ground,  
The birth-land of worth and beauty;  
Nor let us care, though we think it strange,  
That other lands their morals change,  
If we be true to each duty.

## MY HEART'S MY OWN.

*Moderate.*

My heart's my own, my will is free, And so shall be my voice; No mor - tal man shall  
wed with me Till first he's made my choice Let pa-rents rule—cry Nature's laws, And chil-dren  
still o - bey; And is there then no sav - ing clause Against ty-ran-nic sway? A-gainst ty-  
ran-nic sway? And is there then no sav - ing clause A-gainst ty - ran - nic sway?

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## SWEET KITTY CLOVER.

Words by Knight.—Music by Kean.

*Moderato con Espressione.*

Sweet Kit - ty Clov - er, she bo-thers me so, O, - - - O! - - -

Sweet Kit - ty Clov - er, she bo-thers me so, O, - - O, O! Her

face is round, and red, and fat, Like pul-pit - cu-shion, or red-der than that. O,

weet Kit - ty Clov - er, she bo-thers me so, O, - - - O! - - - O;

Sweet Kit - ty Clov - er, she bo-thers me so, O, - - O, O!

Sweet Kitty in person is rather low, O, O!

She's three feet tall,

And that I prize,

As just a fit height

For a man of my size;—

O! sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, O, O!

Where Kitty resides, I am sure to go, O, O!

One moonlight night—

Ah! me, what bliss!

Through a hole in the window

I gave her a kiss!

O! sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, O, O!

If Kitty to kirk with me would go, O, O!

I think I should never

He wretched again,

If after the parson

She'd say 'Amen.'

Then Kitty would ne'er again bother me so, O, O!

## TO THE BROOK AND THE WILLOW.

*Largo Affettuoso.*

Composed by Sir J. A. Stevenson.

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain, Poor Colin wrot a weeping, and

told them his pain: 'Sweetstream,' he cried sad - ly, 'I'll teach thee to flow, And the

wa - ters shall rise to the brink with my woe,— willow, wil - low, willow,

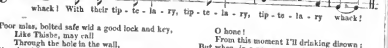
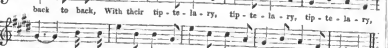
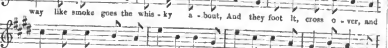
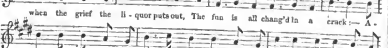
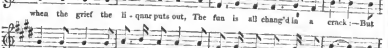
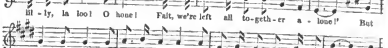
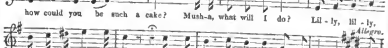
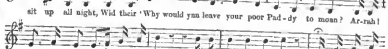
willow, wil - low, willow, willow, willow, willow. Ah! - poor me!

'Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one believe,  
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give;

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,  
And soon lay thy shepherd down cold by thy side.  
Willow, willow,' &c.

## THE IRISH WAKE.

By Charles Dibdin.—Published with Piano-Forte Accompaniment in Davidson's Edition of his Songs.

*Andantino.*

whack! With their tip - te - la - ry, tip - te - la - ry, tip - te - la - ry, whack!

Poor miss, bolted safe wid a good lock and key,  
Like Thisbe, may call  
Through the hole in the wall,  
How hard's my misfortune—I'm left here to moan!  
Will no one take pity on me?  
Mush-a, what will I do?  
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo!

O hone!  
I shall be after lying alone.  
But when the rope ladder affords her relief,  
And she turns on her mother her back, [grief,  
'Mong her friends and relations she braves all her  
And away to Scotland they trip in a crack,  
With their tiptail whack.

The toper, next morning, low, sick, and in pain  
The glasses all breaks,  
Beats his head 'cause it aches,  
And wishes that wine may to poison be grown,  
If e'er he gets tipsy again:  
With his—What will I do?  
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo!

O hone!

From this moment I'll drinking disown:  
But when, in a posse, come Bacchus's troop,  
He changes his tone in a crack; [whoop,  
They drink, and they sing, and they halloo,  
Till they don't know the colour of blue from black,  
And it's tiptail whack.

And so 'tis through life: widows left in the nick,  
Lying swains in disgrace,  
Patriots turn'd out of place, [moan,  
Don't they, cursing their stars, make a horrible  
Just like when the devil was sick?  
Wid their—What will I do?  
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo!

O hone!  
Fast, we're left all to grunt and to groan:  
But when the widow gets married again,  
When the lover is taken back,  
When the patriot ousted a place shall obtain,—  
Away to the devil goes care in a crack,  
And it's tiptail whack.

## WHEN BIBO WENT DOWN.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin.—The Music by Traversa.

*Allegro*

When Bi - bo went down to the re - gions be - low, Where Le - the and Styx round e -  
 ter - ni - ty flow, He a - woks, and he cried that he would be row'd back, For his  
 soul was a - dry, and he want - ed some sack. 'You're drunk,' replied Charon, 'you were  
 drunk when you died, And you felt not the pain that to death is al - lied, And you  
 felt not the pain that to death is al - lied.' 'Take me back,' roar'd out Bi - bo, 'I  
 mind not the pain; Take me back, take me back, let me die once a - gain.'

'Forget,' replied Charon, 'those regions of strife—  
 Drink of Lethe divine, 'tis the fountain of life,  
 Where the soul is new born, and the past is a dream,  
 And the gods themselves drink of the care-drowning  
 stream.'

'Let the gods,' replied Bibbo, 'drink water that will  
 The maxims of mortals I'll always fulfil;  
 Prate, prate out to me of your Lethe divine,  
 For our Lethe no earth was a bumper of wine.'

At length grim Cerberus began for to roar,  
 And the crazy old bark struck the Stygian shore;  
 When Bibbo arose, and he stagger'd to land,  
 But he jostled the ghosts as they stood on the strand.  
 'Have a care,' cried old Charon, 'tis in vain to  
 rebel, (hell.)  
 For you're banish'd from earth, and your soul is in  
 'That's a truth,' replied Bibbo, 'I knew by the sign:  
 'Twas a hell upon earth to be wanting of wine.'

## THE MAIN.

The Poetry by Henry John Sharpe.—The Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Allegro Moderato.*

The main, the main, the flow - ing main! Where proud - ly rides Vic - to - ria's  
 fleet— The main, the main is Free - dom's strain; Let ev - 'ry voice the  
*Fin.*  
 lay - re - prent! Where proud - ly rides Vic - to - ria's fleet— The main, the  
 main, is Free - dom's strain; Let ev - 'ry voice the lay - re

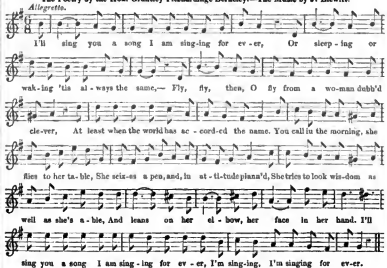


From depths profound the waves resound,  
And murm'ring music fills the air;  
With what delight the prospect bright  
Invites the mariner to share!  
The feather'd oar puts out from shore,  
And swiftly o'er the waters glides;  
The swelling sail heeds not the gale,  
But safely through the tempest rides!  
The main, &c.

That noble bark with wonder mark,  
Emerging from a wat'ry cave,  
Now toss'd on high, it braves the sky,  
A feather on the mighty wave.  
The tempests cease, and, hush'd in peace,  
The baffling surges soon are spread;  
As Nature sleeps, old Neptune leaps  
Triumphant from his liquid bed!  
The main, &c.

### THE CLEVER WOMAN.

The Poetry by the Hon. Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley.—The Music by J. Blewitt.



She's coarse among females, with men she is funny;  
She frightens the timid and tickles the strong;  
She calls them (right easy) Dear Tom and dear  
Johnny,  
And tries to sow discord the married among.  
Intriguing in public, but cautious in private,  
The ice of her nature then only is known;  
Though feeling no passion, she wills to arrive at  
A character Modesty's fain to disown.

I'll sing you a song I am singing for ever, &c.

You meet her at parties, and soon you discover  
Her men, who by turns like the sentries must rest;  
She sends one fool off to make way for another,  
And leads each to think that his suit is the best.

'You are too much with me—the world it will whisper—  
For heaven's sake leave me—my fate's in your hands;  
There, run off—that's right, and go talk to my sister,  
Until for your presence I've further commands.'

I'll sing you a song I am singing for ever, &c.

She gets some rich victim to pay for her pleasures,  
And learned revisers are waiting the same,  
To alter her prose and to finish her measures,  
And give to her poetry all but their name.  
Save, save, then, O save me from women thus clever,  
Who outrage their nature to gain but a name:  
I've sung you a song, and I'll sing it for ever—  
Or sleeping or waking the burden's the same.

I've sung you a song, and I'll sing it, &c.



## ASK IF YON DAMASK ROSE BE SWEET.

*Moderato.*

Ask if you da - mask rose be sweet That scents the am - biant air, Then  
ask each shep - herd that you meet If dear Su - san - nah's fair, If dear, dear Su -  
san - nah's fair, If dear Su - san - nah's fair;— Ask if yon da - mask  
rose be sweet That scents the am - biant air, Then ask each shep - herd  
that you meet, If dear Su - san - nah's fair, If dear Su - san - nah's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,  
And warble through the grove?  
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,  
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,  
Let pride in splendour shine;  
Ye herds, unenvy'd laurels wear,—  
Be fair Susannah mine!

## O, TELL ME NOT THAT LOVE CAN FADE.

The Poetry by F. M.—Arranged expressly for this Work to an Air by Donizetti.

*Moderato.*

O, tell me not that love can fade, As leaves that drop in au-tumn wea-ther;  
O, tell me not that life is made Of thorns and ros - es twin'd to - ge-ther; That  
Hope is but the par - rot tone Of fan - cy's voice in fro - le thrown A - cross the  
mind, Like fit - ful gales that woo a - while, then fly the sails, That woo awhile, then fly the sails.

I would not have my present bliss  
Diminish'd by one dark suspicion;  
I would not stain a joy like this  
By sullen Doubt's intrusive vision;  
I would not lose the thoughts that now  
Revisit me, as dew the bough  
Scorch'd by hot gales, for all that fate  
Can give to smile on wealth or state.

My heart rejects all other cares  
Than that of toying on thy merit,  
And in its inmost cell it bears  
The memory of a tender spirit,  
That, like the treasure'd sea-shell, makes  
Mysterious murmurs, as it wakes  
Its wishes for the distant wave  
That was its cradle and its grave.

## TURN TO ME, LOVE.

Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq.—Music by Sir John Stevenson.

*Allegretto.*

Turn to me, love, the morn-ing rays Are glow-ing o'er thy languid charms—  
 Take o'er lux-u-riant part-ing gaze, While yet I lin-ger, I lin-ger in thy  
 arms: 'Twas long be-fore the noon of night I stole, I stole in-to thy  
 bo-som dear, And now the glances of morn-ing light Has found me,  
 found me still in dal-liance here, Has found me still in dal-liance here.

Turn to me, love,—the trembling gleams  
 Of morn' along thy white neck stray;—  
 Away, away, ye envious beams!  
 I'll chase you with my lips away.

Kiss me once more, and then I'll fly,—  
 Our parting would to noonday last;  
 Then close that languid trembling eye,  
 And sweetly dream of all that's past.

## IRELAND FOR EVER.

*Andante.*

At-tend to me, lands-men, and sail-ers, and o-thers,—My dit-ty ap-peals to your  
 cour-age and sense,—Come round me, my lads, let's shake hands like bro-thers, And join one and  
 all in old Ireland's defence. Though foe-meo by tricks to se-duce us en-deav-our, We'll  
 stand by our Queen and old Ire-land for ev-er. By our Queen, our Queen and old  
 Ire-land for ev-er; We'll stand by our Queen and old Ire-land for ev-er.

Our forefathers fully consider'd the cause  
 Of justice, of wisdom, of honour, and fame,  
 Then wisely and heavenly establish'd such laws  
 As rais'd above others Hibernia's great name:  
 Then shall we lose sight of them?—Never, boys,  
 sever!  
 Huzza for our Queen and old Ireland for ever!

Ye sons of Hibernia, come join hand in hand,—  
 We'll drive all invaders quite out of the land;  
 And when o'er the grog the first toast that giv'n  
 Shall be, 'Plenty and peace to the land that  
 we live in!  
 Though foemen by tricks to seduce us endeavour,  
 We'll stand by our Queen and old Ireland for ever!

## DOWN BY THE RIVER THERE GROWS A GREEN WILLOW.

Words by G. Colman.—Music by Stephen Storace.

*Larghetto.*

Down by the riv - er there grows a green wil - low,—Sing, O for my true love, my  
true love, O! I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pil-low.—And all for my  
true love, my true love, O! When chill blows the wind and tem-pests are beat-ing, I'll  
count all the clouds as I mark them re - treat - - ing, For true lov-ers' joys, well-a-  
day, are as fleet-ing: Sing, O for my love; sing, O for my true love, my true love, O!

Maid, come in pity, when I am departed;  
Sing all for my true love! my true love, O!  
When dead on the bank I am found, broken-hearted,  
And all for my true love! my true love, O!

Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,  
Close to the stream, where my tears once were flowing,  
And over my corse keep the green willow growing,—  
'Tis all for my true love, my true love, O!

## ONE BOTTLE MORE.

*Finece.*

As - sist me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile, To sing in the praise of  
old Ire-land's isle: Where true hos - pi - ta - li - ty o - pens the door, And  
friend-ship de - tains us for one bot - tle more, one bot - tle more, ar - - ra!  
one bot - tle more; And friend-ship de - tains us for one bot - tle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear;  
With our hulls, and our hogues, we are true and  
sincere.

For if but one bottle remain'd in our store,  
We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

And, by way of example, I'll sing of a set  
Of six Irish blades who together had met;  
Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,  
And nothing remain'd but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loath to depart,  
For friendship had grapp'd each man by the beard;  
Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irish-  
man roar, [more]

And the whack from shillelah brought six bottles  
Slow Phœbus had shone thro' our window so bright,  
Quite happy to view his bless'd children of light;  
So we parted, with hearts neither sorry nor sore,  
Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.

## WHEN A TREMBLING LOVER DIES.

Poetry by James Kenney.—Music by I. Nathan.

*Finee.*

When a trem-bling lov-er dies, With a heart brim-full of woe—Stands a - loof, and,  
when he sighs, What he wants won't let us know, Let him go, let him go,  
Wo-men are not con-quer'd so; Let him go, let him go, Wo-men are not  
con-quer'd so; Let him go, let him go, Wo-men are not con-quer'd so.

But the youth who boldly speeds,  
Like a hero, to the fray—  
Speaks his mind, and, when he pleads,  
Will not let us answer nay;

Let him stay, let him stay,—  
He's the man to win the day.  
Let him stay, &c.

## ZEPHYR AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Words by George Darley.—Music by A. Bennett.

*Moderato.*

When the bright - hair'd morn, With her drop - ping horn, Blows sweet, blows sweet on the  
moun-tain side, - - Where the dale - - queens lie, With a fra - - grant  
sigh, O'er their co-ro-nets green I glide; - - - -  
- - Where the dale - queens lie, With a fra - grant sigh, O'er their co-ro-nets green I  
glide, - - - - - O'er their co-ro-nets green I glide.

I waken each flower in her grassy bower,  
But I do not—I dare not stay;  
For I must be gone to attend the sun  
At the eastern gate of the day.  
Fare thee well, farewell, as I leave her cell,  
I can hear the young rose sigh;  
And the hare-bell, too, bids me oft adieu  
With a tear in her dim blue eye.  
As pale as the snow does the lily grow,  
When my wild feet near her rove,

Yet she lets me sip of her nectarous lip,  
As long and as deep as I love.  
To make me her prize pretty primrose tries,  
Kissing and clasping my feet;  
But violets cling so fast to my wlog  
That my feathers are full of them yet!  
Each flower of the lea has a bed for me,  
But I will not—cannot stay,  
For I must be gone to attend the sun  
At the western gate of the day!

## THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

*Modero.*

The groves of Blar-ney, they look so charm-ing, Down by the purl-ings of sweet si-lent  
 brooks, All grac'd by po-sies that spon-ta-neous grow there, and plant-ed in  
 or-der in the rock-y nooks;— 'Tis there the dai-sy and sweet ear-na-tioo,  
 the bloom-ing pink and the rose so fair, The daf-fy - dunn-dill-ly,  
 be-sides the lil-ly, Flow'rs that scot the sweet o-pen air.

'Tis Lady Jeffreys, that owns this station,  
 Like Alexander or like Helen fair;  
 There's no commander in all the nation,  
 For regulation could with her compare;—  
 Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder  
 Could ever plunder her place of strength,  
 Till Oliver Cromwell be did her punwell,  
 Made breaches in all her battlements.

There is a cave where no daylight enters,  
 But cats and badgers are for ever bred,  
 And, moss'd by natur', makes it compliter  
 Than a coach and six, or a downy bed.  
 'Tis there the lake is well stor'd with fishes,  
 And comely eels in the verdant mud,  
 Besides the leeches and groves of beeches,  
 Standing in order to guard the flood.

There are great walks there for recreation,  
 And conversation in sweet solitude;  
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove or  
 The gentle plover in the afternoon.  
 There's Biddy Murphy, the farmer's daughter,  
 A washing the pretties before the door,  
 With Paddy O'Blarney from sweet Killarney,  
 All blood relations of Lord Doonoughmore.

There 's statues gracing this noble mansion,  
 All heathen gods and goddesses so fair;  
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodamus,  
 All standing in the open air.  
 So now, to finish this bold narration,  
 That my poor goose could not cotwine;  
 But, were I Homer or Nebochadnezzar,  
 In every feature I'd make it shine.

## ADIEU, MY LOV'D HARP.

*Lento.*

A - dieu, my lov'd harp, for no more shall the vale Re - s - cho thy  
 notes, as they float on the gale; No more melt-ing pi-ty shall  
 sigh o'er thy string. Or love to thy trem-blings so treo-der-ly sing.

When battle's fell strife launch'd its thunders afar,  
 And valour's dark brow wore the honours of war,  
 'Twas thou breath'd the fume of the hero around,  
 And young emulation was wak'd by the sound.

Ye daughters of Erin, soon comes the sad day,  
 When over the turf where I sleep ye shall say—  
 'O! still is the song we repaid with a tear,  
 And silent the string that delighted the ear.'

## DICKY GOSSIP.

As sung by the celebrated Snett.

*Vivace*

When I was a youn-ker I first was ap-pren-tie'd Un-to a gay  
bar-ber so dap-per and air-y; I next was a car-pen-ter—then turn'd a  
den-tist—Then tai-lor, good Lord—then an a-po-the-ca-ry, Then an a-po-the-  
ca-ry: But for this trade or that, why they all come as pat, they  
all come as pat as they can,— For shav-ing and tooth-drawing, bleeding,  
cab-bag-ing, and saw-ing, Dick-y Gos-sip, Dick-y Gos-sip is the man!

Though tailor and dentist but awkwardly tether,  
In both the vocations I still have my savings;

And two of my trades couple rarely together.  
For barber and carpenter both deal in shavings.  
So for this trade and that, &c.

## IT IS THE HOUR.

The Poetry by J. F.—Arranged expressly for this Work to an Air by Donizetti.

*Allegretto.*

It is the hour when soft, love, The ze-phyr woos the gale, Not sweet-er than we've  
oft, love, Breath'd forth the ten-der tale! The breeze up-on the moun-tain Will  
fan thy love-ly brow—More fair than at the foun-tain The pur-est lil-ies  
grow, More fair than at the foun-tain The pur-est lil-ies grow.

Then smiling come with me, love,—  
The stars from those blue skies,  
That light the vales and sea, love,  
Look dim without thine eyes.  
Reflected on the flower, love,  
The dew-drops sparkle bright;  
The glow-worm courts the hour, love,  
To shed its mystic light.

In sweet and plaintive measure,  
The nightingale's soft tone  
Sheds melody's sweet pleasure,  
As thrilling as thine own!  
Then smiling come to me, love,—  
The stars from those blue skies,  
That light the vales and sea, love,  
Look dim without thine eyes!

## ANACREON, THEY SAY, WAS A JOLLY OLD BLADE.

*Vivace.*

A - na - cre-on, they say, was a jol - ly old blade, A Grecian, choice spi - rit, and  
 po - et by trade; A - na - cre-on, they say, was a jol - ly old blade, A Gre-cian, choice  
 spi - rit, and po - et by trade; To Ve-nus and Bac - chus he tun'd up his lays—For  
 love and a bum-per he sang all his days; To Ve-nus and Bac-chus he tun'd up his  
 lays—For love and a bum-per, For love and a bum-per, he sang all his days.

He laugh'd as he quaff'd still the juice of the vine,  
 And though he was human was look'd on divine,—  
 At the feast of good-humour he always was there,  
 And his fancy and sonnets still banish'd dull care.  
 'Good wine, boys,' says he, 'is the liquor of Jove—  
 'Tis our comfort below, and their nectar above;  
 Then, while round the table, the bumper we pass,  
 Let the toast be to Venus and each smiling lass.  
 'Apollo may torture his catgut or wire,  
 Yet Bacchus and beauty the theme must inspire,

Or else all his humming and strumming is vain,—  
 The true joys of heaven he'd never obtain.

'To love and be lov'd, how transporting the bliss!  
 While the heart-cheering glass gives a zest to each  
 With Bacchus and Venus I'll ever combine, [kiss!  
 For drinking and kissing are pleasures divine.'

As sons of Anacreon, then, let us be gay—  
 With drinking and love pass the moments away,  
 With wine and with beauty let's fill up the span;  
 For that's the best method,—deny it who can?

~~~~~  
HERE'S A HEALTH.*Andante.*

Here's a health to those far a - way, Those who're gone to war's fa-tal plain! Here's a  
 health to those who were here t'other day! But ne'er may be with us a-gain—no, never! 'Tis  
 hard to be part-ed from those With whom we for e-ver could dwell! But bit-ter in-  
 deed is the sor-row that flows, When per-haps we are say-ing fare - well, for ever!

Yet we hope some guardian divine  
 Will each youth from danger defend,  
 Whilst glory for them bright laurels shall twine,  
 Whose beauty no peril can end,—no never.

Though those whom we tenderly love  
 Our tears at this moment may claim,  
 A balm to our sorrows this truth sure must prove,  
 They'll live in the record of fame, for ever.

## THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.—Adapted to a favourite French Air.

*Tempo di Marcia.*

Glow - ing with love, on fire for fame, A trou - ba - dour that hat - ed  
 sor - row Be - neath his la - dy's win - dow came, And thus he sang his last good -  
*D. C.*  
 mor - row :— ' My arm it is my coun - try's right—My heart is in my true love's  
 bow'r;—Gay - ly for love and fame to fight Be - fits the gal - lant Trou - ba - dour.'

And, while he march'd with helm on head,  
 And harp in hand the descent rang,  
 As faithful to his far'rite maid,  
 The minstrel burthen still he sang :—  
 ' My arm it is my country's right;  
 My heart is in my lady's bow'r;  
 Resolv'd for love and fame to fight,  
 I come, a gallant Troubadour.'

E'en when the battle's roar was deep,  
 With dauntless heart he bow'd his way,  
 'Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,  
 And still was heard the warrior lay :—

' My life it is my country's right,  
 My heart is in my lady's bow'r;  
 For love to die, for fame to fight,  
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.'

Alas ! upon the bloody field  
 He fell, beneath the forman's glaive,  
 But still, reclining on his shield,  
 Expiring sang th' exulting stave :—  
 ' My life it is my country's right;  
 My heart is in my lady's bow'r;  
 For love and fame to fall in fight  
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.'

## A FAREWELL.

The Poetry by J. F.—Arranged expressly for this Work to an Air by Mozart.

*Andantino.*

Weep not, my love,—since we must part, How vain it is to fal - ter ; And  
 sighs but ill be - come a heart Which time can nev - er al - ter. Could now my  
 lot be link'd with thine, Nor grief nor care should move me ; With thee I'd kneel at  
 fortune's shrine, And prove how well I love thee. And prove how well I love thee.

That fate must part us in its ruth,  
 I cannot, love, accuse thee ;  
 Yet would I ne'er had known thy troth.  
 Since I must love, and lose thee.  
 Adieu, my love ;—in vain these tears  
 Bewail each threaten'd danger ;  
 Where many a hostile band appears,  
 The desert, and the stranger.

And, ah ! when thou shalt eager come  
 Across the raging billow,  
 The eye that seeks thy once-lov'd home  
 May find my lowly pillow !  
 Yet still my hovering spirit there,  
 Though it can ne'er caress thee,  
 May linger o'er thee in the air,  
 To fondly gaze, and bless thee !



# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## BONNY CHARLEY.

Vivace,

Words by Upton.—Music by Hook.

O! dear-ly do I love to rove a-mang the fields of bar-ley,—'Twas  
there that Charley told his love, The blithe, the winsome Char-ley. Then he so sued, and  
he so woo'd, and mar-riage was the par-ley; What could I do but buck-le to, With  
bon-ay, bon-ay Char-ley? O! my bon-ay, bon-ay boy, my bon-ay, bon-ay  
Char-ley,— O! my bon-ay, bon-ay boy, my bon-ay, bon-ay Char-ley.

I ken the lassies rue the day  
I sought the fields of barley,  
And strive to win from me away  
The heart of winsome Charley;  
But ah! how vain! they cannot gain  
His love by all their parley;  
And now they see he wooed but me,  
My bannay, bonny Charley.  
O! my bannay, &c.

O! like blessing on the laird  
That owns the fields of barley;  
And ken I him alone regard,  
For he is winsome Charley.  
The gentle youth, with purest truth,  
So wooed me late and early,  
I can't withstand to give my hand  
To bonny, bonny Charley.  
O! my bonny, &c.

## JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

Andante Espress.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Poetry by Burns.

John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first acquaint, Your locks were like the  
ra-ven, Your bon-my brow was bent; But now your head is bald, John, Your  
locks are like the snow, Yet blessings on your frosty paw, John An-der-son my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,  
I wonder what ye mean—  
To rise so early i' the morn,  
And sit so late at e'en;  
Ye'll bleer out a' your eeo, John,  
And why should ye do so?  
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en,  
John Anderson my jo!  
John Anderson my jo, John,  
When Nature first began  
To try her canny hand, John,  
Her master work was man:

And ye amang them a', John,  
So trig frae tap to toe,  
She prov'd to be nae journey-work,  
John Anderson, my jo!  
John Anderson, my jo, John,  
Ye were my first conceit,  
And ye need na think it strange, John,  
Though I ca' ye trim and neat;  
Though some folk say ye're auld, John,  
I ne'er can think ye so—  
Ye're aye the same kin' mon to me,  
John Anderson, my jo!

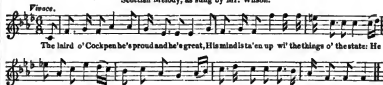
# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We've seen our bairns' bairns,  
And yet, my dear John Anderson,  
I'm happy in your arms.  
And see are ye in mine, John—  
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say so,  
Though the days are gone that we have seen,  
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill together,  
And mony a canny day, John,  
We've had wi' aye anither;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
Bot hand in hand we'll go,  
And we'll sleep together at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo!

## THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.



wanted a wife his braw house to keep, But fav-our wi' woo'n' was fash-ious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;  
M'Clisk's an daughter o' Claverie-ha' Lee,  
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, as guld as when new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd his hat—  
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannille—  
And rapp'd at the wye o' Claverie-ha' Lee;  
'Gae tell M'Clisk's Jean to come speedily ben:  
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean ane was makin' the elder-flower wice;  
'And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'  
She put off her apron, and oo her silk gown,  
Her motch wi' red ribbons, and gae awa dowo.

And when she cam ben, he boned fu' low;  
And what was his errand he soon let her know.  
Amas'd was the Laird, when the lady said, Na,  
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa.

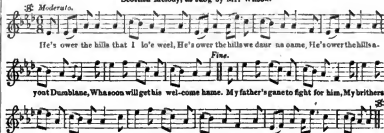
Dumfounder'd he was, but aye sigh did he gie;  
He mounted his mare, and rade cannille;  
And aften he thought, as he gae through the gus,  
'She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

And now that the Laird his exit had made,  
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said:  
'Oh! for aye I'll get better, for waur I'll get tea—  
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

The next time the Laird and the lady were seen,  
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;  
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit ben,  
But aye chickens as yet has appear'd at Cockpen.

## HE'S OWER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.



wi-na bide at hame, My mither greets and prays for them, And deed she thinks they're no to blame.

His right these hills, his right these plains—  
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;  
What lads e'er did, our laddies will do,—  
Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.

He's ower the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look—sae princely an air—  
Sae gallant and hold—sae young and sae fair:  
O, did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done—  
Hear him bot ance, to his standard ye'll run.

He's ower the hills, &c.

## JOLTERING GILES.

By Charles Dibdin.

*Allegro.*

Hark, with what glee you mer-ry clown rea-sons, re-marks, and sows; To  
 pain and care a - like unknown, he whis-tles as he goes. From Na-ture's love to  
 rea-son taught, he knows not sub-tle rules, But ven-tures oft some pith-y thought That  
 might in-struct the schools. 'This ground's just like the world' cries he, 'And  
 these - um zeeds its cares!' 'How's that?' cries one. 'Wounds! can't 'a se? Why, I be a  
 sow-ing o' tares!' Taw, law, la law de - rum taw, tum, taw! For drill is broad-cast  
 none do know Bet-ter than Jolt - 'ring Giles to sow: Be't beans, or wheat, or  
 whits, or rye, Or bar - ley, you mun come to I. Tol de rol li - ty tum  
 li - ty tum ti. Thus Jolt - ring Giles, the mer-ry clown, rea-sons, re-marks, and  
 sows; To pains and care a - like un-known, he whis-tles as he goes.

One day some dashing sprigs came by,  
 Imported neat from town;  
 As they pass'd on, Giles heard them cry—  
 'I say, let's quit the clown!  
 And just as they their fun began,  
 An ass was heard to Bray—  
 'Ichaw!'—'Here, fellow, clown!'—'Anon!  
 One at a time, zur, pray!  
 'We reap the fruit of all that 's sown  
 By fellows of your stamp!  
 'That's very likely, zur, I own,  
 Vor I be a sowing o' hamp!' Taw law, &c.  
 'A vrend by all the country round,  
 My labours all regale:  
 'Twas I the barley put i' the ground,  
 That brew'd th' exciseman's ale;  
 The wheat I sow with even hand  
 To thousands shall give bread:—

Why, there's no king or 'squire o' the land  
 Zo many mouths ha' red.  
 I saves zum souls, vor aught I know—  
 If how thon'dst wish to larn—  
 The title of ev'ry grain I sow  
 Goes to the parson's barn. Taw law, &c.  
 'But what at last be all my pains?  
 Just like to wheat or rye,—  
 A man comes forward, counts his gains,  
 And holds his head up high:  
 And scarcely vull and ripe he's grown,  
 However great he be,  
 Death with his sickle cuts un down,  
 And there be an end o' he!  
 Zo, while a body's here below,  
 Clean hands be sure to keep;  
 Vor, sure as death, as we do sow  
 We zertainly shall reap!' Taw law, &c.

oft for pi - ty woo'd, Was not, was not their light of love and truth?

When his bright form my steps pur-su'd, Came he to mock my sim -

ple youth? Haste, haste, I pri- thee haste a - way, And seek my gen - tle cav - a -

lee; And, if he ev - er lov'd me, say, A grate - ful heart a - waits him

here, A grateful heart - - - a - waits him

here— a - waits him here— a - waits him here— a - waits him here

### THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP.

The Poetry by Wilmington Fleming.—Arranged expressly for this Work to an Air by Anker.  
*Moderate.*

Friend of my soul! when all has fled My bo - som glow'd to own, Like friendship's voice in

so - reign clime, I hear thy thrill - ing tone;—Life's fai - ry dreams—youth's hopes have pass'd, And

man-hood's trance of fame; Methinks I am old, for my blood runs cold, Yet thou art still the

same! Me - thinks I am old, for my blood runs cold, Yet thou art still the same.

The gay fond voices, that in youth  
To transport woke the mind,  
Are hush'd in icy death's embrace,  
So strangely turn'd unkind;  
Amid the world I wander lone,  
A sad and cheerless thing:—  
But my heart can bound to the thrilling sound,  
When fancy wakes thy string.

Friend of my soul! why dost thou cling  
So fondly in my woe—  
As when, in youth's gay wantoning,  
I felt thy magic glow?

The worldly prudent answer make,  
And blame with scorn's deep wrong—  
That thy harp might wake, thou didst all forsake,  
For poverty and song.

And did I thus,—could prophet old  
The heaven-sent mission spurn?  
When rapture fires the young fond heart,  
Can it refuse to burn?

Let scathe the minstrel blame,  
The prudent error see:—  
But through sorrow's night, with a proud delight,  
I'll sing, lov'd harp, to thee!

## WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

Irish Melody.

Pirace.

At six-teen years old you could get lit-tle good of me: Then I saw Norah, who soon un-der-  
stood of me, I was in love—but my-self, for the blood of me, Could not tell what I did  
ail! 'Twas dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be? Oeh, blood and 'ounds! what can the  
mat-ter be? Oeh, gra-ma-ehree! what can the matter be? Bo-ther'd from head to the tail.

I went to confess to Father O' Flannigan,  
Told him my ease—made an end—then began again:  
'Father,' says I, 'make me soon my own man again,  
If you find out what I ail.'

'Dear, dear!' says he, 'what can the matter be?  
Oeh, blood and 'ounds! can you tell what the  
Bother'd, 'what can the matter be?' [matter be?]  
Bother'd from head to the tail.

Sooe I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again;  
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again:  
Gave me a kiss: oeh, sounds! that threw me  
worse again;  
Well she knew what I did ail.

But 'Dear, dear!' says she, 'what can the matter be?  
Oeh, blood and 'ounds! what can the matter be?  
Oeh, gramachree, what can the matter be?  
Bother'd from head to the tail.'

'Tis long ago eow since I left Tipperary:  
How strange, growing older, our nature should  
vary!

All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary;  
I cannot tell now what I ail.  
But, dear, dear! what can the matter be?  
Oeh, blood and 'ounds! what can the matter be?  
Oeh, gramachree! what can the matter be?  
Bother'd from head to the tail.

## THE KNITTING GIRL.

Composed by Haydn.

Adagio.

Hark, Phil - lis, hark! through you - der grove Re - spon - sive Na - ture sings; Love  
seeks the deep em - bower'd al - core, And leads swift Fan - cy wings!  
Phil - lis heard, but Phil - lis sat Si - leet knit - tieg, si - leet knit - ting at her  
cot - tage gate; Phil - lis heard, but sat si - leet keit - ting, at her cot - tage gate.

Eothon'd he's seated in thine eye;  
Where, though blind, can see  
Himself reflected in each sigh,  
He bids me breathe for thee.  
Phillis heard, but Phillis sat,  
Silent knitting, at her cottage gate.

Lo! tow'rs the bow' he beckons now;  
O! rise and come away:—  
From ill toward thee is his vow,  
To guard, and eot betray.  
Phillis heard, but Phillis sat,  
No longer knitting, at her cottage gate.

## FATHER, I CALL ON THEE.

The German Prayer during Battle.—The Poem translated from Korner's 'Leyer und Schwerdt.'—  
The Music composed by Himmel.

*Adante con molto moto.*



Fa-ther, I call on thee! The roar-ing ar-til-le-ry's clouds thick-en

round me— The hiss and the glare of the bolts con-found me! Ru-ler of

Bat-tles! I call on Thee! O, Fa-ther, lead thou me!

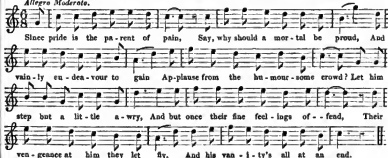
O Father, lead thou me! [me!  
To victory or death, dread Commander, O guide  
The dark valley brightens when thou art beside me!  
Lord, as thou wilt, so lead thou me!  
God, I acknowledge thee!  
Lord, I acknowledge thee!  
When the breeze through the dry leaves of autumn  
is moaning—  
When the thunder-storm of battle is growling,—  
Fount of Mercy, in each I acknowledge thee!  
O Father, bless thou me!  
O Father, bless thou me!  
I trust in thy mercy, what'er may befall me!

'Tis Thy Word that hath sent me—that Word can  
Living or dying, O bless thou me! [recall me  
Father, I honour thee!  
Father, I honour thee! [tending to—  
Not for earth's boards or honours we here are com-  
All that is holly our swords are defending!  
Then, falling or conquering, I honour thee!  
God, I repose in thee!  
God, I repose in thee!  
When the thunders of death my soul are greeting—  
When the gash'd veins bleed, and the life is fleeting,  
In thee, my God, I repose,—in thee!  
Father, I call on thee!

## MY PHILOSOPHY.

Poetry by John Jarvis.—Arranged expressly for this Work, to an Air by Mozart.

*Allegro Moderato.*



Since pride is the pa-rent of pain, Say, why should a mor-tal be proud, And

vain-ly en-dea-vour to gain Ap-plause from the hu-mour-some crowd? Let him

step but a lit-tle a-wry, And but once their fine feel-ings of-fend, Their

ven-geance at him they let fly, And his van-i-ty's all at an end.

Ambition is just like a kite,  
Which boys for amusement oft swing,—  
They first let it soar a great height,  
And then pull it down—with a string:  
Then let us be humble and tame,  
Nor with the ambitious be found,—  
To-day in the phanton of fame,  
And to-morrow thrown flat on the ground.  
As for me, I shall never comply  
With the terms of ambition at all,—  
So, if I ne'er rise very high,  
I shall have no great distance to fall:  
Let him who despises my rule  
Soar after a fanciful crown:—  
Before he can grasp it—poor fool!  
I shall see him come hopelessly down.

Some men quit the world in a noose,  
To purchase themselves a great name;  
Their heads some will cheerfully lose,  
To shine in the volume of fame:  
Such notions are charming,—but I  
Can never subscribe to the plan;  
For, though I expect I shall die,  
I'll just live as long as I can.  
Since danger awaits his ascent,  
Who above his condition would soar,  
I'll be in my station content,  
A very bad poet—and poor:  
To the proud no offence will I give,  
For fear of a knock n' the head;  
If they'll let me alone while I live,  
They may spatter my name when I'm dead.

## THE FAIRIES' SONG.

The Words by J. Graham.—The Music by Dr. J. Smith.

*Moderato.*

Moonlight, moonlight soft-ly is bring-ing Light o'er the bow-ers, Light o'er the bow'rs; Let us haste—low mu-sic sweet-ly is ring-ing From the deep flow-ers, from the deep flow'rs.

Moonlight, moonlight, while the world sleep-eth, Round us so near, round us so near, With dance and spell the fai-ry world keep-eth Joy a-wake here, joy a-wake here. - - -

Moonlight, moonlight softly is bring-ing Light o'er the bow-ers, Light o'er the bow'rs; Let us haste—low mu-sic sweet-ly is ring-ing From the deep flow-ers, from the deep flow'rs.

Moonbeam, over earth's bosom  
Spread thy rich hues,  
While we deeply drink in each pearl-lit blossom  
Nectarine dews!

Moonbeam, while thy soft beauty falls  
O'er the still bowers,  
Thus fairies waste beneath heaven's starry halls  
Night's silent hours. Moonlight, &c.

## HASTE, HASTE, I PRITHEE HASTE AWAY.

The Poetry by James Keoney.—The Music by I. Nathan.

*Moderato.*

Haste, haste, I pri-thee haste a-way, And seek my gen-tle cav-a-lier; And, if he ev-er lov'd me, say, A grate-ful heart a-waits him here. When his bright form my steps pur-su'd, Came he to mock my sim-ple youth?—Those eyes that oft for pl-ty woo'd, Was oot their light of love and truth? When his bright form my steps pur-su'd, Came he to mock my sim-ple youth?— Those eyes that

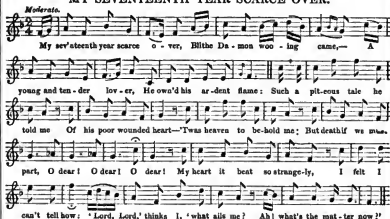
*D.C. Minore.*



pl - ty, 'tis pl - ty, sure, to part so soon. O, hear me, De - Ba! hear me  
 now - in - cline pro - pi - tious to my vow! So may thy charms no  
 chan - ges prove, But bloom for ev - er like my love, — So may thy  
 charms no chan - ges prove, Bot bloom for ev - er like my love.

## MY SEVENTEENTH YEAR SCARCE OVER.

*Moderato.*



My sev - teenth year scarce o - ver, Blithe Da - mon woo - ing came, — A  
 young and ten - der lov - er, He own'd his ar - dent flame: Such a pit - eous tale he  
 told me Of his poor wounded heart:—'Twas heaven to be - hold me: But death if we  
 part, O dear! O dear! O dear! My heart it beat so strange - ly, I felt I  
 can't tell how: 'Lord, Lord,' thinks I, 'what ails me? Ah! what's the mat - ter now?'

The question soon was answer'd, —

Sly Cupid's dart was thrown:

I lov'd as well as Damon,

But that I would not own;

For, if he talk'd of dying,

Or mourn'd his hapless case,

I seldom fail'd replying

By laughing to his face —

O dear! O dear! O dear!

At length, his patience failing,

He proudly swore he'd go: —

'Not yet,' said I, half smiling;

'Why, what's the matter now?'

He slyly seiz'd that moment

To press me to be his,

And, how it was I know not,

I thoughtless answer'd Yes,

O then, when first we married,

How easily I reign'd;

If check'd, my point I carried

By sobs and tears well feign'd,

O dear! O dear! O dear!

The poor good soul was melted,

Not proof against my woe,

And coaxingly consented,

With, what's the matter now?

Alas! those times are over,

And I have had my day:

No more a dotting lover,

He swears he'll have his way;

To all intresties callous,

Whole days from me he'll roam;

Get tipsy at the alehouse,

And then come staggering home.

O dear! O dear! O dear!

If then I weep or chide him,

With consequential brow,

He sets his arms beside him,

With, what's the matter now.



## HOW SWEET ARE THE MOMENTS.

*Moderato.*

How sweet are the mo-ments when Fan-ny is nigh me—How sweet 'tis to  
gaze on her fea-tures so dear— What trans-ports I feel when my  
charm-er is by me, To whis-per the feel-ings of love in her ear: Our  
be-some soft glow-ing, Our hearts fond-ly throe-ing. We breathe forth the warm, the sus-  
cep-ti-bile sigh,— . . . . . The dear thrill-ing plea-sure flows  
quick be-yond mea-sure, And all is de-light when my Fan-ny is by.

How oft, by the side of the streamlet when straying, With transport delighted, our vows we have plighted,  
And the lark highly pois'd, his sweet notes war- And each sworn to constancy till we may die !—  
bling forth, Ah ! sweet was the pleasure, but, 'reft of my treasure,  
As the herd in the fold were skipping and playing, All, all is a blank when my Fanny's not by.  
And May gave the valley a floweret birth,

## CUSHLAMACHREE.

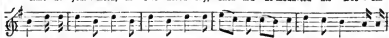
*Moderato.*

Dear E-rin, how sweet-ly thy green bo-som ris-es, An em-e-ra-ld  
set in the ring of the sea; Each blade of thy meadows my faith-ful heart  
priz-es, Thou queen of the west, the world's Cush-la-ma-chree! Thy  
gates o-pea wide to the poor and the stran-ger— There smiles hos-pi-

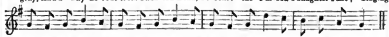
## DUMBLE DUM DEARY.

*Allegro.*

Last new year's morn, as I've heard say, Rich-ard he moun-ted his Dob-bin



gray, And a-way he rode from Taun-ton Dean, To court the Par-son's daughter Jane;—Singing



dum - ble dum dea - ry, dum - ble dum dea - ry, dum - ble dum dea - ry, dum - ble dum dea - ry.

Then Dick put on his Sunday clothes,  
His huckskin breeches, Sunday hose,  
Besides a new hat upon his head,  
Which was bedeck'd wi' ribbons red.  
Dumble dum, &c.

Then on he rode wi'out dread or fear,  
Till he came to the house of his sweet dear,  
Where he knock'd and shouted and hellow'd hallo!  
'Be the folks at home? any yes or no?'  
Dumble dum, &c.

A servant quickly let Dick in,  
That he his courtship might begin;  
And now he strutted up and down the hall,  
And loudly for Miss Jane did call.  
Dumhle dnm, &c.

Miss Jane came down without delay,  
To hear what Richard had got to say;  
'I do suppose, my dear Miss Jane,  
You know I be Richard o' Taunton Dean?  
Dumhle dum, &c.

'I'm an honest lad, though I be poor;  
I never was in love before;  
My mother has sent me here to woo,  
And I can fancy none but you.'  
Dumhle dnm, &c.

'Well, if I consent to be your bride,  
Pray, how will you for me provide?'  
'I'll give thee all I yarns, I'm sure,  
And what can a husband, pray, do more?  
Dumble dum, &c.

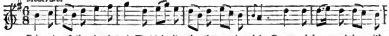
'O! I can reap, and I can sow,  
And I can plough, and I can mow;  
And I goes to the market to sell feyther's hay.  
And I yarns my ninepence every day!'  
Dumhle dum, &c.

'O! ninepence a-day will never do,  
For I must have silks, and satins too;  
Ninepence a-day! It wouldn't buy meat!'  
'Adzooks!' cries Dick, 'get a sack o' wheat!'  
Dumhle dum, &c.

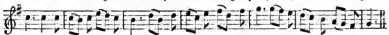
'Besides, I've a pig pok'd in a sty,  
Which comes to me when Granny does die!  
And, if you'll consent to marry me now,  
I'll feed you as fat as my feyther's old sow!'  
Dumhle dum, &c.

Dick's compliments were so polite,  
That all the company laugh'd ontright;  
And, when he had gotten no more to say,  
He mounted old Dobbin, and gallop'd away.  
Dumhle dum, &c.

## THE FAIRY.

*Moderato.*

Fair-est of the vir-gin-train That trip it o'er the magic plain, Come, and dance and sing with



me, Un-der yon-der a-ged tree; Come, and dance and sing with me, Un-der yon-der a-ged tree.

There I'll tell you many a tale,  
Of mountain, rock, of hill, and dale,  
Which will make you laugh with me,  
Under yonder aged tree.

See the moon all silver bright,  
Shining with a tenfold light,  
To try to see my queen with me,  
Through the boughs of yonder tree.

Who is that whom I espy,  
Just descended from the sky,—

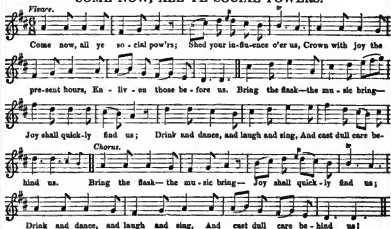
E'en, faith! 'tis Cupid, come to see  
My fair beneath yonder aged tree.

A little rogue! but he shall smart!  
I'll take away his bow and dart,  
And give them, 'fore his face, to thee,  
Under yonder aged tree.

Then we'll play, and dance, and sing,  
Celebrating Pan our king;  
And I'll always live with thee  
Under yonder aged tree.

## COME NOW, ALL YE SOCIAL POWERS.

*Verse.*



Come now, all ye so - cial pow'rs; Shed your in - fu - ence o'er us, Crown with joy the  
pre - sent hours, En - liv - en those be - fore us. Bring the flask—the mu - sic bring—  
Joy shall quick - ly find us; Drink and dance, and laugh and sing, And cast dull care be -  
*Chorus.*  
hind us. Bring the flask—the mu - sic bring— Joy shall quick - ly find us;  
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing, And cast dull care be - hind us!

Friendship, with thy pow'r divine,  
Brighten all our features:  
What but friendship, love, and wine,  
Can make us happy creatures?  
Bring the flask, &c.

Love, thy godhead we adore,  
Source of generous passion;  
Nor will we ever bow before  
Those idols, wealth and fashion.  
Bring the flask, &c.

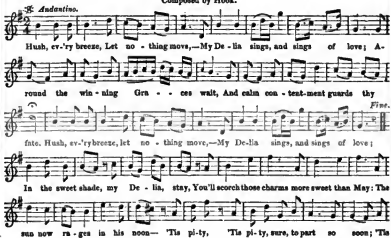
Why should we be dull or sad,  
Since on earth we mould'ring?  
The grave, the gay, the good, the bad,  
They every day grow older.  
Bring the flask, &c.

Then, time shall steal away,  
'Spite of all our sorrow,  
Heighten every joy to - day,  
And never mind to - morrow!  
Bring the flask, &c.

## HUSH, EV'RY BREEZE.

Composed by Hook.

*Andantino.*



Hush, ev'ry breeze, Let no - thing move,—My De - lia sings, and sings of love; A -  
round the win - ning Gra - - ces wait, And calm con - tent - ment guards thy  
*Fine.*  
into. Hush, ev'ry breeze, let no - thing move,—My De - lia sings, and sings of love;  
In the sweet shade, my De - lia, stay, You'll scorch those charms more sweet than May: The  
sun now ra - ges in his noon— 'Tis pi - ty, 'Tis pi - ty, sure, to part so soon; 'Tis

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

win a pen - ny fee, And see an o - nie bon - nie lad, n - nie  
*Allegro.*  
 lad will fan - cy me! He's com-in' frae the north that's to fan - cy me, He's  
*dolce.*  
 com - in' frae the north that's to fan - cy me,— A fea - ther in his bon - net, And a  
*f*  
 rib - bon on his knee: O, he's a bon - ny lad - dis, And you be he

## WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

*Con Spirite.*  
 O, wel - come, Char - lie, o'er the main,—Our High - land hills are a' your sin: Thrice  
 wel - come to our isle a - gain, Our gal - lant roy - al Char - lie! And Scotia's sons, 'mang  
 bea - ther hills, Can fear - less face the warst o' ills, For kin - dreds are ilk bo - som  
 fills At sight n' roy - al Char - lie! Her an - cient this - tie wags her pow, And proudly  
 waves o'er hill and knowe, To hear our pledge and sa - cred vow, To live or  
 die wi' Char - lie! An' O, but ye've been lang n' com - in', lang o' com - in',  
 lang o' com - in'; O, but ye've been lang n' com - in'! Wel - come, roy - al Char - lie!

We daur na brew a peck o' mant  
 But Geordie aye is finding fault;  
 We canna mak' a pickle saut  
 For want o' royal Charlie.  
 Then up and quaff along wi' me,  
 A bumper crown'd wi' ten times three,  
 To him that's come to set us free;  
 Huzza for royal Charlie!  
 O, but ye've, &c.

From a' the wilds o' Caledon,  
 We'll gather every hardy son,  
 Till thousands to his standard run,  
 And rally round Prince Charlie.  
 Come, let the flowing queh go round,  
 And boldly bid the pibroch sound,  
 Till every glen and rock resound  
 The name o' royal Charlie!  
 O welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

## THE FLOWING BOWL.

Composed by Charles Dibdin.

*Moderate.*

Of all Heav'n gave to com-fort man, And cheer his droop-ing soul, Show  
me a bless-ing, he who can, To top the flow-ing bowl, To top the flow-ing  
bowl. When am-'rous Strephon, dy-ing swain, Whose heart his Daph-ne stole, - - -  
- - - Whose heart his Daph-ne stole— Is  
jilt-ed: To re-lieve his pain, He seeks the flow-ing bowl, the flow - - -  
- - - ing bowl— He seeks the  
flow-ing, flow-ing bowl— He seeks the flow-ing bowl.

When husbands hear, in hopeless grief,  
The knell begin to toll,  
They mourn awhile,—then, for relief,  
They seek the flowing bowl.  
The far, white swelling waves deform  
Old Ocean as they roll,  
In spite of danger and the storm,  
Pats round the flowing bowl.

The miner, who his devious way  
Works like the purblind mole,  
Still comfort for the loss of day  
Finds in the flowing bowl.

It gives to poet, lyric wit,  
To jesters to be droll:  
Anacreon's self had never writ,  
But for the flowing bowl.

Moisten your clay, then, sons of earth;  
To Bacchus, in a snail,  
Come on, the volunteers of mirth,  
And by the flowing bowl  
Become immortal, be ador'd,  
'Mongst gods your names enrol:  
Olympus be the festive board,  
Nectar the flowing bowl!

## O, THEN SHALL OUR MEETING BE, MY LOVE.

The Music by J. R. Planche.—The Music by J. Watson.

When the sun hath sunk so red be-hind the fir-cled hill, And the  
last faint light hath fled from the snow on its summit still; And the last faint light hath



Thy sons are all brave, but the battle once over,  
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;  
And the rosy cheeks of thy daughters discover  
The soul-speaking blush, that says Cushlamachree.

Then flourish for ever, my dear native Erin,  
While sadly I wander, an exile from thee!  
And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,  
May Heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.

~~~~~  
**FORGET ME NOT.**



When care and pain with phantoms dread surrounding,  
Appal thy trembling mind forlorn, oppress'd,  
An inward voice, in tender whispers sounding,  
Shall soothe thy boding fears, and fortify thy breast;  
And round thy weary couch, a gentle spirit flying,  
Shall breathe these gentle notes, in hollow murmurs  
sighing,

Forget not, dear maid, but think thy lover shares thy lot.

Forget me not, &c.

When from her clay-huilt nest my soul, departing,  
Prepares a blissful flight to realms on high,  
O! should I see one tear of anguish starting,  
To catch the falling drops I'll leave my native sky,  
Then round thy loving form a watch incessant keeping  
And ev'ry sigh of love in thrilling transports steeping,  
I'll snatch thy constant soul, to share in Heav'n my lot.

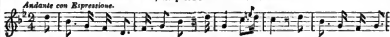
Forget me not, &c.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## THERE GROWS A BONNY BRIAR-BUSH IN OUR KAIL-YARD.

Scottish Ballad, composed of five different Melodies.

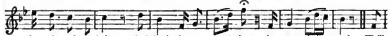
*Andante con Espressione.*



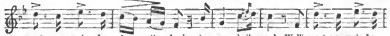
There grows a bon-ny bri-ar-bush in our kail-yard, There grows a boo-oy



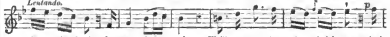
bri-ar-bush in our kail-yard; And be-low the bon-nie bri-ar-bush there's a



las-sie and a lad, And they're bus-y court-ing in our kail-yard. We'll



court nae mair be-low the bush in our kail-yard, We'll court nae mair be-



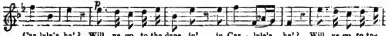
low the bush in our kail-yard: We'll a-wa to A-thole's green, And



there we'll no be seen, Where the trees and branch-es will be our safe-guard.



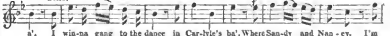
Will ye go to the dance-in' in Car-lyle's ha'? Will ye go to the dance-in' in



Car-lyle's ha'? Will ye go to the dance-in' in Car-lyle's ha'? Will ye go to the



dance-in' in Car-lyle's ha'? Where San-dy and Nan-cy, I'm sure, will ding them



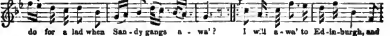
a', I win-na gang to the dance in Car-lyle's ha', Where San-dy and Nan-cy, I'm



sure, will ding them a', I win-na gang to the dance in Car-lyle's ha'.



What will I do for a lad when San-dy gangs a-wa'? What will I



do for a lad when San-dy gangs a-wa'? I w'll a-wa to Ed-in-burgh, and

Heraclitus would never deny  
A bumper to cherish his heart;  
And, when he was madd'ning, would cry,  
Because he had emptied his quart:  
Though some were so foolish to think  
He wept at men's folly and vice,  
When 'twas only his custom to drink  
Till the liquor ran out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad  
To tipple and cherish his soul;  
Would laugh like a man that was mad,  
When over a jolly full bowl:  
While his cellar with wine was well stor'd,  
His liquor he'd merrily quaff;  
And, when he was drunk as a lord,  
At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus, too, like the rest,  
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,  
And knew that a cup of the best  
Made reason the brighter to shine:  
With wine he replenish'd his veins,  
And made his philosophy reel;  
Then fancied the world, as his brains,  
Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

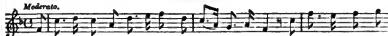
Aristotle, that master of arts,  
Had been but a dunce without wine,  
For what we ascribe to his parts  
Is due to the juice of the vine;  
His belly, some authors agree,  
Was as big as a watering-trough:  
He therefore leap'd into the sea,  
Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrhus had taken a glass,  
He saw that an object appear'd  
Exactly the same as it was,  
Before he had liquor'd his beard;  
For things running round in his drink,  
Which sober he motionless found,  
Occasion'd the sceptic to think  
There was nothing of truth to be found.

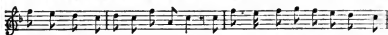
Old Plato was reckon'd divine,  
When wisely to virtue was prone;  
But, had it not been for good wine,  
His merit had never been known:—  
By wine we are generous made;  
It furnishes fancy with wings;  
Without it we ne'er should have had  
Philosophers, poets, or kings.

## GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

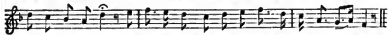
Irish Melody.

*Moderato.*

As down on Ban-na's banks I stray'd One ev' - ning in May, The lit - tle birds, in



blith - est notes, Made vo - cal ev' - 'ry spray; They sang their lit - tle tales of love, They



sang them o'er and o'er,— Ah! gra-ma-chree, ma col - lee-nouge! ma Mol - ly As - thore!

The daisy pled, and all the sweets  
The dawn of Nature yields,  
The primrose pale, the violet blue,  
Lay scatter'd o'er the fields:  
Such fragrance in the bosom lies  
Of her whom I adore.

Ah Gramachree, &amp;c.

I laid me down upon a bank,  
Bewailing my sad fate,  
That doom'd me thus the slave of love,  
And cruel Molly's hate.  
How can she break the honest heart  
That wears her in its core?

Ah Gramachree, &amp;c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear!  
Ah! why did I believe?  
Yet who could think such tender words  
Were meant but to deceive?  
That love was all I ask'd on earth,—  
Nay, Heaven could give no more.

Ah Gramachree, &amp;c.

O! had I all the flocks that graze  
On yonder yellow hill,  
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds  
That yon green pasture fill,  
With her I love I'd gladly share  
My kine and fleecy store.

Ah Gramachree, &amp;c.

Two turtle-doves above my head  
Sat court'ing on a bough,—  
I envied not their happiness,  
To see them bill and coo.  
Such fondness once for me she show'd,  
But now, alas! 'tis o'er.

Ah Gramachree, &amp;c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,  
Thy loss I e'er shall mourn;  
Whilst life remains in Strepson's heart,  
'Twill beat for thee alone:  
Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee  
Its choicest blessings pour.

Ah Gramachree, &amp;c.



## IS THY HEART WITH ME.

The Poetry by G. J. De Wilde.—Arranged expressly for this Work to an Air by Auber.

*Moderato.*

Maid-en who art bow-er'd By the an-tumn-tint-ed vine, Round thy fa-ther's dwelling  
Nigh the ra-pid Rhine: Now the sun-set ten-der hal-low-eth all to thee;  
Maid-en, lov-ing maid-en, Is thy heart with me? Now the sun-set ten-der  
Hal-low-eth all to thee, Maid-en, lov-ing maid-en, Is thy heart with me?

Love to thee, dear maiden,  
Bringing out its lighter joys,  
Thy young life hath not o'er-darken'd  
With the passion that destroys:—  
It hath cast a twilight over  
The bright places of thy heart,  
Yet its deep recesses  
Lighting ev'ry part.

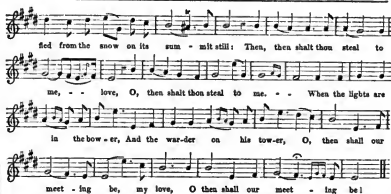
We shall ever, maiden,  
By the autumn-tinted vine,  
Sing again sweet songs, love-laden,  
To the rapid Rhine.  
Yet at sunset tender,  
Wheresoe'er I be,  
Maiden, dearest maiden,  
Is my heart with thee.

## SWEET ELLEN, THE MAID OF THE MILL.

The Poetry by Thomas Blake.—The Music by W. H. Cutler.

*Andante.*

O, sweet is the blos-som that hangs on the tree, And its fra-grance is far sweeter  
still; But sweeter's the voice of my charm-er to me— Of El-len, sweet El-len, the  
maid of the mill. How of-ten, de-light-ed, I've gaz'd on her charms, As we've walk'd by the  
ough-b'ring rill; May those beau-ties long rest in my fond cir-cle's arms! O,  
El-len, sweet El-len! the maid of the mill. Thus the sor-rows of time will  
quick-ly pass o'er, While with plea-sure we life's cha-llice fill; For, bless'd with thy  
beau-ties, what heart can wish more? O, El-len, sweet El-len, the maid of the mill!



fed from the snow on its sum - mit still: Then, then shalt thou steal to  
me, - - love, O, then shalt thou steal to me. - - When the lights are  
in the bow - er, And the war - der on his tow - er, O, then shall our  
meet - ing be, my love, O then shall our meet - ing be!

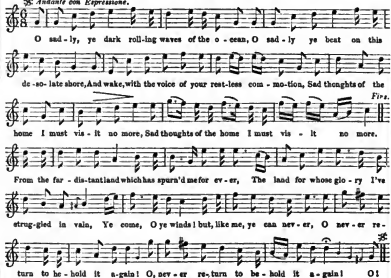
When the jocund stars an high  
Their golden tresses shake,  
And the winds lie down and die,

By the side of the frozen lake,  
O, then shall our meeting be, my love!  
O, then shalt thou, &c.

### THE EXILE.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay.—Music by Henry Russell.

*Andante con Espressioni.*



O sad - ly, ye dark roll - ing waves of the o - cean, O sad - ly ye beat on this  
de - so - late shore, And wake, with the voice of your rest - less com - mo - tion, Sad thoughts of the  
home I must vis - it no more, Sad thoughts of the home I must vis - it no more.  
From the far - dis - tant land which has spurn'd me for ev - er, The land for whose glo - ry I've  
strug - gled in vain, Ye come, O ye winds! but, like me, ye can nev - er, O nev - er re -  
turn to be - hold it a - gain! O, nev - er re - turn to be - hold it a - gain! O!

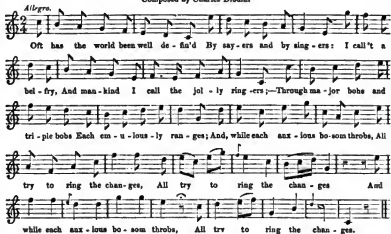
Thou bird that dost wing thy fair course o'er the  
billow,  
How happy, like thee, all unfetter'd to roam!  
Each wave-circl'd rock can afford thee a pillow;  
Each isle of the ocean provide thee a home!

But I must still wander in sorrow and sadness,  
And stifle the thoughts which for ever awake;  
Must brood o'er my woes till they drive me to  
madness,  
And teach my proud spirit to bend or to break.

## THE JOLLY RINGERS.

Composed by Charles Dibdin.

*Allgro.*



Oft has the world been well de - fin'd By say - ers and by sing - ers : I call't a  
bel - fry, And man - kind I call the jol - ly ring - ers ; Through ma - jor bows and  
tri - ple bows Each em - u - lous - ly ran - ges ; And, while each anx - ious bo - som throbs, All  
try to ring the chan - ges, All try to ring the chan - ges And  
while each anx - ious bo - som throbs, All try to ring the chan - ges.

These College youths are sent to school,  
And afterwards to College ;  
And thence return by square and rule,  
Well vers'd in worthy knowledge.  
As genius lends, to cram his maw,  
Each art's close lab'rinth ranges,  
And on religion, physick, law,  
Completely rings the changes.

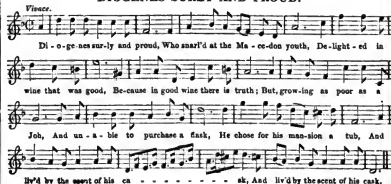
The fortune-hunter swears and lies,  
And courts the widow's jointure,  
Then with a richer heiress flies,  
Nor minds to disappoint her.  
The widow, too, has her arch whim,  
Nor thinks his conduct strange is ;  
A titled heir succeeds to him,  
And thus she rings the changes.

The waiter pillages the Greek,  
The Greek the spendthrift fleeces,  
The spendthrift makes dad's fortune squeak,  
Dad rack-rents and grants leases :  
The tenants break, gazette reports  
Each difference arranges ;  
Till, pro and con, through all the courts,  
The lawyers ring the changes.

Thus, like the bells, each fear and hope  
Hangs wav'ring and suspended :  
All tug away, while some a rope  
Get more than they intended.  
In merry cadence, as they roll,  
We'll rove where reason ranges ;  
Nor shall the bell of sadness toll,  
Till death shall ring the changes.

## DIOGENES SURLY AND PROUD.

*Vivace.*



Di - o - ge - nes sur - ly and proud, Who snarl'd at the Ma - ce - don youth, De - light - ed in  
wine that was good, Be - cause in good wine there is truth ; But, grow - ing as poor as a  
Job, And un - a - ble to purchase a flask, He chose for his man - sion a tub, And  
liv'd by the scent of his ca - - - - - sk, And liv'd by the scent of his cask.

## PLENTY OF LOVE.

The Music by C. J. Hess; the Poetry from the Translation of Beranger's Songs published by W. Pickering.

*Moderate.*

In spite of wis-dom's warn-ing voice, I'd fain a - mass a gol - den store; Straight  
to the mis-tress of my choice I'd give it all, and search for more. Still, Harriet,  
still, Harriet, should thy least en - price, O - bey'd each day, my du - ty prove; 'Tis  
true, I'm free from a - va - rice— But not from love!—O! not from love! 'Tis true,  
I'm free from a - va - rice— But not from love!—O! not from love!

And, if to consecrate her fame  
My lays were worthily inspir'd,  
They should preserve my Harriet's name,  
And last for ages, still admir'd;—  
So our two names, united, down  
The rolling stream of time would move;—  
I look not, burn not, for renown,—  
But, O! I burn with love, with love!  
Would that the gods would make me great,  
Bestow a throne, and crown me king,  
To Harriet I would yield my state,  
My throne, my crown, my every-thing.

To please her, I would e'en endure  
Within a court's false maze to move;  
Ne'er tempted by ambition's lure;—  
I'm caught by love, I'm caught by love!  
But why those vain desires allow  
My heart from its repose to stir?  
My Harriet breathes an answering vow,  
And what are these compar'd to her?  
Conscious of bliss, of joy secure,  
And Fate's reverses far above,  
In fame, in rank, in fortune poor,  
With only love, I'm rich in love!

## AND MUST I PART WITH THEE.

Arranged by William Ball.

*Andante Affettuoso.**piu.*

And must I part with thee, my love? And must I part with thee? My  
first, my last, my oo - ly love, Than life more dear to me? If  
fate will thus be - reave me, O! then, my lone lone heart, The  
world has naught to give thee;—Let life, let all, de - - part.

O! there have been sweet hours, my love,  
Sweet hours between us twain,  
With Heaven's own smiles illum'd, that now,  
Will never beam again.

An endless night is falling,  
No star, no dawn for me,  
O'er Heaven's-ward glance recalling,  
All all, is lost with thee!

## THE FRIENDS.

*Vivace.*

In wine there is all in this life we can name: It strengthens our friend-ship, and  
 love - lights the flame: Though life is but short, and at best but a span, Let's  
 live all our days, and may this be the plan: To drink, my dear boys, and to  
 drive a - way sor-row, Let cash but hold out, and we'll ne'er ask to borrow; Though  
 paupers to-night, we'll be rich rogues to - mor-row, be rich rogues to-mor-row, be  
 rich rogues to-mor-row; Though paupers to-night, we'll be rich rogues to-mor-row.

In a neat country village, yet not far from town,  
 A clean bed for a friend where'er he comes down,  
 With a choice pack of hounds us to wake in the  
 A hunter for each to set off with the horn. (morn,

Then drink, &c.

Our dishes well chosen, and nice in their sort,  
 Our cellars well stor'd with good claret and port,  
 A bumper to hail, to hail the all-glorious;—  
 Our grandaires did so, and our fathers before us.

Then drink, &c.

A jolly brisk chaplain that can well grace the table,  
 Who will drink like a man as long as he's able,  
 Who'll drink till his face port and claret makes red,

Then stagger, enlighten'd, quite happy, to bed.

Then drink, &c.

May each man have a lass, that as his wishes may  
 prove

To his honour most true, and sincere to his love,  
 With beauty, with wit, to change never prone,  
 And the bandage good-nature to blind them his own.

Then drink, &c.

And just as we've liv'd may we close the last scene,  
 Quite free from all trouble, quite free from all pain:  
 The young they may wonder, the old they may stare,  
 And lift up their hands, to see what friendship was  
 there.

Then drink, &c.

## PADDY'S BALLOON.

*Allegretto.*

Some have tra - vers'd the fa - thom-less o - cean, Others A - fri - ca's coast have ex -  
 plor'd; By the pow'rs, but I think the best no - tion is ri - ding the sky on a  
 board. While tied to a bladder of smoke, sir, The hem - isphere round you may sail; You'll  
 look-by my soul, it's no joke, sir— Like a pig with a rat at his tail. Sing  
 'Doo - der roo do, doo - der roo, doo - der roo, doo - der roo do.'

Upon land a thirteener a mile, Sir,  
 For every furlong you ride;  
 By water no turnpike or stile, Sir,  
 But then you must wait for the tide.  
 Now this is a very snug way, Sir,  
 And the travelling charges so small,  
 If your neck should get broke, I dare say, Sir,  
 The expense would be nothing at all.  
 Sing dooder roo, &c.

Then with changing of horses such bother,  
 You'll be rid of all that very soon;  
 Sure as I am the son of my mother,  
 You may breakfast to-night in the moon;  
 While the stars will be blinking about, Sir,  
 To judge what this wonder may be,  
 And some would suppose, without doubt, Sir,  
 'Twas Ireland jump'd out of the sea.  
 Sing dooder roo, &c.

### MY GAUNTLET'S DOWN.

The Poetry by James Kenney. The Music by I. Nathan.

*Alligretto con espressione.*

My gaunt-let's down, my flag un - fur'l'd, What - e'er my for - tune  
 be; For thee, my love, I'd lose the world, For thee, my love, I'd  
 lose the world, Or win a world in thee! Yes, thou shalt be my po - lar  
 star, O'er youth's be-wil-d'ring tide, To land of promise, bliss a - far, My  
 bright, my beam - ing guide, My bright, my beam - ing guide, My  
 bright, my beam - ing guide! Yes, thou shalt be my po - lar star, O'er  
 youth's be-wil-d'ring tide, To land of pro-mise, bliss a - far, My young, my beam-ing  
 guide. - - - - - My gaunt - - - let's - -  
 down, my flag un - fur'l'd, What - e'er my for - tune be; For  
 thee, my love, I'd lose the world, For thee, my love, I'd lose the world, Or  
 win a world in thee, Or win a world - - in thee!

## OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP.

Composed by Reeve.

Our coun - try is our ship, d'ye see, A gal-lant ves - sel too, And  
 of his for - tune proud is he Who's of the Al - bion's crew, Who's of the  
 Al - bion's crew. Each man, what - e'er his sta - tion be, When du - ty's call com -  
 mands, Should take his stand, and lend a hand, As the com - mon cause de -  
 mands, Should take his stand, and lend a hand, As the common cause de - mands.

Among ourselves in peace, 'tis true,  
 We quarrel, make a rout,  
 And, having nothing else to do,  
 We fairly scold it out;

But, once the enemy in view,  
 Shake hands, we soon are friends;  
 On the deck,  
 Till a wreck,  
 Each the common cause defends.

## HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

How stands the glass a - round? For shame, ye take no care, my boys; How  
 stands the glass a-round? Let mirth and wise a - bound. The trum - pets  
 sound,— the colours they are fly - ing, boys—To fight, kill, or wound; May  
 we still be found Con - tent with our hard fate, my boys, On the cold ground!

Why, soldiers, why,  
 Should we be melancholy, boys?  
 Why, soldiers, why?  
 Whose business 'tis to die!  
 What, sighing? fie!  
 Don't fear; drink on; be jolly, boys!  
 'Tis he, you, or I!  
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,  
 We're always bound to follow, boys,  
 And scorn to fly!

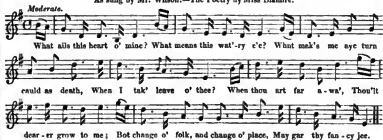
'Tis but in vain—  
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys—  
 'Tis but in vain  
 For soldiers to complain:  
 Should next campaign  
 Send us to him who made us, boys,  
 We're free from pain;  
 But, if we remain,  
 A bottle and a kind landlady  
 Cure all again!

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST

## THE ABSENT LOVER.—WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Poetry by Miss Blamire.

*Moderato.*



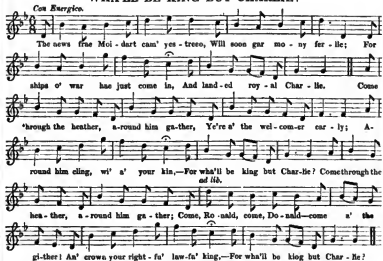
What ails this heart o' mine? What means this wat'-ry e'e? What mak's me aye turn  
could as death, When I tak' leave o' thee? When thou art far a-wa', Thou'lt  
dear-er grow to me; Bot change o' folk, and change o' place, May gur thy fan-cy jee.

Then I'll sit down and moan,  
Just by yon spreddin' tree;  
And gin a leaf fa' to my lap,  
I'll ca't a word frae thee.  
Syne I'll gang to the bower,  
Which thou wi' roses tied;  
'Twas there, by mony a blushio' bud,  
I strove my love to hide.

I'll doun on lika spot  
Where I hae been wi' thee;  
I'll ca' to mind some fond love-tale  
By every burn and tree.  
'Tis hope that cheers the mind,  
Though lovers absent be;  
And when I think I see thee still,  
I'll think I'm still wi' thee.

## WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

*Con Eurgico.*



The news frae Moi-dart cam' yes-treco, Will soon gur mo-ny fer-lic; For  
ships o' war hae just come in, And land-ed roy-al Char-lic. Come  
'hrough the heather, a-round him ga-ther, Ye're a' the wei-com-er ear-ly; A-  
round him cling, wi' a' your kin,—For wha'll be king but Char-lic? Comethrough the  
hea-ther, a-round him ga-ther; Come, Ro-nald, come, Do-nald—come a' the  
gi-ther! An' crowa your right-fa' law-fa' king,—For wha'll be klog but Char-lic?

The Highland clans, wi' sword to hand,  
Frae John-o'-Groat's to Airlie,  
Hae to a man declar'd to stand  
Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.

Come thro' the heather, &c.

The Lowland a', baith great and sma',  
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae  
Declar'd for Scotia's King an' law,  
And spier ye wha but Charlie.

Come through the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,  
But vows baith late and early,  
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand  
Wha wadna' fecht for Charlie.

Come thro' the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
And be 't complete and early;—  
His very name my heart's blood warms;—  
To arms for royal Charlie!

Come thro' the heather, &c.



## O! TURN THOSE DEAR, DEAR EYES AWAY.

Music by J. De Pinna.

*Moderato.*

O! turn those dear, dear eyes a-way,—My cheek with love, with love is  
 blush-ing; And, though a smile may o'er it play, My eyes with tears are  
 gush - - ing. O! turn those dear, dear eyes a-way,—My cheek with  
 love, with love, is blush-ing; And, though a smile may o'er it play, My  
 eyes with tears are gush - - ing O! look not in my eyes, love—They  
 tell a tale too true, too true; See not my blush-es rise, love, Nor listen to my  
 sighs, - - love; For blushes, sighs, and eyes, love, All speak, all speak of  
 you; For blush-es, sighs, and eyes, love, All speak, all speak of you.

## THE OVEN.

*Allegro.*

The Words by George Colman.

Who has e'er been in Lon-don, that o-ver-grown place, Has seen 'Lod-gings to  
 Let' stare him full in the face: Some are good, and let dear-ly; While some, 'tis well  
 known, Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let a - lone;—Der - ry down down down derry down!

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and loosely,  
Hir'd lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only!  
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a ton,  
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

Derry down, &c.

He enter'd his room, and to bed he retreated,  
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;  
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,  
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Derry down, &c.

Next night 'twas the same! and the next, and the next:  
He perspir'd like an ox,—he was nervous and vex'd.  
Week pass'd after week, till, by weekly succession,  
His weakly condition was past all expression.

Derry down, &c.

In six months his acquaintance began for to doubt him,  
For his skin like alady's loose gown hung about him;  
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a nancy,—  
'I have lost many pounds,—make me well, there's a  
guinea!'

Derry down, &c.

The doctor look'd wise:—'A slow fever,' he said;  
Prescrib'd sudorificks, and going to bed:—  
'Sudorificks in bed!' exclaim'd Will, are humbugs:  
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs.'

Derry down, &c.

Will kick'd out the doctor:—but, when ill indeed,  
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;

So, calling his host, he said, 'Sir, do you know  
I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago.'  
Derry down, &c.

'Look'e, landlord! I think,' argued Will with a grin,  
'That with honest intentions you first took me in:  
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—  
I have been so damn'd hot, I have sure got a cold.'

Derry down, &c.

Quoth the landlord, 'Till now I ne'er had adispute;  
I've let lodgings ten years—I'm a baker to boot—  
In airing your shorts, sir, my wife is no slave;  
And your bed is immediately over my oven.'

Derry down, &c.

'The oven! says Will.—Says the host, 'Why this  
passion?  
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion!  
Why so crusty, good sir?' 'Zounds!' cries Will in a  
taking,

Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?'  
Derry down, &c.

Will paid for his rooms.—Cried the host with a  
sneer,

'Well, I see you've been going aways half a year.'  
'Friend, we can't well agree, yet no quarrel,'  
Will said;

'But I'd rather not perish while you make your  
bread!'

Derry down, &c.

## CRAZY JANE.

The Poetry by Monk Lewis; the Music by Miss Abrams.

*Andante.*

Why, fair maid, in ev'ry fea - ture Are such signs of fear express'd? Can a  
wan - der - ing wretched crea - ture With such ter - ror fill thy breast? Do my  
fren - si'd looks a - harm thee? Trust me, sweet! thy fears are vain:— Not for  
king - doms would I harm thee;—Shun not, then, poor cra - zy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?  
Mark me, and avoid my woe?  
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,  
Think them false:—I found them so:  
For I lov'd him so sincerely,  
None could ever love again,  
But the youth I lov'd so dearly  
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,  
'Which was doom'd to love but one:  
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him;  
He was false, and I undone,

From that hour has reason never  
Held her empire o'er my brain;  
Henry fled,—with him for ever  
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,  
And with frenzied thoughts beset,  
On that spot where last we parted,  
On that spot where first we met,  
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,—  
Still I slowly pace the plain;  
Whilst each passer-by, in pity,  
Cries, 'God help thee, Crazy Jane.'

## THE OLD SEXTON.

The Poetry by Park Benjamin; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Quasi Allegro.*

Nigh to a grave that was new-ly made Lean'd a Sex - tou old, on his earth-worn  
spade; His work was done, and he paus'd to wait The fun' - ral train through the  
a - pen gate: A re - lit of by-gone days was he, And his locks were white as the  
foamy sea; And these words came from his lips so thin: 'I gather them in,—  
gather them in,— gather, gather, gather,— I ga - ther them in.'

'I gather them in! For man and boy,  
Year after year of grief and jay,  
I've builded the houses that lie around,  
In every nook of the burial-ground:  
Mother and daughter—father and son,  
Come to my solitude one by one;  
But come they strangers, or come they kin,  
I gather them in—I gather them in.'  
I gather them in, &c.

'Many are with me—but still I'm alone:  
I'm king of the dead, and I make my throne  
On a monument slab of marble cold,  
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.

Come they from cottage or come they from hall,  
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all;  
Let them toil in pleasure or soulfully spin,  
I gather them in, I gather them in.  
I gather them in, &c.

'I gather them in, and their final rest  
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast;  
And the Sexton ceas'd, for the fun'ral train  
Wound mutely n'er that solemn plain;  
And I said to myself, when Time is old,  
A mightier voice than this Sexton's old  
Will sound n'er the last trump's dreadful din:  
'I gather them in,—I gather them in.'  
I gather them in, &c.

## FOR FREEDOM AND HIS NATIVE LAND.

*Andante Moderato.*

Must peace and plea - sure's melt - ing strain For a - ver in this  
cir - cle reign? A-while the muse with ar - dour glows, To pay the debt that  
Bri - tain owes, To pay the debt that Bri - tain owes. O! wave a -  
while your soft de - lights! To praise each val - iant son that fights, And braves a -



The soldier seeks a distant plain,  
The sailor ploughs the boist'rous main;  
Their toil domestic ease secures,  
The labour theirs, the pleasure yours:  
Then change awhile your soft delights  
To praise each valiant son that fights,  
And braves abroad each hostile band,  
For freedom and his native land.

Ye wealthy, who domestic sweets  
Enjoy within your gay retreats,  
Think, think, on those who guard the shore,  
While unmoled springs your store,  
And change awhile your soft delights,  
To praise each valiant son that fights,  
And braves abroad each hostile band,  
For freedom and his native land.

Ye swains who haunt the shady grove,  
And tranquil breathe your vows of love,  
Who hear not war's tremendous voice,  
But in the arms of peace rejoice,  
Change, change awhile your soft delights,  
To praise each valiant son that fights,  
And braves abroad each hostile band,  
For freedom and his native land.

And ye, who in this frolic train,  
Inspir'd with music's sprightly strain,  
And wild with pleasure's airy round,  
Bid flowing bowls with love be crown'd,  
Amid your social dear delights,  
Remember him who boldly fights,  
And braves abroad each hostile band,  
For freedom and his native land.

## HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.

*Moderate.*

Composed by Dr. ARNE.



## THE ROVER'S SONG.

The Poetry arranged expressly for this work to an Air by Donizetti.

*Allegro con Spirito.*

On - wards, my bark! O'er the green waves fly! Scud, gal-lant - ly, scud 'neath the  
 sun - lit sky; For who but a ro-ver should rule the wide main, Whose in-  
 cen-tive's re-venge!—Whose mot-to is gain! For who but a ro-ver should  
 rule the wide main, Whose in-cen-tive's re-venge!—Whose mot-to is gain!

None are worthy to sail on the sparkling wave  
 But those who revel in danger, and gaze on their  
 grave

With a fearless eye; for well they know  
 'Twill be in the depths of the ocean below.

At the topmast-head our red flag is unfur'd,  
 Proudly waving defiance, and daring the world;

It ne'er will be lower'd to give place to the blue  
 While a man is left of our valiant crew.

Then give me the life of a pirate bold,—  
 That life I'll lead till this heart is cold;  
 Then landsmen may say what they please of me,  
 And tell of my deeds on the boundless sea.

## ON BY THE SPUR OF VALOUR GOADED.

On by the spur of va-lour goad-ed, Pis-tols prim'd and car-bines load-ed,  
 Courage strikes on hearts of steel,— Courage strikes on hearts of steel. Like  
 serpents now thro' thick-ets creep-ing—Then on our prey like li-ons leaping, Let the weary  
 trav'ler dread us, Struck with ter-ror and a-maze. While our swords with light-lags blaze,  
 To the on-set let's a-way—Valour calls, and we obey; To the on-set, to the onset, to the  
 on-set let's a-way— Valour calls, and we o-bey,— Va-lour calls, and we o-bey.

## MISS MUZ THE MILLINER.

*Moderato.*

Noted for las - see kind and sweet, The neigh-'bring ham - lets us'd to name us; And

then, good - na - tur'd, trim, and neat, Our lit - tle town for lads was fa - mous. All

went on qui - et - ly and well—We dress'd on ho - ly - days and high - days, And

listen'd care - ful - ly at church|On Sun - days, saints' days, and Good Fri - days, Till

on a sud - den came from town— I won - der how we gave 'em har - bour—Two

toids to turn us up - side down, Miss Muz the mil - li - ner, and Bob the har - ber.

Away the devils went to work ;—  
The men this fine Miss Muz ran after,  
And as for Bob, this terrible Turk,  
He courted ev'ry mother's daughter;  
For miss were dress'd from head to feet,  
So white and slim, so fine and smirching,

Somewhat, d'ye see, like a white sheet,  
That I have seen 'em stand at church in.  
Then he'd so dress and sing, and play,  
That ev'ry creature gave 'em harbour,  
Till through the town 'twas who but they,—  
Miss Muz the milliner and Bob the barber.

## I ASK THEE NOT TO THINK OF ME.

The Poetry by Mary.—Arranged expressly for this work to an Air by Spohr.

*Moderato.*

I ask thee not to think of me In sum-mer's cloud-less sky, Ere

thy young heart has known a care, Or a tear - drop dimm'd thine eye; But

there may come a dark - er hour, When sum-mer friends shall flee, And leave thee

lone and de - so - late—O! then re - mem - ber me,— O! then remem - ber me.

I ask thee not to think of me,  
When early hopes are bright,  
Ere all that now so blissful seems  
Be chang'd to storm and blight

But there may come an hour of woe,  
When all thou lov'st shall be  
But shadows of the smiling past—  
Oh, then remember me!

## WHAT'S THE MATTER, PATTY?

*Moderate.*

Once my heart the truant play'd; Patience, how I sigh'd and said— Pa-tience, how I  
sigh'd and said—Why, what can be the mat-ter, Pat-ty? What can be the mat-ter, Patty? Patience,  
how I sigh'd and said, What can be the mat-ter, Patty? No an-swer could I  
make to that,—My heart kept go-ing pit - a - pat, While my mo-ther would be  
at—Why, what can be the mat-ter? Why, what can be the mat-ter, Pat-ty?  
What can be the mat-ter? How I sigh'd, laugh'd, and cried! How I sigh'd, laugh'd, and  
cried! And sang, and sang fal lal la la, fal lal la la de ral de ra.

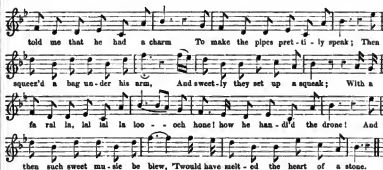
The youth I lov'd, he ask'd to wed,  
Blushing when 'O yes,' I said,  
What could be the matter, Patty?  
I went to church, but went to wait,  
And so I sent him packing straight;

Then what could be the matter, Patty?  
How I sigh'd,  
Laugh'd, and cried,  
And sang fal lal, &c.

## WHEN I WAS A BOY IN MY FATHER'S MUD EDIFICE.

*Vivace.*

When I was a boy in my fa-ther's mud e - di - fice, Ten-der and bare as a  
pig in a sty, Out at the door as I look'd with a stea - dy phiz,  
Who hut Pat Mur - phy, the pi-per, came by. Says Pad - dy, 'But few play this  
mu - sic; can you play?' Says I, 'I can't tell, for I ne-ver did try.' He



told me that he had a charm To make the pipes pret - ti - ly speak; Then  
squeez'd a bag un - der his arm, And sweet - ly they set up a squeak; With a  
fa ral la, lai lai la loo - - och hone! how he han - d'd the drone! And  
then such sweet mu - sic be blew, 'Twould have melt - ed the heart of a stone.

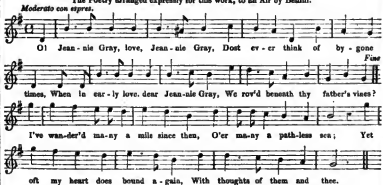
'Your pipe,' says I, 'Paddy, so nately comes  
over me,  
Naked I'll wander wherever it blows!  
And, if my father should try to recover me,  
Sure it won't be by describing my clothes.  
The music I hear now takes hold of my ear now,  
And leads me all over the town by the nose!'  
So I follow'd his bag-pipe so sweet,  
And sang, as I leap'd like a frog,  
Adieu to my family seat,  
So pleasantly plac'd in a bog.  
With my fa ral la, lai lai la loo, och hone!  
How sweetly he hand'd the drone;  
And then such sweet music he blew,  
'Twould have melted the heart of a stone!

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could suar  
der us,  
Till he one morning had taken a sup,  
And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,  
Some to the bottom, just like a blind pup.  
I roar'd and I howl'd out, and lustily call'd out,  
'O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up!'  
He was dead as a nail in a door!  
Poor Paddy was laid on the 'half;  
So I took up his pipes on the sner,  
And now I've set up for myself,  
With my fa ral la, lai lai la, loo!  
To be sure I have not got the knack,  
To sing fa ral la, lai lai la loo, och hone!  
Ay, and bubbaroo, didderoo whack!

### O! JEANNIE GRAY.

The Poetry arranged expressly for this work, to an Air by Bellini.

*Moderato con stipes.*



O! Jean - nie Gray, love, Jean - nie Gray, Dost ev - er think of by - gone  
times, When in ear - ly love, dear Jean - nie Gray, We rovd' beneath thy father's vines?  
I've wan - der'd ma - ny a mile since then, O'er ma - ny a path - less sea; Yet  
oft my heart does bound a - gain, With thoughts of them and thee.

O! Jeannie Gray, love, Jeannie Gray,  
My heart still lingers there,  
Where first young love did homage pay,  
And breathe its lowly prayer;  
When, hand in hand, we rovd' along,  
Our path with verdure crown'd,  
And joyous birds their thrilling song  
In gladness woke around.

O! Jeannie Gray, &c.

O! Jeannie Gray, love, Jeannie Gray,  
Dost thou remember yet  
Those days of love long past away,  
Which I can ne'er forget.  
Though weary wandering far I be,  
Fond memory ne'er does cease  
To sigh for them, and breathe for thee  
A prayer for joy and peace.

O! Jeannie Gray, &c.

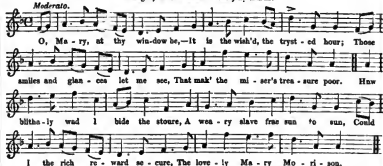


# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## MARY MORISON.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—Poetry by Burns.

*Moderato.*



Yestreen, when to the tighten'd string  
The dance gied thro' the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,—  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;—  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toot of a' the town,  
I sigh'd and said, among them a',  
'Ye are na' Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreek his peace,  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Wha's only fau't is lo'ing thee?  
If love for love thou wilt nae gie,  
At least be pity to me shewn;—  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

## O, WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Andante.*

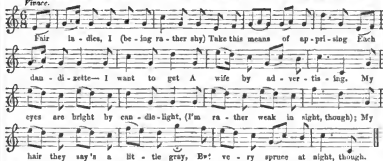


Quo' I, 'My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,  
Is that a tale ye borrow?  
Or is't some words ye've learn'd by rote?  
Or a litt' o' dale and sorrow?'  
'O! no, no, no, the wee bird sang,  
I've flown sin' mornin' early;  
But sic a day of wind and rain!—  
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!  
'On hills that are by right his ain,  
He roams a lonely stranger;  
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
On ilka side by danger.  
Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
My heart near burst'd fairly.  
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—  
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd  
Out ower the hills and valleys;  
And whar was't that your prince lay down,  
Whase hame should be a palace?  
He row'd him in a highland plaid,  
Which cover'd him but spairly,  
And slept beneath a bush o' broom.—  
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!  
But anw the bird saw some red-coats,  
And he shook his wings wi' anger;  
'O! this is no a land for me,—  
I'll tarry here nae langer.'  
Awhile he hover'd on the wing,  
Ere he departed fairly;  
But weel I mind the farewell strale,—  
'Twas—' Wae's me for Prince Charlie!

## ADVERTISEMENT FOR A WIFE.

(By a Middle-aged Gentleman).—Arranged expressly for this work, to an Old English Melody.  
*Fine.*

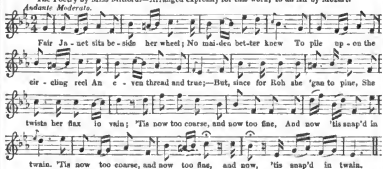


By some I'm call'd a little bald,—  
A scandal false and horrid;—  
The brutes, I see, all envy me  
My broad and lofty forehead;  
To match my hair, complexion fair  
(I suffer much from pimples);  
The three Miss L.'s talk of my dells—  
Pert mixers! I say dimples.  
Some blockheads scoff, and call me dwarf  
(I curl my lip the brutes on!)  
I'm five foot neat, in stocking feet,  
And five foot two, with boots on.  
I never drink, nor ever wink  
At girls; I love the graces;  
I say my prayers; I never swear;  
Nor goes to naughty places.  
To chapel I on Sunday fly,  
And sing my way to heaven;  
I'm home at ten each night, and then  
In bed before eleven.

I knit no brows, kick up no rows  
(Though aunt declares I'm whim-med);  
Some horses prides—I never rides,  
I'm so uncommon timid.  
Widow or maid, I'm not afraid,  
Nor my own merits lauding;  
My fortune's good (be't understood  
That her'n must be according).  
Fair, be not check'd, I shan't object  
To age, whate'er disparity;  
No hair or eyes will I despise,  
Blue, gray, black, brown, or caroty.  
At half-past eight, each night, I'll wait  
In Regent Street, on view; don't  
Fear—make free—and speak to me,—  
I can't begin if you don't.  
Those who think better, send by letter  
(If for decorum sticklers)  
To S. A. P.—direct for me,  
Post-paid, and state perticklers.

## FAIR JANET.

The Poetry by Miss Mitford.—Arranged expressly for this work, to an Air by Mozart.



Robin, a bachelor profess'd,  
At love and lovers laughs,  
And o'er the bowl, with reckless jest,  
His pretty spinster quaffs;

Then, whilst, all sobbing, Janet cries,  
'She scorns the scornful swain!'  
With angry haste her wheel she piles,  
And—snaps the thread again!

## AN IRISH DRINKING-SONG.

Composed by Charles Dibdin.

*Finero.*

Of the an-cients it's speaking, my soul, you'd be af-ter, That they ne-ver got  
how came you so; Would you sa-rious-ly make the good folks die of laughter—To be  
sure, their dogs' tricks you don't know; To be sure, their dogs' tricks you don't know. With your  
small H-flow non-sense, and all your queer bod-dery, Since whis-ky's a H-quor di-  
vine; To be sure the old an-cients, as well as the mo-derns, Did not  
love a sly sup of good wine, Did not love a sly sup of good wine.

Apicius and Escop, as authors assure us,

Would swig till as drunk as a beast!

Den what do you tink of that rogue Epicurus?

Was not be a tight hand at a feast!

With your smallilow, &amp;c.

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank

When he no more worlds could subdue, (hard,

Shed tears, to be sure—but 'twas tears of the tankard,

To refresh him—and pray would not you?

With your smallilow, &amp;c.

Den dat t'other old fellow they call'd Aristotle,

Such a devil of a tippler was he,

That one night, having taken too much of his bot-

The taef stagger'd into the sea,

With your smallilow, &amp;c.

Den they made what they call'd of their wine a liba-

tion,

Which, as all antority quotes,

They threw on the ground—musha, what both-

To be sure, 'twas not thrown down their throats.

With your smallilow, &amp;c.

## THE WILLOW.

Composed by Hook.

*Andantino espressivo.*

A poor soul sat sigh-ing be-neath a tall tree,—O! willow, willow! O!  
willow! With his hand on his bo-som, his head on his knee,—O! willow,  
willow! O! willow!— Sing 'O! the green willow! sing, 'O! the green willow! The  
willow shall be a gar-land for me;— Sing, 'O! the green wil-low.

He sigh'd in his singing, and, after each groan,

O willow, willow, O willow!

I'm dead to all pleasure, my true love is gone,

O willow, willow, O willow!

Sing, O the green willow, &amp;c.

Let nobody blame me,—her scorn I thus prove,

O willow, willow, O willow!

She was born to be fair, I to die for her love,

O willow, willow, O willow!

Sing, O the green willow, &amp;c.

## WHY TARRIES MY KNIGHT.

The Poetry and Music by Mrs. William Marshall.

*Allegretto.*

Way tar-ries my knight? why tar-ries my own true knight? And why, ye ling'-ring  
mo - ments, so te - dious in your flight? Why tar-ries my knight? why tar-ries my  
own true knight? And why, ye ling'-ring mo - ments, so te-dious in your flight? I  
pri-ther, good dame, look out, look out, look out, a - broad! Is there no horse-man  
*rall.* *ad lib.* *a tempo.*  
com - ing, No horse-man on the road? O! why tarries my knight? why tar-ries my  
own true knight? And why, ye ling'-ring mo-ments, so te-dious in your flight?

Why, why, my sweet mistress, all this suspense  
and fear?  
The hour thy knight appointed to meet thee is not  
I prithere, good dame, look out, look out again;  
Is there no horseman coming? No horseman on  
the plain?  
Hark! hark! methinks I hear the herald's horn!

'Tis he, my faithful champion—ye doubts and fears,  
be gone.  
Now, now, ye moments, linger, linger as you may,  
But tell me, do not tears my foolish heart betray?  
No, no, my sweet mistress, again thine eyes are bright,  
And never didst thou look lov'lier, look lov'lier  
than to-night!

## TO MY MOTHER.

The Words translated from the German of Uhland, and adapted, expressly for this work, to an  
Air by Aodre.

Mo-ther! thou didst watch my in-fant eye Drink the ear-liest beam of earth-ly  
day; And I saw thy cheek, when thou didst die, Light-ed up with heav'n's first morning  
ray. Mother! thou didst watch my in-fant eye Drink the ear-liest beam of earth-ly  
day; And I saw thy cheek, when thou didst die, Light-ed up with  
heav'n's first morn-ing ray, Light-ed up with heav'n's first morn-ing ray.

## O! SWEET AS THE MILD SIGHS OF EVENING.

The Poetry arranged expressly for this work, to an Air by Donizetti.

*Allegro Moderato.*

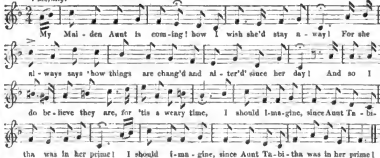
Though years have gone by since we parted, I know,  
I feel we are dear to each other as ever:  
Nor joy's winning smile, nor the deep tear of woe,  
One link of 'the chain which entwined us could sever.

O! no—such affection as ours could not  
Be influenced by time, or by absence controull'd;

The long-cherish'd image can ne'er be forgot,  
Till the breast that as fondly enshrin'd it is cold.  
Then come, my belov'd, and, ah! I will press thee  
To the heart which is thine till its pulses decay;  
And, should thoughts of the past ever rise to oppress thee,  
Sweet music shall chase the intruders away.

## MY MAIDEN AUNT.

The Poetry and Music by Miss Smith.

*Pleasantly.*

My Maiden Aunt is coming! how she'll criticise  
my dress; [thought about it less!]  
And say that 'girls were handsome once, and  
if I look grave, she'll ridicule 'Miss Prim'—if  
gay, declare [sneer!]  
She 'cannot bear young ladies who have such a  
My Maiden Aunt is coming! and I fear I shall  
offend, [bend:  
And from her will be quite cut off, if I presume to  
she says 'young people never lounge'd, or stoop'd,  
to her young day!— [stay away!  
I'm sure she's stiff enough herself!—I wish she'd  
My Maiden Aunt is coming! there's an end of  
comfort now;— [she allow!—  
Neither sofas, easy chairs, nor cushions soft, will

If I wear my hair in ringlets, 'tis the beauty  
style! I'm told,— [vastly bold!  
If I braid it simply n'er say brow, 'the girl looks  
My Maiden Aunt is coming! and I know she'll  
say I flirt! [sneer;  
And row that all her cootie the briscons feet as—  
Yet I must listen patiently, for 'Aunt' to repeat  
What crowds of ancient Strephons would come  
sighing at her feet!  
But, if I sing with poor Sir Charles, or laugh  
with Harry Lock, [shock!  
She'll say 'such forward manners all her delicacy  
Well, I'm sorry! but, upon my word, of all the  
pleases extant, [Aunt!  
Commend me to Aunt Tabitha! my awful Maiden

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## BIDE YE YET.

*Moderate.*

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

Glu I had a wee house, and a can - ty wee fire, A bon - nie wee wi - fe to  
 praise and ad - mire, A bon - nie wee yar - die be - side a wee burn, Fare - well to the  
 bo - dies that yam - mer and mourn; Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet, — Ye  
 lit - tie ken what may be - tide me yet: Some bon - nie wee bo - dy may  
 fa' to my lot, And I'll aye be can - ty wi' think - in' o't, wi' think - in'  
 o't, wi' think - in' o't, — I'll aye be can - tie wi' think - in' o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,  
 I'll find my wee wife fu' neat and fu' clean,  
 And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,  
 That 'll cry 'papa! or daddie! to me.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

I care na a button for sarks fu' u' cash, —  
 Let wisen'd auld bachelors think o' sic trash:

Gie me my dear lassie to sit on my knee;  
 A kiss o' her mon' is worth thousands to me.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

And, if there ever should happen to be  
 A diff'rence between my wee wife and me,  
 In hearty good-humour, although she be teas'd,  
 I'll kiss her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd.  
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

## GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato. Recitative.*

*a tempo.*

It fell a - bout the Mar - tiu - mas time, And a gay time it was then, O! When  
 our gude - wife had pud - dings to mak', And she boll'd them in the pan, O!

The wind blew cauld frae south to north,

It blew into the floor;

Says our gudeman to our gudewife,

'Get up and bar the door.'

'My hand is in my hussyfe skep,

Gudeman, as ye may see;

As it shouldna be barr'd this hunner year,

It's on be barr'd by me!

They made a paction 'tween them twa,

They made it firm and sure, —

The first that spak the foremost word

Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there cam twa gentlemen,

At twelve o'clock at night;

And they could neither see house nor la',

Nor coal nor cauldie - licht.

'Now whether is this a rich mon's house,

O' whether is this a pair?'

But never a word wad ane o' them speak.

For the barrie o' the door.

And first they ate the white puddins.

And syne they ate the black;

And muckle thocht our gudewife to beseel,

But never a word she spak.

Then said the tane unto the tother,

'Hae, mon, tak ye my knife;

Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,

While I kiss his gudewife.'

'But there's nae water in the hou',

And what shall we do than?'

'What ails ye at the puddin' broo,

That boils into the pan?'

O! then up startit our gudeman,

And an angry man was he;

'Wad ye kiss my wife before my face

Aud scaud me wi' puddin' bree?'

Then up and startit our gudewife,

Gl'nd three skips on the floor;

'Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word

Get up and bar the door!'

## THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

The Poetry by Miss Edgworth.—Composed by John Whittaker.

*Andante.*

When the leaves had for - sa - ken the trees, And the for - ests were chill - ly and  
 bare; When the brooks were be - gin - ning to freeze, And the snow wa - ver'd fast thro' the  
 air;— A Ro - bin had fled from the wood, To the sung ha - bi - ta - tion of man;  
 On the thresh - old the wan - der - er stood, And thus his pe - ti - tion be - gan:— The  
 snow's com - ing down ve - ry fast, No shel - ter is found on the tree; When you  
 hear this un - pi - ty - ing blast, I pray you take pi - ty on me.

The hips and the haws are all gone,  
 I can find neither berry nor sloe;  
 The ground is as hard as a stone,  
 And I'm almost buried in snow.  
 My dear little nest, once so neat,  
 Is now empty, and ragged, and torn;  
 On some tree, should I now take my seat,  
 I'd be frozen quite fast before morn.  
 O! throw me a morsel of bread!  
 Take me in by the side of your fire;  
 And, when I am warmed and fed,  
 I'll whistle without other hire.

Till the sun be again shining bright,  
 And the snow is all gone, let me stay;  
 O! see what a terrible sight!  
 I shall die if you drive me away.  
 And when you come forth in the morn,  
 And are talking and walking around,  
 O! how will your bosom be torn,  
 When you see me lie dead on the ground.  
 Then pity a poor little thing,  
 And throw me a part of your store;  
 I'll fly off in the first of the spring,  
 And never w<sup>ill</sup> trouble you more.

## THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

On Rich - mond Hill there lives a lass, More sweet than May - day morn. Whose  
 charms all o - ther maids sur - pass. A rose with - out a thorn. This lass so neat, with  
 smiles so sweet, has won my right good will; I'd crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet  
 lass of Rich - mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich - mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich - mond  
 Hill; I'd crowns re - sign to call her mine, Sweet lass of Rich - mond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,  
And wanton through the grove,  
O! whisper to my charming fair,  
I die for her and love.  
This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,  
Who calls this nymph his own:—  
O! may her choice be fix'd on me,  
Mine's fix'd on her alone.  
This lass so neat, &c.

## TELL ME, HAVE YOU SEEN A TOY?

Composed by W. H. Ware.

*All-gretta Aff-t-noon.*

Tell me, have you seen a toy Call'd Love? a lit-tle boy Arm'd with arrows,  
wan-ton, blind, Cru-el now, and then as kind— cru-el now, and then as kind?  
If he be a-mong ye, say,—He is Ve-nus' run-a-way, a-way; If he be a-  
mong ye, say,—He is Venus' run-a-way, a-way. And near, be sure,—For, lo! his  
lure—La rose d'a-mour, la rose d'a-mour; And near, be sure— For, lo! his  
lure, La rose, la rose, la rose d'a-mour; La rose, la rose, la rose d'a-mour.  
Wings he hath, which, though ye elp, If, by chance, his arrows miss,  
He will leap from lip to lip: He will shoot ye in a kiss:  
If he be among ye, &c.

## THE RIVULET.

The Poetry translated from the German; the Music by Reisinger.

*Andantino con Moto*

I love the lit-tle laugh-ing rill, That all the live-long day Goes spark-ling,  
sing-ing, dan-cing still, Through mea-dows, far a-way! O! oft I've chas'd that  
sportive stream, In summer's sun-ny hours; And watch'd each sil-v'ry rip-ple gleam, Or  
pluck'd the bor-d'ring flow-ers, Or pluck'd the bor-der-ing flow'rs.  
And still I love to stand and gaze Along its winding shore,  
And dream of happy, happy days, That will return on more!  
But life, like thee, flows on, sweet rill!  
And I, like thee, must haste,  
Each day to do my Father's will,  
Nor turn one hour to waste.



## A PREY TO TENDER ANGUISH.

Composed by Haydn.

*Larghetto.*



A prey to ten-der an-guish, Of ev'-ry joy be-rear'd, How oft I  
 sigh and lan-guish, How oft by hope de-ciev'd; Still wish-ing, still de-  
 si-ring, To bliss in vain as-pli-ring; A thou-sand tears I shed, In  
 night-ly tri-bute sped, In night-ly tri-bute sped.

And love and fame betraying,  
 And friends no longer true;  
 No smiles my face arraying,  
 No heart so fraught with woe:  
 So pass'd my life's sad morning,  
 Young joys no more returning.  
 Alas! now all around  
 Is dark and cheerless found!  
 Ah! why did nature give me  
 A heart so soft and true?  
 A heart to pain and grieve me,  
 At ills that others rue:  
 At others' ills thus wailing,  
 And inward griefs assailing,  
 With double anguish fraught,  
 To thro' each pulse is fraught.

Ere long, perchance, my sorrow  
 Shall find its welcome close;  
 Nor distant far the morrow.  
 That brings the wish'd repose:  
 When death, with kind embracing,  
 Each bitter anguish chasing,  
 Shall mark my peaceful doom,  
 Beneath the silent tomb.  
 Then cease, my heart, to languish,  
 And cease to flow, my tears:  
 Though naught be here but anguish,  
 The grave shall end my cares.  
 On earth's soft lap reposing,  
 Life's idle pageant closing,  
 No more shall grief assail,  
 Nor sorrow longer wail.

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris, Esq.—The Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Andante.*



Up-on the bar-ren sand, A sin-gle cap-tive stood; A-  
 round him came, with bow and brand, The Red Men of the wood; Like  
 Him of old, his doom he hears, Rock-bound on o-cean's rim:—The  
 chief-tain's daugh-ter kneit, In tears, And breath'd a pray'r for him.

Above his head, in air,  
 The savage war-cry swung:—  
 The frantic girl, in wild despair,  
 Her arms about him flung.  
 Then shook the warriors of the shade,  
 Like leaves on aspen limb:—  
 Subdued by that heroic maid,  
 Who breath'd a pray'r for him!

'Unbind him!' gasp'd the chief,  
 'It is your king's decree!'  
 He kiss'd away her tears of grief,  
 And set the captive free.  
 'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,  
 Hope's star to man grows dim,  
 An angel kneels, in woman's form,  
 And breathes a pray'r for him!

## THE SAILOR BOY.

The Poetry by S. May.—The Music by T. P. Chipp.

*Andante.* *P*

All hush'd were the breezes and smooth was the ocean, All nature look'd gay; but, with  
*cres.* food - est e - mu - tion, My man - ther wept n'er me, for it was our first part - ing! The  
*cres.* sails were un - fur - l'd, and the boat was just starting. *P con espress.* O, weep not, though hard is the  
sail - or boy's pil - low, — Calm - ly he slum - bers when rock'd by the bil - low, Calm - ly he  
*ad lib.* slumbers when rock'd by the bil - low. *P* Vi - sions of home will de - light him while dreaming, And  
*cres.* when through the sky morn's red tin - ges are stream - ing, Will cher - ish the heart of the  
poor sail - or boy, Will cher - ish the heart of the poor sail - or boy!

Our cannon soon thunder'd their hostile defiance,  
 To crush the proud foe who had scorn'd our alliance;  
 With vict'ry and wealth now in triumph returning,  
 Far home with impatience each bosom was burning.  
 At night, though I safely recline on my pillow,

In fancy again I am rock'd by the billow,  
 And see the wild ocean's white foam in my dreaming;  
 But, when through the sky morn's red tinges are  
 streaming,  
 They vanish, and gladden the poor sailor boy.

## TO THE SETTING SUN.

The Words translated from the German, and adapted, expressly for this work, to an Air by Dessauer.

*Allegretto.*

How I love to see thee, Gol - den even - ing sun! How I love to  
 see thee, When the day is done! Sweet - ly thou re - call - est child - hood's  
 joy - ous days, — Hours when I so fond - ly watch'd thy evening blaze.

When in tranquil glory  
 Thou didst sink to rest,  
 O! what holy longings  
 Fir'd my swelling breast!  
 Were it mine thus brightly  
 Virtue's course to run —  
 Mine to sleep so sweetly,  
 All my labours done!

Thus I wish'd in childhood,  
 When I gaz'd on thee —  
 Wish'd my heavenly pathway  
 Like thine own might be —  
 Still I love to see thee,  
 Golden evening sun;  
 How I love to see thee  
 When the day is done!

## COME, ROVE WITH ME.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, Esq.—The Music by J. F. Danneley.

*Moderato.*

Come, rove with me! Come, rove with me! O'er glade and green-wood dell, - O'er  
glade and green-wood dell: I've vows of truth to make, I've tales of love to  
tell: The night-breeze whis-pers low In con-verse with the moon, The  
bird of ev-'ning sings Her sweet, her love-lorn tune. - - -  
Come, rove with me! Come, rove with me! O'er glade and green-wood  
dell; - - O'er glade and green-wood dell! Come, rove with me! O'er glade and  
green-wood dell! Come rove with me! - - O'er glade and green-wood dell!

The dews of mellow eve  
Their balmy tears distil;  
The pleasant summer winds  
Are dreaming on the hill:

Better than flaunting crowds,  
Or gaudy gay saloon,  
To rove through forests green  
When shines the gentle moon.  
Come, rove with me, &c.

## MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

Composed by Signor Giordani.

*Allegretto.*

My lodg-ing is na the cold ground, And ve-ry hard is my fare; But that which  
grieves me more, love, is the cold-ness of my dear;— Yet still he cried, 'Turn, love, I  
pray thee, love, turn to me; For thou art the an-ly girl, love, That is a-dor-ed by me.

With a garland of straw I will crown thee, love—  
I'll merry you with a rush ring;  
Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,  
So merrily I shall sing.

Yet still he cried, &amp;c.

But if you will harden your heart, love,  
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,  
O, I must endure the smart, love,  
And tumble in straw all alone.

Yet still he cried, &amp;c.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

A Jacobite Song.

*Cheerfully.*



And was na he a roguy,  
The piper o' Dundee?  
He play'd 'The welcome ower the Main,'  
And 'Ye'ee be fun and I'ee be fun,'  
And 'An'd Stuart's back again,'  
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

And was na he a roguy,  
The piper o' Dundee?  
He play'd 'The Kirk,' he play'd 'The Queer,'  
'The Mullin Dhu,' and 'Chevalier,'  
And 'Lang away, but welcome here,'  
Sae sweet, sae bonallie.

And was na he a roguy,  
The piper o' Dundee?  
It's some gat swords and some gat naiv,  
And some were dancing mair 't' eir lane,  
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en,  
That night at Amulrie.

And was na he a roguy,  
The piper o' Dundee?  
There were Tullibardine, and Barrieth,  
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,  
And brave Carnegie—wha but he,  
The piper o' Dundee?

## WANDERING WILLIE.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Poetry by Burns.

*Moderato.*



Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!  
How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
Waken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!  
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!

But, O! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie!  
Flow still between us, thou dark heaving main!  
May I never see it, may I never throw it,  
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

## THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

The Words by Thomas Hood.—The Music by J. Blewitt.

*Pomposo.*



How well I remember the ninth of November! The sky ve-ry fog-gy, the sun look-ing  
grog-gy; In fact, al-to-ge-ther pea-soup-co-lour'd weather;—Shop win-dows all  
shutter'd, The pavement all butter'd, po-lice-meu pa-ra-ded, The street bar-ri-ca-ded,  
*A tempo.*  
And a peel from the stee-ple of Bow-o-o! Low wo-men in pat-tens, High  
ladies in satins, And cousin sub-ur-bans in flame-colour'd turbans; Quite up to the at-tics,  
in-vi-ting rheu-matics; A great mob col-lect-ing with-out much se-lect-ing, And  
*Pomposo.*  
some, it's a pl-ty, are free of the Ci-ty, As your pockets may happen to know.

[PATTY.]—Now, John, put up the shutters, lock the door, and clean the glass over it; the three Master Bells are coming to look through the fanlight.—(Maid curtseying.) If you please, sir, missie's compliments, and would you oblige her and little family with four front windows—she has all her tape at your shop!—(Very sorry; all my fronts are engaged; but she's quite welcome to all the backs, looking into the churchyard—my compliments to Miss Maggs, my love, I hope you have room at the window?—(Miss M.—quite jammed in.) Plenty, now, thank you—we could squeeze in one more!—O! do look opposite! what a beautiful cashmere!—Yes, she's had her bit of the shop, and her shawl of it too!—(Citizen bowing.) Proud day for the City, sir!—(Pomposo.) O vary—vary—instalment—chief magistrate—first dignitary—first metropolis!—King of London!!! Hiswrthens please!!! (Citizen bowing.) True, sir, true—I'm a part of the municipality myself.—A splendid sight, Mr. Dennis—have you see all the beauty and fashion of Chapsdale. Yes—and the cheap-side of beauty and fashion!—O he!—you are such a quip!—Bliss me! I look at the streets! every body seems new!—Yes, now, even the Giants!—(In the street.) Marree! Marree! here's a nice deep door to stand up at!—(In agony.) That the door! the scurrier has just scraped acquaintance with my ankle!—Come—move on! move on!—Don't bother me!—(Affected.) O Billy! What's the matter, Jimmy!—Look up there—ain't she a angel!—She'll live in my art! Ah! won't we chance, Billy!—Vy not, Jimmy!—'Cos she lives in the heart of the City!—(Hey.) O cry!—look how that bay's reevesons are coming through the lamp-iron!—Betty, my dear, do you stand comfortable! O vary—on one leg—but when I put down the other, it goes into the gutter. Never mind—it will be over in an hour.—Why I say!—I say, my fine fellows—your hands in my pocket!—Lord! your honour, it's an odd one's glad to put one's hands any where!—Lost anything, sir?—No, sir.—More lucky than me—I put in my pocket a pint of shrimps—and I've had 'em all picked as I came along!



Such bus-tle and bus-tle and mobbing and robbing, Such bus-tle and  
bus-tle and mobbing and rob-bing, All, all to see the Lord May'r's show.

How well I remember the ninth of November,  
Six trumpets on duty as shrill as Velluti;  
A great City Marshal, to riding not partial!  
The footmen, the state ones, with calves, very great  
ones;  
The cook and the scullion, well basted with bullion;  
And a squad of each Corporate Co-o-o! jenkins!  
Four draymen from Perkins', in steel and brass

A coach like a lantern,—I wonder it can turn;  
All car'd like old buildings, and drawn by six  
geldings,  
With two chubby faces, where sword and where  
mace is;  
The late May'r, the Ex-ec—a thought that must  
vex one;  
And the new May'r just come in to blow.

[FATNER].—Here it comes!—here it comes!—(Trumpet obligato.) That's the Show—it always leads with a trump!—(Woman.) If you please, sir—no, not you; the tall Gentleman—would you oblige my Tommy with a pick-a-back!—No, I won't—you must pick a back somewhere else!—(Fishman.) A back is it!—Here, bump—put the legs of ye round my neck, and hold on by my eyebrows!—Here they come! Clear the way! Clear the way!—stand back!—stand back, ye Fossiliser!—I shan't!—You must!—I shan't!—Bet you must! I can't—my wooden-leg's stuck in the plug!—Stand back!—O my head! my head!—My eyes, Jack—look at those constab'le's staffs—there's a 'breakers ahead!—Ah! do you know why them staffs are like bees?—No, I don't—It's 'cause they give such lots of whacks!—There goes the City Marshal!—Him!—law! I took him for the Duke of Wellington!—(A melody of music.) No great things of a head, I think—Christina waits on a small scale!—There's a flag—I call that a proper weather—say you chase in the mustard cake! you'd have a fine draggle-tail to your banner! Let 'em alone—it's like the weather—won't hold up!—(Child.) A tin man! a tin man! a tin man!—Hush, you little fool—it's a man in armorial bearings!—(Lady.) Splendid suit of armour, sir!—(Pomposo.) O! vary—vary—I am told it belonged to the Black Prince—O, Prince Le Boo!—There's another suit in brass—pray, is that mentioned in history?—Yes, ma'am—in Drumbrecht's Mammoth—There's the state footmen—what isn't follows!—No wonder they eat their master out of house and home in a twinkling.—(Distant shouting.) Here he comes—there's the coach!—Bless me, what a vehicle—like a gilt birdcage!—Move like a Chinese lantern on its travels! Well, I do admire the horses—elch aplenty eretur!—Ah! the coachman's a great brute to 'em!—Indeed!—Yes, look at 'em!—all out into ribbons!—Pray, is that the Lord Mayor, with his nose fattened against the glass?—No; that's the gentleman that bears the City Mace!—Oh! then, of course he's the City Greaser.—And then little men in the back of the coach! Oh! that's the great man himself!—(Cheers.) Hoory!—hoory!—why don't you shry up your hat?—'Cos it may be shy of coming back again!—(Lady.) Allow me to ask—is the new Mayor of correct principles?—O vary, vary—Folly, my dear, why don't you wave, then!—So I do, Ma, as well as I can hoory! hoory! the Lord Mayor for ever!—Hush, child!—don't say 'for ever,' It's as like a skit upon him—you know he only comes in at one ear and goes out at t' other! On the 9th of November he has to vacate the chair.—Poor dear Man!—it must be a painful thing, sir, to be obliged to part with his seat of honour!—Oh, vary, vary.

Such bustle and bustle, &c.

How well I remember the ninth of November!  
The fine Lady May 'ress an netrich's heiress,  
In best bib and tucker, and dignified pucker;  
The learned Recorder, in Old Bailey order;  
The Sheriffs together, with their hanging weather,  
And their heads like John Anderson's pow-o-o;

The Aldermen courtly, and looking red portly;  
And buckler and bargemen, with other great large men;  
With streamers and banners held up in odd manners;  
A mob running arter, to see it by vater;  
And the wharfs popping off as they go.

[FATNER].—There she is—what a beautiful plume! and what a lovely stomacher!—Now, Mr. Dangle, what do you think of our Mayress!—May I speak my sentiments?—O, certainly!—Why, then, I think she has borrowed half the silks of Chapsdale, and all the feathers of the Poultry!—You are so severe!—Pray, sir, would you be so good as inform me what are those gentlemen with fur gowns on, like judges?—Ah, they're no judges!—I mean those with white wands, like conjurers.—Ah, they're no conjurers—they're the Common Council!—Now, Bill, about out!—Hurray, huray!—Bless me, what makes the Sheriff so poppet!—It ain't them—it's the chariot—they were huddled arter master's.—Keep off the wheels there!—Pray, which are the Sheriffs!—Those in scarlet, ma'am, with collars of a double B: all the great city poets have chains to 'em.—Here he comes! now, Barzey, be ready with your goose!—(Hisses and groans.) Hold your noise, ye young tharves o' the world, and born tharves!—I wish I was the master on ye!—Vv, ye ain't a blessing at you, Judy: it's the Recorder—he had as vipp'd last season!—There goes Alder- man Gobbie!—No, it ain't—it's Judge Ross, and there ain't var a bigwig as 'im cut and drink with bigger wiggle!—Come, more on, more on!—Get up, Fatner-mahers!—Go along, Gindlers,—you'll be too late for dinner!—Show along, Jack—did you see him take water!—(Woman.) Take water! what, with nothing in it!—No, you fool, with beams and bridges and barges, and every thing in it!—(Bowing citizen.) Sopar' piece of pageantry! gorgeous specta- cles!—(Pomposo.) O, vary, vary—great magnificence—great apulence—great corpulence—great greatness!—Miss Maggs, my love, I hope you have been gratified!—O, so much!—interesting sight—august ceremony—imposing effect—extremely obliged—so very comfortable—whitscht! (sneezing)—Not quite open weather enough for open windows! (more sneezing)—Colds are catching, ma'am!—Then I wish they'd catch my turban, for I've just sneezed it out of window!

Such bustle and bustle, &c.

## O, MARK YON LITTLE BOUNDING BARK.

Arranged expressly for this work, to a melody by Spohr.

*Moderato.*

O! mark yon lit-tle bounding bark That skims a-long the main! Ye roar-ing  
winds, be mer-ci-ful—Re-turn it safe a-gain; And blow, ye breezes, gently blow, And  
waft it near the shore: For one young heart would break with woe, should it re-turn no more!

A fair one stands at her lattice high,  
And she sees it come in sight;  
Her heart beats as it ventures nigh,  
And she watches with delight.

Her lover's in yon little bark,  
That rises with the foam;  
Then gently blow, ye verdant sails,  
And waft the sailor home.

## THE GONDOLA.

The Poetry by T. K. Hervey; the Music by John Rogers.

*Scherzando.*

The gon-do-la glides Like a spi-rit of night, O'er the slum-ber-ing tides In the  
calm moon-light: The star of the north Shows her gold-en eye, But a bright-er looks  
forth From yon lattice on high, But a bright-er looks forth From yon lat-tice on high.

Her taper is out,  
And the silver beam  
Floats the maiden about,  
Like a beautiful dream;  
And the beat of her heart  
Makes her tremble all o'er,  
As she lists with a start  
To the dash of the oar.  
But the moments are past,  
And her fears are at rest,  
And her lover at last  
Holds her clasp'd to his breast;

And the planet above,  
And the quiet blue sea,  
Are pledg'd to his love  
And his constancy.  
He looks to the stars  
Which are gemming the blue,  
And devoutly he swears  
He will ever be true;  
Then bends him to hear  
The low sound of her sigh,  
And kisses the fond tear  
From her beautiful eye.

## THE THORNLESS ROSE.

The Poetry by Rosamond Wadams; the Music by W. Kirby.

*Moderato.*

O! long I've been wan-d'ring thro' val-ley and bow'rs, in seek-ing a rose, love-ly  
queen of all flow'rs; And ma-ny I've found ve-ry fair to the eye, But sharp piercing thorns spoil'd their  
beau-ti-ful dye, But sharp pierc-ing thorns spoil'd their beau-ti-ful dye: And my  
love has de-clar'd, if she find but one thorn, By all that is true, she'll not wed me at  
morn, not wed me at morn. O! where can I wan-der, and where can I go, To find such a  
treasure?—O! no-where, no, no! O! where can I wan-der, and where can I  
go, To find such a trea-sure?—O! no-where—O! no-where—O! no, no, no, no!

Say, is she not cruel? such flow'rs do not blow,—  
For where tis the Eden now thornless below?  
I'll tell her, my love, all my labour were vain,  
Though earth I roam'd over again and again.

But a rose without thorns, ah! believe me 'tis true,  
I have found it at last,—dearest love, it is you!  
Then doubt me not, fairest,—say, bid me not go  
To seek such another—O! no, no, no, no!

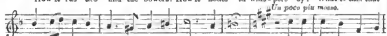
## A LAY OF GREETING FROM AFAR.

The Music by His Royal Highness Prince Albert; the Poetry translated from the German of Prince Ernest by William Ball.—Published by Lonsdale.

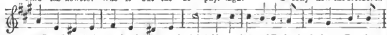
*Andantino.*



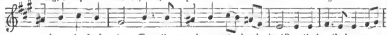
How it runs 'mid the bowers! How it floats in whis-pers by! What is this that



stirs the flowers? Was it but the æ-phyr nigh? Sweetly how the breeze, ex-



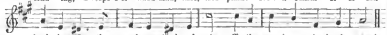
tending, Sweeps o'er woodland, lake, and plain! Now a charm of E-den lend-ing To the



moon's un-cloud-ed reign, To the moon's un-cloud-ed reign! Sweetly, how the breeze, ex-



tend-ing, Sweeps o'er wood-land, lake, and plain! Now a charm of E-den



lend-ing To the moon's un-cloud-ed reign, To the moon's un-cloud-ed reign!

O! ye airs, that softly yonder

Hail each leaflet of the grove,

Tell me, ye, afar that wander,

Where ye greet the friend I love?

Bid him, as ye hover o'er him,

Deem my constant spirit near,

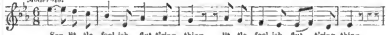
And my wafted song restore him.

Now, O! more than ever dear!

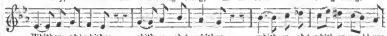
## SAY, LITTLE FOOLISH FLUTTERING THING.

Composed by Dr. Arne.

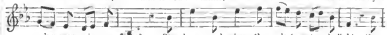
*Moderato.*



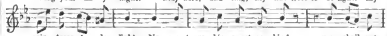
Say, lit-tle fool-ish flut-ter'ing thing, lit-tle fool-ish flut-ter'ing thing.



Whither—ah! whither, whith-er—ah! whither, whith-er—ah! whith-er would you



wing your air-y flight? Stay here, and sing, thy mis-tress to de-light, thy



mis-tress to de-light:—No, sweet ro-bin, sweet ro-bin! you shall not



go,— Where, you wan-ton, could you be Half so hap-py as with me?



## THERE IS NOT A BREATH.

The Poetry by Delta.—The Music by Alex. D. Roche.

*Andante.*

There is not a breath on the breast of the o-cean—The sun-beams on yon-der blue  
waves are a-sleep— The bright fen-ther'd tribes of the sea are in mo-tion, Or  
hask on the ver-dure-less brow of the steep; The bark is at rest, by the  
brees-es for-sa-ken, And the mar-in-er anx-i-ous-ly piles at the oar, Till the  
soft ris-ing gales of the twi-light a-wak-en, And waft him a-long to his  
cot on the shore, And waft him a-long to his cot on the shore.

Yet mournful I wander: though beauties surround  
me,  
The glories of nature no rapture impart;  
In her mantle of darkness affliction hath bound me,  
And dried up the fountain of peace from my  
heart.

The hopes that were dear, and the dreams that I  
cherish'd, [flight;  
Like the prophet from Carmel, have taken their  
And the shadows that brood o'er the bliss that  
hath perish'd  
Encompass my path with disaster and night

## ROBIN ADAIR.

*Pastorale.*

What's this dull town to me? What made it dear? What was't I  
wish'd to see—What wish'd to hear? Where's all the life and mirth  
That made this heav'n on earth? O, they are all fled with thee, Ro-bin A-dair.

What made th' assembly shine?  
Robin was there!  
What made the hall so fine?  
Robin Adair!  
And, when the play was o'er,  
What made my heart so sore?  
O! It was parting with  
Robin Adair!

Now he's gone far from me,  
Robin Adair,  
And I no more shall see  
Robin Adair!  
Yet him I love so well  
Still in my heart shall dwell:  
Oh! I can ne'er forget  
Robin Adair.

## O ERIN, THE LAND OF THE FAIR AND THE BOLD.

The Poetry by W. F. Collard.—The Music by I. C. Clifton.

*Moderato.*

Fair lake, whose bright crystal of beau-ti-ful wa-ters, Re-lect-ing the an-tum's rich  
ru-hy and gold, Is on-ly sur-pass'd by the eyes of thy daughters, O  
E-rin, the land of the fair and the bold! Take, take the warm tri-bute of one who be-  
hold-eth The sights of enchantment which cir-cle thy brink, A pa-ra-dise scene in thy  
bright-ness un-fold-ing, And foun-tains from which none but an-gels should drink.

O! could the first moment when ardent affection  
Responsive breaks forth from the eye and the  
heart,  
Be pass'd near thy waters, whose glowing reflection  
Can charms so uncouthly to nature impart;

Me thinks 'twere a boon too delicious for granting—  
A gift for a lover too blissfully high,  
In a moment so bless'd—'midst a scene so ra-  
chanting—  
To clasp his be-lov'd, and, in clasping her, die!

## THE INVITATION.

The Poetry arranged expressly for this work to an Air by Bellini.

*Moderato.*

O, come, 'tis the hour thou didst pro-mise to meet me—The moon now has ris-en, the  
stars gim-mer bright; O, come, for the night-in-gale's wait-ing to greet thee, And  
ush-er, with mu-sic, the fast-com-ing night. 'Tis sweet to be-hold the first  
hum-ble spring-show'r, When we feel that the stern winds of win-ter will flee— Or the  
welcome re-turn of pros-per-i-ty's hour: But sweet-er than these are thy glances to me.

O, come and behold how the beauties are growing—  
The moon dances merrily through the broad skies;  
O, fear not the breezes;—no rough winds are blow-  
ing.—

'Tis only the soft evening zephyr that sighs.

Then come! O deny not,—the moments are fleeting,  
The time that thou lingerest we ne'er can regain;  
Could'st thou tell how my heart in this bosom is  
beating,

Thou wouldst come with thy smile, and shed



## BUFFALO GALS,

As Sung by the Ethiopian Sereoaders.—Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto.*

As I was ram-bling down de street, down de street, down de street, A  
 beau-ty gal I chane'd tn meet, Lab-iv as morn-ing dew. Buf-fa-lo  
 gals, can't you come out to-ought? can't you come out to-night? can't you come out to-night?  
 Buf-fa-lo gals, can't you come out to-night, And dance by de light ob de moon.  
*Chorus.*  
 Buf-fa-lo gals, can't you come out to-night? can't you come out to-night? can't you come out to-  
*ad lib*  
 night? Buf-fa-lo gals, can't you come out to-night, And dance by de light ob de moon?

I said, ' My angel, will you talk?

And take wid me a little walk,

Wid those sweet feet I view?

Buffalo gals, &amp;c.

' And would you like tn take a dance?

Quadrille, or Polkas, fresh from France,

They're all alike to me.

Buffalo gals, &amp;c.

' O! I will inh you all my life,  
 And von shall be my happy wife,  
 If you will marry me.'

Buffalo gals, &amp;c.

## LOVE RULES THE COURT, THE CAMP.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

*Andante.*

In peace love tunes the shep-herd's reed, In war he mounts the war-rior's  
 steed, In halls in gay at-tire is seen, In ham-lets dancing on the  
 green. Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, and men be-low, and saints a-bove; For  
 love is heav'n, and heav'n is love, For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love, For  
 love is heav'n, and heav'n is love, For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love.

## WITH LOWLY SUIT.

Composed by Storace.

*Allegretto express.*

With low-ly suit and plain-tive dit - ty, I call the ten-der mind to pit - ty,  
I call the ten-der mind to pit-ty; My friends are gone, my heart is beat-ing, And chill-ing  
pov - er - ty's my lot, — From pass - ing stran-gers aid in-treat - ing, I wan-der  
thus a-lone, for - got: Re-lieve my woes, my wants dis - tress - ing, And Heav'n re -  
ward you with its bless-ing. Here's tales of love and maids for - sa - ken, Of bat - tles  
fought and cap-tives ta-ken, The jo-vial tar so bold-ly sail-ing, Or cast up-on some de-sert  
shore, The hap-less bride his loss be-wail-ing, And fear-ing ne'er to see him more,  
Re-lieve my woes, my wants dis - tress-ing, And Heav'n re-ward you with its bless-ing.

## BESIDE THE LONE SEA.

The Poetry arranged expressly for this work, to a Melody by Bellini.

*Moderato con express.*

Be - side the lone sea a dark mai - den had wan-der'd, Her eyes on the o - cean, Her  
heart far a - way; No soul save her - self on that wild scene pon-der'd, And yet  
she felt hap - py, and cheer - ful, and gay. Her harp hung he - side her, and, sha-  
ding her brow, Dark ring-lets in clus-ters all care-less-ly lay; And she smil'd as the  
winds swept her - - - bo-som of snow, For here she felt happy, and cheerful, and gay.

Her harp hung beside her, and, shading her brow,  
Dark ringlets in clusters all carelessly lay;  
And she smil'd as the wind swept her bosom of  
snow,

For here she felt happy, and cheerful, and gay.  
And she gaz'd on the stars, and her heart it beat  
high,

As she pour'd out her soul in a fond holy lay;  
And she pray'd for a world that had made her to  
sigh,

For she knew that in it she could never be gay.

But yet she once lov'd it, and once, too, admir'd,  
Could join in its pleasures in splendid array;

In the song or the dance she was last to be tir'd,  
For she deem'd that in these she could always

be gay.

But her heart's tender hopes were too early bereft  
Of all they once clung to in life's sunny day;

And the gay friends she cherish'd had all of them  
left.

O! say, could she then in the world appear gay?

And she lov'd—but the youth who had lov'd her

deceiv'd, [betray;

And the bright smiles he gave her beam'd but to  
For he left her—unpitied—alone—and aggriev'd,—

O! she felt after this she could never be gay.

Then she turn'd to her harp, and, beside the lone sea,

Where her false-hearted lover had anll'd far away,  
She pour'd to the twilight love's sad minstrelsy,

And she felt, as she play'd, her heart warm and  
be gay.

And thus 'tis in solitude most of us find,

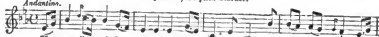
When fond hopes are blighted, and friendships  
decay,

That relief which in crowds ever flies from the mind,  
Which makes us feel happy, and cheerful, and gay.

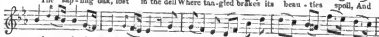
### THE SAPLING OAK.

Composed by Stephen Storace.

*Andantino.*



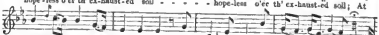
The sap-ling oak, lost in the dell Where tan-gled brack-<sup>en</sup> its beau-ties spoil, And



ev'-ry in-fant shoot; re-pel, Droops hope-less o'er th' ex-haust-ed soil, droops



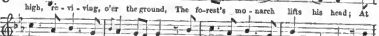
hope-less o'er th' ex-haust-ed soil, - - - - - hope-less o'er th' ex-haust-ed soil; At



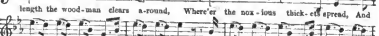
length the wood-man clears a-round, Where-e'er the nox-i-ous thick-ets spread, And



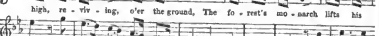
high, re-vi-ving, o'er the ground, The fo-rest's mo-narch lifts his head; At



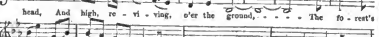
length the wood-man clears a-round, Where-e'er the nox-i-ous thick-ets spread, And



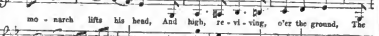
high, re-vi-ving, o'er the ground, The fo-rest's mo-narch lifts his



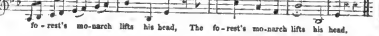
head, And high, re-vi-ving, o'er the ground, - - - - - The fo-rest's



mo-narch lifts his head, And high, re-vi-ving, o'er the ground, The



fo-rest's mo-narch lifts his head, The fo-rest's mo-narch lifts his head.



## THE LAD WITH THE CARROTTY POLL.

By Kulght.

*Allegro.*

O dear, O dear, good gen-tle-folks, may it be said, I'm come here to learn  
 a ny poor bairn Has been trou-bled like me wi' his head: My fry-ther and mo-ther they  
 wa'd to con-trol Fif-teen of us bairns, all red in the poll; We all were pret-ty, and  
 mer-ry as Punch, But I were al-ways the pride of the bunch. O dear, O dear! I'm a  
 queer lit-tle com-i-cal soul, And if you be-lieve, though I think you may see, I'm the lad wi'  
 the car-rot-ty poll, car-rot-ty poll, car-rot-ty poll; I'm the lad wi' the car-rot-ty poll!

O dear, O dear! I fear I shall never get wed,  
 For indeed, you must know, wherever I go,  
 They laugh at my carrotty head.  
 T'other day I went up to town wi' young squire,—  
 They said that my head would set Lunnan a-fire:  
 I seed pretty women, wi' cheeks like a rose;  
 I gave one a buss, but she painted my nose!—  
 O dear, O dear! I couldn't, I'm sure, for my soul,  
 Like the touch of her cheek, if I rubb'd for a week,  
 Get the red from my carrotty poll.

O dear, O dear! a quack in our village one day,  
 He said that he could, and I said that he should,  
 Come and take all my carrots away;  
 So he rubb'd and he scrubb'd, till my face went awry,  
 Wi' some stuff that he called his 'New Patent Dye!'

My hair he turn'd black, and my pockets be drain'd,  
 And I look'd like the devil first day that it rain'd.  
 O dear, O dear! I were such a transmogrified soul,  
 For my head were as bald as a pig that is scald,  
 And I long'd for my carrotty poll.

O dear, O dear! the joy of my heart, you must know,  
 Was to see the first sprout of hair shooting out,  
 When the carrots began to grow;  
 And my happiness now is arriv'd at the top,  
 Because I have got such a glorious crop;  
 And the lesson I've learn'd is never to fret,  
 But be always content with whatever I get.  
 O dear, O dear! the queer little comical soul  
 Ever will laud the hands that appaid  
 The lad with the carrotty poll.

## COME, SWEET ONE, COME!

The Poetry and Music by His Royal Highness Prince Albert.—Translated from the German by  
 William Ball.

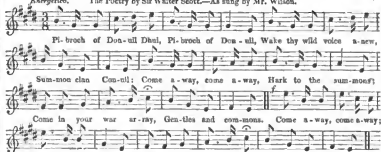
Cres. dim.  
 Come, sweet one, come! The air is balm, The moon - lit  
 wave is shi - ning: O, share with me that heav'n-ly calm With - in my bark re-  
 cli - ning! Come, dear - est, come! Come, dear - est, come!  
 Come, sweet one, come! Ere morning breaks, Thy mother sleeps, thy true love wakes,  
 Our homeward path we'll measure: What fears my maiden treasure?  
 Come, dearest, come! &c.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHUIBH.

*Sarregtico.*

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.—As sung by Mr. Wilson.



Hark to the sum-mons; Come in your war a-ray. Gen-tles and com-mons.

Come from deep glen, and

From mountain so rocky;

The war-pipe and penna

Are at Inverlochy.

Come, every hill-plaid, and

True heart that wears one;

Come, every steel blade, and

Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,

The flock without shelter;

Leave the corps unstart'd,

The bride at the altar.

Leave the deer, leave the steer,

Leave nets and barges;

Come with your fighting gear,

Broadswords and targets.

Come, as the winds come, when

Forests are roused;

Come, as the waves come, when

Navies are stranded.

Faster come, faster come,

Faster, and faster;

Chief, vassal, page, and groom,

Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come,

See how they gather:

Wide waves the eagle plume,

Blended with heather.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,

Forward each man set;

Pibroch of Donuil Dhuibh,

Naw for the onset!

## CLAN GREGOR.

Composed by Philip Knapton.

*Macstean.*



Though the pine has tower'd green on the hills of our fame, With-out yield-ing a

branch is our bon-net to wave, Through years when 'twas trea-son to breathe the proud

name. That a long line of death-da-ving war-ri-ors gave; Yet now the dark cloud of op-  
with energy.

pres-sion is past, And Clan Gregor once more shall be strong as the blast.

Again shall we start the tall stag from the lair,  
And strike the coy ptarmigan down from the cair;  
Again shall we mingle at revel and fair, [beight;  
As our fathers were wont in the days of their

might;  
And again shall the blue eyes of beauty confess,  
That the dark sons of Gregor their fondness can bless.  
And what though no longer the clans, as of yore,  
Find a home in the dells, by their chief's frown-  
ing towers,

We'll gather, as now, from each far-distant shore.  
Round the scar-cover'd hero we welcome as ours;  
Not yielding the homage of fawning or fear,  
For the hearts of Clan Gregor beat high for him here.  
Then fill every wine-cup as full as each heart!  
To our chief and his lady-love pledge we the first;  
For the heir of Macgregor, our next votive part,  
Let the loud shouts of rapture and revelry burst;  
And a curse on the caltiff who first brings a stain  
On the name of Clan Gregor, thus honoured again



# BILLY VITE AND NELLY GREEN; OR, THE GHOST OF A SHEEP'S HEAD.

Published by Duncombe.

*Vivace.*

Come, all you blades both high and low, And you shall hear of a dis-mal ge: It  
is all a-bout one Bil-ly Vite, Who was his pa-rents' sole de-light.  
Ri tol tid-dle lid-dle tol lol tol lol lol lol tid-dle lid-dle de.

He was a collier all by his trade,  
And noted for a natty blade,  
'Till he fell in love with Molly Green,  
The prettiest lass that was ever seen.

Ri tol, &c.

Now this here young woman, I'd have you know,  
Lov'd that ere young man but wery so,  
For she was wery well vars'd in letters,  
And fit to marry poor Billy Vite's betters.

Ri tol, &c.

Now, when his suit she did deny,  
He in a coal-pit went to cry,  
When straightway appear'd unto him Old Nick,  
Who bid him tip her a penn'orth of white ar'n'ic.

Ri tol, &c.

To poison her he was wery, wery loth,  
So he mix'd it up in some sheep's-head broth,  
And she did eat while she was able,  
Till she fell stiff stone dead underneath the table.

Ri tol, &c.

One night, when he lay fast asleep,  
He plainly saw the ghost of a sheep,  
And unto him it straightway said,—  
'A maid you've poison'd with my head.'

Ri tol, &c.

'I come,' says he, 'from Old Nick straight,—  
He wants you, and he will not wait;  
I'll tie you up in your red garters,  
And carry you away a-top of my hind quarters.'

Ri tol, &c.

Now away they vent in a flash of fire,  
Which made all the people very much admire;  
They had never seen such a sight before,  
And I hope they never won't see such a sight not  
never on more.

Ri tol, &c.

Now, all you blades unmarried,  
Take warning by that ere chap what's dead, [wrong,  
For if he had never done any young woman say  
He might have been here, to hear this here song.

Ri tol, &c.

## THE ARETHUSA.

Composed by W. Shield.

*Moderato Vivace.*

Come, all ye jol-ly sail-love bold, Whose hearts are cast in Bri-tish  
mould, While England's glo-ry I un-fold,—Huz-za for the A-re-thu-sa! She  
is a fri-gate tight and brave, As ev-er stem'd the dash-ing wave; Her  
men are staunch to their fav'-rite launch, And when the foe shall meet our fire,  
Soon-er than strike, we'll all ex-pire, On board of the A-re-thu-sa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,  
The English channel to cruise about,  
When four French sail, in show so stout,  
Bore down on the Arethusa.  
The fam'd Belle Poule straight a-head did lie,  
The Arethusa seem'd to fly;  
Not a sheet, nor a tack,  
Nor a brace, did she slack,  
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd and thought it stuff,  
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,  
On board of the Arethusa.  
On deck five hundred men did dance,  
The stoutest they could find in France;  
We with two hundred did advance,  
On board of the Arethusa.  
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho.  
The Frenchman then cry'd out,—'Halloo!'

'Bear down, d'ye see,  
To our admiral's lee.'  
'No, no!' says the Frenchman, 'that can't be.'  
'Then I must lug you along with me,'  
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land;  
We forc'd them back upon their strand;—  
For we fought till not a stick would stand  
Of the gallant Arethusa.  
And now we've driven the foes ashore,  
Never to fight with Britons more,  
Let each fill a glass  
To his favourite lass—  
To his favourite lass—  
A health to our captains and officers true,  
And all that belong to the jovial crew  
On board of the Arethusa.

### FAIR JESSY, THE MAID OF THE MOOR.

The Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.—The Music by Dr. John Clark.

*Moderato.*



Dark, dark was the dun-geon, and hu-mid the walls, And barr'd was the grate of the  
door; On the bo-som of E-drie the eli-my dews fall, And hor-rors en-  
*dolce.*  
cir-cling young E-drie ap-pal, Be-lov'd by the maid, the maid of the moor. Cold,  
cold was the night-air, and fast the snow fell, And clos'd was old E-thei-wold's  
door; The heath was be-fore her, the key of the cell She held, that im-  
*dolce.* *Espress.*  
pri-son'd the youth of the vale, Sweet Jes-sy the maid of the moor, Sweet  
Jes-sy the maid of the moor, sweet Jes-sy the maid of the moor— The cell that im-  
*Espress.*  
pri-son'd the youth of the vale, Sweet Jes-sy the maid of the moor.

Wild, wild o'er her shoulders, her scatter'd hair  
Around her the winds fierce did roar; (wav'd;  
The rage of the tempest for Edrie she brav'd;  
She releas'd the fond youth, who tenderly lov'd  
Fair Jessy the maid of the moor.

And now they embrace—each impression'd heart  
With the warmth of affection runs o'er;  
'Of absence we never will know the keen smart;  
No, no, my dear Jessy,—I never will part  
With thee, my sweet maid of the moor.'

## THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

The Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.—Arranged, expressly for this work, to an Air by Donizetti.

*Andante.*

They grew in beau-ty side by side,—They fill'd one home with glee; Their graves are se-ver'd far and wide, By mount and stream and sea. The same fond mo-ther bent at night O'er each fair sleep-ing brow; She had each fold-ed flow'r in sight—Where are those dream-ers now?

O'er, midst the forests of the west,  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar-shade.  
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,—  
He lies where pearls lie deep;  
He was the lov'd of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.  
One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd,  
Above the noble slain:  
He wrapt his colours round his breast,  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;  
She faded midst Italian flowers—  
The last of that bright band.  
And parted thus they rest, who play'd  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd  
Around o'er parent knee!  
They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheer'd with song the hearth!  
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,  
And naught beyond, O, earth!

## DEAREST GIRL, I SOON MUST LEAVE THEE.

The Music composed by Sir J. Stevenson.

*Andante.*

Dear-est girl, I soon must leave thee, Soon must cross the roar-ing main: Ro-sa, wilt thou not be - lieve me? Whilst I live I'll true re - main! Toes'd up - on the faith-less o - cean, I'll be faith - ful to my love; Midst the waves' in - con-stant motion, Hen-ry's heart shall con-stant prove, Hen-ry's heart shall con-stant prove. Dear-est girl, I soon must leave thee, Soon must cross the roar-ing main: Ro-sa, wilt thou not be - lieve me? Whilst I live I'll true re - main whilst I live I'll true re - main!

## THE SEA-BOY ON THE GIDDY MAST.

The Poetry by William Pearce.—The Music composed by John Whitaker.

*f Andante Moderato.* *p*

To Eng-land's tow'rs of oak farewell! tow'rs of oak fare-well! Na more, an more for me shall  
 be un-furl'd The can-vass in the gale to swell, in the gale to swell: The o - cean  
 is no more, is no more my world; Yet there life's ear-liest years I fear - less  
 pass'd, A sea - boy on the high, the high and gid - dy mast; Yet there life's  
 ear-liest years I fear - less pass'd, A sea - boy on the high, the high and gid-dy mast.

There oft, to cheer the midnight hour,  
 The helmsman, with a fancy free,  
 His ditty to the waves would pour,  
 Of love on shore, and storms at sea;  
 And how the sea-boy, 'midst the rattling blast,  
 Keeps station on the high and bending mast.

Dear were the sounds, though rude and hoarse,  
 Of helm a-lee or helm a-weather,  
 To bring the vessel to her course,  
 And keep the sails well fill'd together;  
 While on the look-out far my eyes were cast,  
 The sea-boy on the high and bending mast.

## THE NORWEGIAN MAID.

The Poetry by D. Thomson.—Adapted to a Norwegian Melody, by Muzio Clementi.

*Larghetto Maestoso.*

Dark low'r'd the night, loud roar'd the main, While the lone - ly maid sat weep - ing:  
 'Ah, woe is me! bea-con fires are vain! Vain my night - ly watch I'm keep-ing!  
 From the ear - ly morn-ing till the light de-cays, O'er the roll-ing wa-ters still I sad - ly gaze;  
 Thus I waste the hours, thus the ling - 'ring days,—Weary nights are spent in weep-log!'!

Naught was heard to sound through the howling  
 Where the maid her watch was keeping; (blast,  
 But soon the dawn shaw'd this broken mast,  
 O'er the stormy billow sweeping:  
 Still, as sinks the tide, the lonely wreck is seen,  
 'Mid the beating waves the frowning cliffs between;  
 Where the beacoo turf rises soft and green,  
 Now in death the maid is sleeping.

Ye who oever know sorrow's keenest dart,  
 Far from all you love to sever,  
 Ah! weep for those who must sadly part,  
 Ne'er to meet again—ah, never!  
 Weep for her who often climbs the stormy steep,  
 For her lover there a hopeless watch to keep,  
 Who in ocean's cave must so coldly sleep  
 'Mid its heaving waves for ever!

## RETURN, O! MY LOVE.

The Poetry by Sarina; arranged expressly for this Work, to a popular Swiss Air.

*Moderato.*

Return, O, my love! for the zephyr is breathing  
In whispers his vows to the soft blushing rose;  
The chamois is seeking his home on the mountain.  
Each bird of the forest is lulled to repose.

Return, O, my love! our infant is sleeping,  
Cradled in peace on his fond mother's breast;

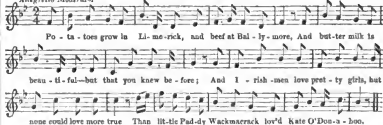
Soft as the first sigh of morn are his slumbers,  
Tranquil his breathings, unbroken his rest.

Hark! 'tis a bugle! my love is advancing,—  
Bona no longer is sad and distress'd;

He comes, for his faithful Fidelio is barking,—  
My love has returned, and his Bona is bless'd!

## THE IRISH DUEL.

The Words by T. Dibdin; Air, 'Chip chow, cherry chow.'

*Allegretto Moderato.*

Now Kitty was as neat as liss as ever tripp'd the sod,  
And Paddy bore with equal grace the musket or  
the hod; [chose  
With trowel and with bayonet by turns the hero  
To build up houses for his friends, and then to  
charge his foes.

When gentle people fall in love, love's never at a loss  
To find some ugly customers their happiness to cross,  
And Paddy found no little trouble from a rival swain,  
Who kept the Cat and Cucumber in Canillflower Lane.

This youth was named Mackirkencroft, a very  
dapper elf, [tall himself;  
Whose clothes they fitted neatly, for he made them  
A tailor blade he was by trade, of asty boys the broth,  
Because he always cut his coat according to his cloth.  
But Paddy knew the feelings of a gentleman it hurts  
To find another ungratefully sticking in his skirts,  
So sent a challenge without fear, for though he  
wasn't rich, [as rich.  
He call'd himself a gentleman, and still behaved  
Makirty, too, good manners had, for he, as it appears,  
To Paddy wrote for leave that he might cut off  
both his ears;

Says Pat to that, in style polite, as you may well  
suppose,— [your nose.]

'My ears you're very welcome to, but first I'll pull

Then when and where were settled fair, when Pat,  
as bold as brass, [cried, 'Alas!']

Cried, 'You know what we fight about?'—Makirty  
And then in haste, and not to waste such very  
precious time, [out prime.]

One prim'd without a loading, t'other loaded with—

Then back to hack they stood, good lack! to mea-  
sure yards a score.— [before;

Mackirkencroft such honest measure never gave  
He walk'd so light that out of sight full fairly he  
was seen, [twice.]

And Paddy shot a finger-post some half-a-mile be-

Now Pat and Kat soon after that in wedlock's  
bands were join'd;

Makirty he kept walking on, and never look'd  
behind.

And till this day his ghost, they say (for he of love  
expired),

Kreps walking round the finger-post at which bold  
Paddy fired.

## NIGHT SONG.

The Poetry adapted expressly for this Work, to an Air by Reisinger.

*Allegretto.*

Mur - mur, gen - tle lyre, Through the lone - ly night— Mur - mur, gen - tle  
lyre, Through the lone - ly night; Let thy trem - bling wire wa - ken  
dear de - light, Let thy trem - bling wire wa - ken dear de - light.

Though the tones of sorrow  
Mingle in thy strain,  
Yet my heart can borrow  
Pleasure from the pain.

Hark! the quivering breezes  
List thy silvery sound!  
Every tumult ceases;  
Silence reigns profound.

Hush'd the thousand noises;  
Gone the noon-day glare;  
Gentle spirit-voices  
Stir the midnight air.

Earth below is sleeping,—  
Meadow, hill, and grove;  
Angel-stars are keeping  
Silent watch above.

## HASSAN THE BRAVE.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.—The Music by James Clarke.

*Maestoso.*

'Be-hold me,' sang Has-san the fear less and free, 'On the steed which o - bey's not a  
ri - der but me; That points like the quills of the ea - gle his ears, And whose  
bound in the de - sert is light as the deer's. Be - hold me with sa - bre new  
shar - pen'd and bright, With pis - tols new flint-ed, and bur-nish'd for fight; My cap with fresh  
scar - let so gai - ly be-done; And my hal - drick of sil - ver that  
gleams in the sun, And my hal - drick of sil - ver that gleams in the sun.

'When my true love espies me, the heart in her breast  
Shall beat quick as the pigeon's when robb'd of her  
nest;  
She will hush the hoarse watch-dog, and hie to the  
That the eye of her kindred spy not her love;  
Yet, let them decry me, their wrath I defy,

And why should she tremble when Hassan is nigh?  
Like the hawk from the covey, selecting his prey,  
From the midst of her tribe would I bear her away.  
'I would mount her behind me,' sang Hassan the  
On the steed, &c. [free,

## TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

Old English Air.

*Peace.*

To An-a-cree-on in Heav'n, where he sat in full glee, A few sons of Har-mo-ny  
sent a pe-ti-tion, That he their in-spir-er and pa-tron would be, When this  
an-swer ar-riv'd from the jol-ly old Gre-cian, 'Voice, fid-dle, and flute, No lon-ger be  
mute; I'll lend you my name, and in-spire you to boot. And be-sides I'll in-struct  
you, like me, to en-twine, The myr-tle of Ve-nus with Bac-chus's vine.'

*2nd time in Chorus.*

The news through Olympus immediately flew;  
When Old Thunder pretended to give himself  
airs,—

'If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,  
The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.  
Hark! already they cry,  
In transports of joy.

A way to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,  
And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.'

'The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fussy maids,  
From Hirconia's banks will incontinent flee;  
Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,  
And the biforked hill a mere desert will be.  
My thunder, no fear on't,  
Shall soon do its errand;

And, damme, I'll swing the ring-leaders, I warrant!  
I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.'

Apollo rose up, and said, 'Prithee ne'er quarrel;  
Good king of the gods, with my vot'rs below;  
Your thunder is useless;' then, showing his laurel,  
Cried, 'Sie evetabile fulmen, you know.'

Then, over each head,  
My laurels I'll spread,

So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall  
dread,

While, snug in their club-room, they jovially twine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.'

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,  
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join:—

'The full tide of harmony still shall be his;  
But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall  
be mine.

Then, Jove, be not jealous  
Of these honest fellows.'

Cried Jove, 'We relent, since the truth you now  
tell us,

And swear by Old Styx, that they long shall entwine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.'

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join, hand-in-hand,  
Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love;

'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd,  
You've the sanction of the gods and the fiat of  
Jove.

While thus we agree,  
Our toast let it be,—

'May our club flourish, happy, unlit, and free;  
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.'

## THE CHAMOIS-HUNTER.

The Poetry by G. J. De Wilde.—Arranged, expressly for this Work, to an Air by Spohr.

*Allegro Moderato.*

The cha-mois-hun-ter, the cha-mois-hun-ter, In the ear-ly dawn he  
goes From his home in plea-sant Cha-mou-ni, To cross the Al-pine  
snows. His hearth is blaz-ing cheer-ful-ly, Yet he turns him from its



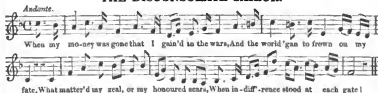
Fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well,

Thou bold cha-mois hunt-er.

The chamois-hunter, the chamois-hunter,  
He hath a lovely bride;  
And he gazes on her beauty  
With a lover's earnest pride;  
Yet his bold and restless spirit  
Even love cannot restrain;  
He grieves to see those sorrowing tears,  
Yet are they shed in vain.  
Heaven shield thee, Heaven shield thee,  
Thou bold chamois-hunter.

The chamois-hunter, the chamois-hunter,  
A wild life leadeth he;  
And he panseth not at danger,  
Though he knows his destiny,  
For his forefathers perish'd  
Following the Alpine deer;  
Who would seek a mightier monument  
Than the giant glacier?  
He asks no more—he asks no more—  
The bold chamois-hunter.

### THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.



The face that would smile when my purse was well  
Show'd a different aspect to me; [lin'd,  
And, when I could naught but ingratitude find,  
I hid once again to the sea.  
I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,  
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore;  
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,  
And a trifle, alas! was my store.  
A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,  
Which over my shoulder I threw;

Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,  
To join with some jolly ship's crew.  
The sea was less troubled by far than my mind;  
For, when the wide main I survey'd,  
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,  
And fortune a slippery jade.  
And I vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,  
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,  
That the turbulent winds and the billows could show  
More kindness than they did to me.

### THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Translated from the German.—The Music by Müller.





## PATTY KAVANNAH.

The Poetry by C. Dibdin, Jun.—The Music by W. Reeve.

*Allegretto.*

Shall we meet ere eve-ning's gray? Hey, Pat - ty, pret - ty Pat - ty? Or when  
 all - ver moon-beams play? Pret - ty Pat - ty, tell me. May I then my  
 love im-part, Woo you to re-lieve my smart? Shall each give and take a heart,  
 Love - ly Pat - ty Ka - van - nah? Love - ly Pat - ty, Love - ly Pat - ty, love - ly  
 Pat - ty Ka - van - nah, Love - - - - ly, Love-ly Pat - ty Ka - van - nah?

I can boast no wealth nor birth,—  
 Hey, Patty, pretty Patty;  
 Think you these alone have worth?  
 Pretty Patty, tell me.  
 Surely, health, a heart that's true,  
 A hand that can protect you, too,  
 Are gems, and these I proffer you,  
 Lovely Patty Kavanah.

What peeps o'er you hilly spot,  
 Hey, Patty, pretty Patty?  
 The village steeple, is it not?  
 Pretty Patty, tell me.  
 There's the church, and here's the ring,—  
 Love makes life a constant spring;  
 Then haste, for time is on the wing,  
 Lovely Patty Kavanah.

## THE BEWILDERED KNIGHT.

*Moderato.*

From the steep pro - mon - to - ry gaz'd The stran - ger, rap - tur'd and a -  
 maz'd; 'And what a scene were here,' he cried, 'For prince - ly pomp, or church - man's  
 pride! On this bold brow, a lord - ly tow - er; In that soft vale, a la - dy's  
 bow - er; On yon - der mea - dow, far a - way, The tur - rets of a clois - ter  
 gray. How sweet, at eve, the lo - ver's lute Sounds when the groves were still and  
 mute; And when the mid - night moon should lave Her fore-head in the sil - ver wave.

'I am alone,—my hughle strain  
May call some straggler of the train;  
Or, fall the worst that may betide,  
Ere now this fashion has been tried.'  
But scarce again his horn he wound,  
When, in! forth starting at the sound,  
From underneath an aged oak,  
That slanted from the islet rock,  
A damsel glider of its way,  
A little skiff shot to the bay,  
That round the promontory steep  
Led its deep line in graceful sweep.

The boat had touch'd this silver strand,  
Just as the hunter left his stand,  
And stood concealed amid the brake,  
To view this lady of the lake,  
The maiden paused, as if again  
She thought to catch the distant strain,  
With head up-raised, and look intent,  
And eye and ear attractive bent,  
And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
Like monument of Grecian art,  
In listening mood she seemed to stand,  
The guardian Naid of the strand.

## HAMLET.

The Words by Theodore Hook; To the Air, 'Lunnon is the Devil.'

*Allegro.*

A he-ro's life I sing, His sto-ry shall my pen mark: He was not the king, But  
Ham-let, prince of Den-mark; His ma-ma was young, The crown she had her  
eyes on, Her hus-band stopp'd her tongue, She stopp'd his ears with poi-son. Too-ral  
loo-ral lay, ti rol rump-ty u-dy, Twee-dle dee-dle chl ri fol rumpiti doo-dle.

When she had kill'd the king,  
She og'd much his brother,  
And, having slain one spouse,  
She quickly got another;  
And this so soon did she,  
And was so great a sinner,  
The funeral-bak'd meats  
Serv'd for the wedding-dinner.

Tooral looral lay, &c.

Now Hamlet sweet, her son,  
No bully or bravado,  
Of love felt hot the flame,  
And so went to Bernardo.  
'O! sir,' says one, 'we've seen  
A sight with monstrous sad eye;  
And this was nothing hut—  
The ghost of Hamlet's daddy.'

Tooral looral lay, &c.

Just at that time it rose,  
And sighing, said, 'List! Hammy,—  
Your mother is the snake  
That poison'd me; or d—me.  
And now I'm gone below,  
All over sulph'rous flame, boy;—  
That your dad should be on fire,  
You'll own's a burning shame, boy.'

Tooral, looral, lay, &c.

Just at the time he spoke,  
The morn was breaking through dell;  
Up jump'd a cock, and cried,—  
'Cock-a-doodle doodel!'  
'I'm oow cock-sure of going;  
Preserve you from all evil;  
You to your mother walk,  
And I'll walk to the d—l.'

Tooral looral lay, &c.

Hamlet lov'd a maid—  
Calumny had pass'd her—  
She never had play'd tricks,  
'Cause nobody had ask'd her;  
Madness seiz'd her wits,  
Poor Lord Chambrlain's daughter,—  
She jump'd into a pond,  
And went to heaven by water.

Tooral looral lay, &c.

No matter now for that:—  
A play they made, and sham'd it;  
The audience Claudius was,  
And he got up and d—d it.  
He vow'd he'd see no more,  
He felt a wondrous dizziness,  
And then for candles call'd,  
To make light of the bus'ness.

Tooral looral lay, &c.

A fencing-match had they;  
The queen drinks as they try, too  
Says she, 'O king, I'm kill'd.'  
Says Laertes, 'So am I too.'  
'And so am I,' cries Ham;  
'What, can all these things true be?'  
'What, are you dead?' says the king.  
'Yes, sir, and so shall you be.'

Tooral looral lay, &c.

So then he stabb'd his liege,  
Then fell on Ophry's brother,  
And so the Danish court  
All tumbld one on t'other.  
To celebrate these deeds,  
Which are from no false shamlet,  
Ev'ry village small  
Henceforth was call'd a Hamlet.

Tooral looral lay, &c.

## BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Old English Air.

*Andante.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The stream-ers wav - ing In the  
wind, When black-ey'd Su-san came on board: 'O! where shall I my  
true love find? Tell me, ye jo - - vial sail - lora, tell me true,  
If my sweet Wil - liam, if my sweet Wil - liam sails a - mong your crew?"

William, who high upon the yard  
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;  
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.  
So the sweet lark, high-poised in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,  
And drops at once into her nest;—  
The noblest captain in the British fleet  
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.  
' O! Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
My vows shall ever true remain;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear,—  
We only part to meet again;  
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee;  
' Believe not what the landmaen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,

In ev'ry port a mistress find;—  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.  
' If to far India's coast we sail,  
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,  
Thy skin in ivory so white;—  
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue  
' Though battle calls me from thy arms,  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,  
William shall to his dear return;—  
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
Least precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.  
The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosom spread,  
No longer must she stay on board;  
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he bng his head.  
Her leas'ning boat unwilling rows to land;—  
' Adieu!' she cries, and wav'd her hly hand.

## THE POET'S BLESSING.

The Words translated from the German of Uhland, and adapted, expressly for this work, to an  
Air by Muller.

*Moderato.*

As I roam'd the fields a - long, listen-ing to the lin-net's song, I be-held an old man  
there Toll-ing hard with hon-ry hair: 'Bless-ings on this field!' I cried; 'Such a  
faith-fal labour-er's pride! Bless-ings on this with'er'd hand, Scatter-ing seed along the land!'  
Answer'd me, his look severe,  
' Poet's blessing boots not here;  
Like the wrath of heaven it falls,  
Flowers, not corn, to life it calls.'  
' Friend! these songs of lighter hours  
Waken not too many flowers;  
Just enough to deck the land,  
And fill thy little grandson's hand.'

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## FLOW, THOU REGAL PURPLE STREAM.

The Words by John O'Keefe; the Music by Dr. Arnold.—Published by Davidson.

*Allegro.*

Flow, thou re-gal pur - ple stream, Tincted by the so-lar beam; In my  
 gob-let spark - ling rise; Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes. Flow, thou re - gal  
 pur - ple stream, tinct-ed by the so - lar beam; In my gob - let spark-ling  
 rise; Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes; In my spark - ling gob - let  
 rise; Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes— Cheer my heart, and glad my  
 eyes. My brain as - cend on fan-cy's wing; 'Noint me, wine, a jo - vial king; My brain as -  
 cend on fan-cy's wing; 'Noint me, wine, a jo - vial king;— My brain as - cend on fancy's wing;  
 'Noint me, wine, a jo - vial king—'Noint me, wine, a jo - vial king—a jo  
 - vial king—a jo - vial king—a jo - vial king!  
 While I live, I'll love my clay; When I'm dead and gone a - way, Let my thirs - ty sub - jects  
 say, 'A month he reign'd, but that was May.' While I live, I'll love my clay;  
 When I'm dead and gone a - way, Let my thirs - ty sub - jects say, 'A month he reign'd, but that was  
 May'—Let my thirs - ty subjects say, 'A month he reign'd, but that was May;' Let my thirsty  
 sub - jects say, 'A month he reign'd, but that was May'—but that was May, but that was May.'

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

The Poetry by Joanna Bailie.—The Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegretto.*

The bride she is win-some and bon-nie, Her hair it is smoo-ded sae sleek, And faith-fal and  
kind is her John-nie, Yet fast fa' the tears an ber cheek, New pearl-ings the cause o' her  
sor-row, New pearl-ings, and plen-ty-b-ing too;—The bride that has a to bor-row, Has  
e'en right mel-icly a'-do— Woo'd, and mar-ried, and a', Woo'd and mar-ried and  
a'; And is na she ve-ry weel aff, To be woo'd, and mar-ried, and a'.

Her mother then hastily spak :  
'The lassie is glaikit wi' pride :  
Ia my pouches I had na a plack,  
The day that I was a bride.  
E'en tak to your wheel, and be clever,  
And draw out your thread in the sun  
The gear that is gifted, it never  
Will last like the gear that is won.  
Woo'd and married and a',  
Toether and havings sae sma';—  
I think ye are very weel aff,  
To be woo'd, and married, and a'.

'Toot, toot!' quo' the gray-headed father,  
'She's less of a bride than a bairn;  
She's ta'en like a cowl frae the heather,  
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.  
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,  
As humour inconstantly leans;  
A chield mair patient and steady  
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.  
Kerchief to cover so neat,  
Locks the wind us'd to hlaw;  
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,  
Whae I think o' her married at a'.

Then out spak the wily bridegroom ;  
(Weel waled were his wordies, I ween),  
'I am rich, though my coffers be toom,  
Wi' the blink o' your bonny blue een.  
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,  
Tho' thy ruffles and ribbons be few,  
Than if Kate o' the craft were my bride,  
Wi' purples and pearls o' new.  
Dear, and dearest o' ony,  
Ye're woo'd and booket and a';  
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnnie,  
And grieve to be married at a'?

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smil'd,  
And she looket sae bashfully down;  
The pride o' her heart was beguil'd,  
And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown;  
She twirl'd the tag o' her lace,  
And she clippit her boddice sae blue;  
Synce blinket sae sweet in his face,  
And aff like a maukin she flew.  
Woo'd and married and a',  
Married and carried awa';  
She thinks hersel' very weel aff,  
To be woo'd, and married, and a'.

## WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

The Poetry by Mrs. Scott.—To the Music of above Tune.

THE grass had nae freedom o' growin'  
As lang as she wasna awa;  
Nor in the town could there be stowin'  
For wooers that wanted to ca'.  
Sic boxin', sic brawlin', sic dancin',  
Sic bowin' and shakin' a paw;  
The town was for ever in brulies:  
But now the lassie's awa.  
Wooed, and married, and a',  
Married, and wooed, and a';  
The dandale toast of the parish,  
She's wooed, and she's carried awa.

But had he a' kenn'd her as I did,  
His wooin' it wad hae been sma';  
She keeps neither bakin', nor brewin',  
Nor cardin', nor spinnin' awa;  
But a' her skill lies in her buskin':  
And, O! if her brows were awa,  
She suer wad wear out o' fashion,  
And knit up her haggars wi' straw.  
Wooed, and married, and a'.  
But yesterday I gaed to see her,  
And, O! she was bonnie and braw;  
She cried on her gudeman to gie her  
An ell o' red ribbon or twa.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

He took, and he sat down beside her,  
A weel and a reel for to ca';  
She cried, Was he that way to guide her?  
And out at the door aod awa.  
Wooded, and married, &c.

The first road she gaed was her mither,  
Wha said, 'Lassie, how gars a'?'  
Quo she, 'Was it for nae ither  
That I was married awa.  
But to be set down to a wheellie,  
And at it for ever to ca'?  
And syne to ha'e't reel'd by a chieldie  
That's everly cryin' to draw.'

Wooded, and married, &c.  
Her mither said till her, 'Hech, lassie!  
He's wisest, I fear, o' the twa;  
There'll be little to put to the tussie,  
Gif ye be sae backward to draw;  
For now ye should work like a tiger,  
And at it baith wallop and ca',

Sae lang's ye hae yondith and vigour,  
And weanies and deht keep awa.  
Wooded, and married, &c.

'Sae swift away hame to your haddin';  
The mair fule ye e'er cam' awa;  
Ye maunna be lika day gaddio',  
Nor gang sae white-finger'd and braw;  
For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,  
And wi' him should cannillie draw;  
Or elae ye deserve to be knockit—  
So that's an answer for a'.

Wooded, and married, &c.  
Young luckie thus fand hersel mither'd,  
And wish'd she had ne'er come awa;  
at length wi' hersel she consider'd,  
That hameward 'twas better to draw,  
And e'en tak a chance o' the landin',  
However that matters might fa';  
Folk maunna on freite aye be standin',  
That's wooded, and married, and a'.  
Wooded, and married, &c.

## FLORA M'DONALD'S LAMENT.

The Words by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.—The Music by Neil Gow, Jun.

*Andantino.*

Far o - ver yon hills of the heath-er sae green, And down by the cor-rie that  
sings to the sea, The bon-ny young Flo-ra sat sigh-ing her lane, The dew on her  
plaid, and the tear in her ee. She look'd at a boat, with the breez-es that swung, A -  
way on the wave, like a bird of the main, And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she  
sung, Fare - weel to the lad I maun ne'er see a - gain, Fare - weel to my he-ro, the  
gal - lant and young, Fare - weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain.

The moor-cock that craws on the brow of Ben  
Connel,  
He keus o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;  
The eagle that soars on the cliffs of Clannonaid,  
Unawed and unheated, his eyrie can claim;  
The solan can sleep on his shielts of the shore,  
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;  
But, O! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,—  
Nor house, ha', nor hame, lo his country has he.  
The conflict is past, and our oame is no more;  
There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland and  
me.

The target is torn from the arms of the just,  
The helmet is eift on the brow of the brave,  
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;  
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave.  
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,  
Have trod o'er the pinnies on the bonnet of  
blue:  
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,  
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?  
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good:  
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy  
brow.

## WE ALL LOVE A PRETTY GIRL UNDER THE ROSE.

The Poetry by Bickerstaff.—The Music by Dr. Arne.

*Moderato.*

Oons! neigh-bour, ne'er blush for a tri-ffe like this! What harm with a fair one to  
toy and to kiss? The great-est and grav-est, a truce with grim-ace, Would do the same  
thing, would do the same thing, would do the same thing, were they in the same place. No  
age or pro-fes-sion, no sta-tion is free,—To so-ve-reign beauty man-kind bends the  
knee; That pow-er, re-sist-less, no strength can op-pose,—We all love a pret-ty girl  
un-der the rose, un-der the rose, un-der the rose; We all love a pret-ty girl un-der the rose.

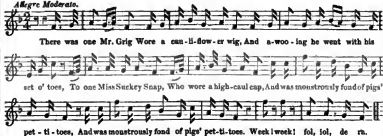
## PADDY SHANNON.

*Moderato.*

Pad-dy Shan-non, high mounted on his trot-tag lit-tle po-ny, Set off in a  
gal-lup from Leather Lane to Bow, To o-gle wid-ow Wil-kins, whom he courted for her  
mo-ney, And, tug-ging, at his bri-dle, cried, 'Whoa, my love, whoa!' Be-neath her bow  
win-dow Young Shannon took his sta-tion,—The night it was dark, so he whis-per'd, 'Yo!  
ho!' Then he sweet-ly se-re-na-ded her, with 'Whack, now bo-de-ra-tion, Missis Wil-kins  
won't you mar-ry me?' 'No, my love, no;' 'Mis-sis Wil-kins, won't you mar-ry me?' 'No, my love, no.'

## BUBBLE, SQUEAK, AND PETTITOES.

The Words by C. Dibdin.

*Allegro Moderato.*

In her favour to get,  
He sent her a set,  
And to ask him to sup with Miss Snap, Betty goes,  
And likewise to bespeak  
Some nice bubble and squeak,  
For he lov'd that as well as the lov'd pettitoes.  
Week! week! fol fol de ra.

Ere to sup they began,  
Mrs. Betty, for fun,  
Sneezing-powder to put in the pepper chose;  
Mr. Grig was caught and sneez'd  
Saying, 'Chih!—I hope you're pleased  
With the—chih!—with the—chih!—with the pet-  
titoes!' Chih! chih! fol fol de ra.

'I vow, sir,' says she,  
'Nothing better can be  
Than—Chih!—chih!—chih!—He! he! Betty goes.

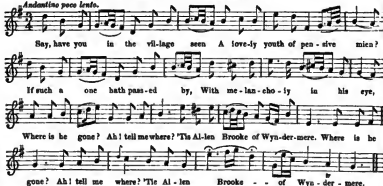
How's the bubble and the squeak?  
He for sneezing couldn't speak,  
Till he sneezed off his wig among the pettitoes.  
Week! week! fol fol de ra.

Sneezing, nodding, went Miss Snap,  
Till the candle caught her cap,  
And to put out the flame some water Betty tarow,  
Is vain, till Mr. Grig  
On her noddle clapp'd his wig,  
That was soak'd in the gravy of the pettitoes.  
Week! week! fol fol de ra.

Thus poor Mr. Grig  
Spoiled his cauliflower wig,  
And Miss Snap lost her cap;—what a set o' woes!  
For the house-dog in the freak  
Bowl'd the bubble and the squeak,  
And pussy ran away with the pettitoes.  
Mieu! bow, wow! &c.

## ALLEN BROOKE, OF WYNDERMERE.

The Poetry by Carey.—The Music by Hook.

*Andantino poco lento.*

Last night he, sighing, took his leave,  
Which caus'd me all the night to grieve;  
And many maids, I know there be,  
Who try to wean his love from me;  
But Heaven knows my heart's sincere  
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermere.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,  
To think that he should leave me so;  
But, if my love should anger'd be,  
And try to hide himself from me,  
Then death shall bear me on a bier,  
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermere.



## O! TELL ME, TELL ME, MARY DEAR.

Music composed by Sir John Stevenson.

*Andante Moderato.*

O! tell me, tell me, Ma-ry dear, Whence is that pen-sive sigh? O!

tell me, whence the pear-ly tear That trem-bles in thine eye? O! tell me,

tell me, Ma-ry dear, Whence is that pen-sive sigh? - O! tell me, whence the

pear-ly tear, That trem-bles in thine eye? I can not, dare not hope for

love, Yet on that cheek I see What would the soft-est wish-es move, If

they were shed for me, If they were shed for me, If they were shed for

me! What would the soft-est wish-es move, If they were shed for me!

And yet in Mary's gentle soul  
Some pitying thoughts may dwell,  
And those bright drops, that silent roll,  
The tender secret tell.

O! Mary, calm thy lover's fears,  
Who lives for none but thee,  
And say that all thy sighs and tears  
Are only given to me.

## THE SECRET.

Arranged expressly for this Work, to a celebrated German Waltz.

*Allegretto.*

In a young la-dy's heart once a Se-cret was lurk-ing; It toss'd and it tum-bl'd, it

long'd to get out; The Lips half be-tray'd it by smil-ing and smirk-ing, And the

Tongue was im-pa-tient to hush it, no doubt; But Hush our look'd gruff on the

sub-ject, and gave it in charge to the Teeth, so en-chant-ing-ly white, Should the

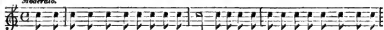
cap-tive at-tempt an e-lope-ment, to save it By giv-ing the Lips an ad-mo-nish-ing bite.

'Twas said, and 'twas settled, and Honour departed;  
Tongue quiver'd and trembled, but dared not rebel;  
When right to its up Secret suddenly started,  
And, half in a whisper, escaped from its cell.

Quoth the Teeth, in a pet, 'We'll be even for this!'  
And they bite very smartly above and beneath!  
But the Lips at the instant were brib'd with a kiss,  
And they popp'd out the Secret, in spite of the Teeth.

## MODERATION AND ALTERATION.

The Original of the Old English Gentleman.

*Moderaio.*

With an old song, made by an old an-cient pate, Of an old wor-shipful gentleman, who had a  
great es-tate; Who kept an old house, at a boun-ti-ful rate; And an old por-ter to re-lieve

*Chorus.*

the poor at his gate. Mo-de-ra-tion, mo-de-ra-tion, 'tis a won-der-ful mo-de-ra-tion.

With an old lady, whose anger good words assuages;  
Who, every quarter, pays her old servants their wages;  
Who never knew what belongs to coachmen, foot-men, or pages;  
But kept twenty or thirty old fellows with blue clothes and badges.

*Moderation, &c.*

With a study fill'd full of learned books;  
With an old reverend parson, you may know him by his looks;

With an old buttery hatch, worn quite off the old hooks;

And an old kitchen, which maintains half-a-dozen greasy old cooks.

*Moderation, &c.*

With an old hall, bung round about with guns, pikes, and bows;

With old swords, and bucklers which have borne many shrewd blows;

And an old fryascoe coat to cover his worship's trunk hose;

*[note.]*

And a cup of old sherry to comfort his old copper

*Moderation, &c.*

With an old faubias, when Christmas is come,  
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;  
And good cheer, enough to furnish every old room;  
And old liquor, able to make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb.

*Moderation, &c.*

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a kennel of hounds,

Which never hunted nor hawked but in his own grounds;

Who, like an old wise man, kept himself within his own bounds;

*[old pounds.]*

And, when he died, gave every child a thousand

*Moderation, &c.*

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,  
Charging him in his will to keep the same boun-ti-ful mind;

To be good to his ser-vants, and to his neighbours very kind;

But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd.

*Alteration, &c.*

Like a young gallant, newly come to his land,  
That keeps a brace of creatures at his own command,  
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his own bond,

And lieth drunk in a new tavern till he can neither go nor stand.

*Alteration, &c.*

With a neat lady, that is fresh and fair,  
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping or care;

But buys several fans to play with the wanton air,  
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other wo-men's hair.

*Alteration, &c.*

With a new hall, built where the old one stood,  
Wherein is burn'd neither coal nor wood;

And a new shuffle-board table, where never meet stood;

*[little good.]*

Hung round with pictures, which doth the poor hat

*Alteration, &c.*

With a new study, stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays;

With a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays;

With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days;

*[toys.]*

With a new French cook, to make kickshaws and

*Alteration, &c.*

With a new fashion, when Christmas is come,—  
'With a journey up to London we must be gone,

And leave nobody at home but our new porter, John;'

Who relieves the poor at the gate with a thump on the back with a stone.

*Alteration, &c.*

With a gentleman usher, whose carriage is complete;  
With a footman, a coachman, a page to carry up meat;

*[seat.]*

With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing's very  
Who, when the master has din'd, gives the servants

*but little to eat.**Alteration, &c.*

With a new honour, bought with his father's old gold,  
That many of his father's old manors hath sold;—

And this is the occasion that most men do hold,  
That good housekeeping is now-a-days grown as very cold.

*Alteration, &c.*

## SOMEHOW, MY SPINDLE I MISLAID.

From the Opera of 'The Deserter.'—Composed by Mossigny.

*All'legretto.*

Some-how my spin-dle I mis-laid, And lost it un-der-neath the grass;  
 Da-mon, ad-vane-ing, bow'd his head, Aed said, 'What seek you, pret-ty lass?'  
 Da-mon, ad-vanc-ing, bow'd his head, Aed said, 'What seek you, pret-ty lass?'  
 A lit-tle love, but urg'd with care, a lit-tle love, but urg'd with  
 care, Oft leads a heart, and leads it far, Oft leads a heart, and leads it  
 far. A lit-tle love, but urg'd with care, Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing by you spreading oak  
 That I my spindle lost just now;  
 His knife then kindly Damon took,  
 And from the tree he cut a bough.  
 A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,  
 While me he tenderly beheld;  
 He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,  
 For, ah! my heart did fondly yield.  
 A little love, &c.

## DEAR SCENES OF YOUTH.

The Poetry and Music by Miss Dixon.

*Andante.*

Dear scenes of youth, Sweet peace-ful grove, Where food re-mem-brance loves to  
 stray; Where once at eve I us'd to rove, And of-ten tune my rus-sic  
 lay;—But now those joys are fled for ev-er, Since my lov'd Lau-ra  
 prov'd untrue. O! no; tho' doom'd a-las! to se-ver, This wound-ed heart still  
*ad lib.* *a tempo*  
 beats for you, This wound-ed heart still beats for - - - you.

Though you pale moon, with loeid ray,  
 Sheds o'er the trees a silver light,  
 While those we love are far away,  
 'Tis cheerless as the darkest night.

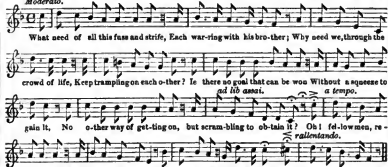
For, O! I gaze quite broken-hearted  
 On my once happy peaceful cot;—  
 That bitter moment when we parted  
 Can never, never be forgot.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

The Poetry by F. L. Blanchard; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

*Moderato.*



What need of all this fuss and strife, Each war-ring with his bro-ther; Why need we, through the crowd of life, Keep tramping on each o-ther? Is there no goal that can be won Without a squeeze to gain it, No o-ther way of get-ting on, but scam-bling to ob-tain it? Oh! fel-low men, re-member then, Whatever chance befall, The world is wide in lands beside—There's room enough for all!

What if the eawthy peasant find  
No field for honest labour?  
He need not idly stop behind,  
To thrust aside his neighbour!  
There is a land with sunny skies,  
Which gold for toil is giving,  
Where ev'ry brawny hand that tries  
Its strength, can grasp a living.  
Oh! fellow men, remember then,  
Whatever chance befall,  
The world is wide;—where those abide,  
There's room enough for all!

From poison'd air ye breathe in courts,  
And typbue tainted alleys,  
Go forth, and dwell where health resorts,  
In rural hills and valleys;  
Where ev'ry hand that clears a bough  
Finds plenty in attendance,

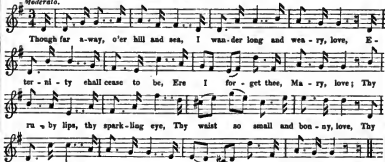
And ev'ry furrow of the plough  
A step to independence,  
Oh! hasten, then, from fever'd den,  
And lodging cramp'd and small:  
The world is wide in lands beside,—  
There's room enough for all!

In this fair region far away,  
Will labour find employment—  
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,  
And toil will earn enjoyment!  
What need, then, of this daily strife,  
Each warring with his brother;  
Why need we in the crowd of life  
Keep trampling down each other.  
Oh! fellow men, remember then,  
Whatever chance befall,  
The world is wide;—where those abide,  
There's room enough for all.

## THOUGH FAR AWAY O'ER HILL AND SEA.

Arranged expressly for this Work, to an Air by Czerny.

*Moderato.*



Though far a-way, o'er hill and sea, I wan-der long and wea-ry, love, E-ter-ni-ty shall cease to be, Ere I for-get thee, Ma-ry, love; Thy ru-by lips, thy spark-ling eye, Thy waist so small and bon-ny, love, Thy dim-pl'd cheek and witeb-ling sigh Have bound my heart for ev-er, love.

I'm far from thee, but still each night  
I watch the bright moon shining, love,  
And think I see in its soft light  
Thy bright eyes on me beaming, love.

Then be'er believe what come may say,  
That I am false and faithless, love;  
Though far from thee and home away,  
My heart is thine for ever, love.

## BEGONE, DULL CARE.

*Allegretto.*

Be - gone, dull care, — I pri - thee be - gone from me; Be - gone, dull care. You and  
I can ne - ver a - gree: Long time thou hast been tar - ry'ng here, and fain thou  
wouldst me kill, But I' faith, dull care, thou ne - ver shalt have thy will:  
Too much care will make a young man gray, My wife shall dance and I will sing, so merrily  
And too much care will turn an old man to clay: pass the day, [care away,  
For I hold it one of the wisest things to drive dull

## THOUGH PRUDENCE MAY PRESS ME.

*Moderato.*

Though pru - dence may press me, And du - ty dis - tress me. A - gainst in - di -  
na - tion, Ah! what can they do? No long - er a ro - ver, His fol - lies are  
o - ver;— My heart, my fond heart, says, my Hen - ry is true.  
The bee, thus, as changing, With rapture possessing;—  
From sweet to sweet ranging, In one ev'ry blessing,  
A rose should be light on, ne'er wishes to stray; Till, torn from her bosom, he flies far away.

## VICTORIA'S SCEPTRE O'ER THE WAVES.

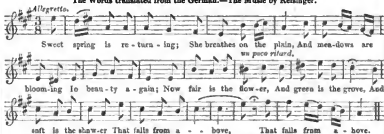
The Poetry by Thomas Campbell.—The Music by Charles Nante.

*Maestoso con anima.*

Vic - to - ria's scep - tre o'er the waves Has touch'd and bro - ken slave - ry's chain; Yet,  
strange ma - gi - cian, she en - slaves, — Yet, strange ma - gi - cian, she en - slaves Our  
hearts with - in her own do - main, Our hearts with - in her own do - main. Her spi - rit  
is de - vout, and burns With thoughts a - verse to bi - go - try, And yet, her - self the  
i - dol, turns — And, yet her - self the i - dol, turns, the i - dol, turns our souls in - to i - dol - a - try.

## SPRING SONG.

The Words translated from the German.—The Music by Reisinger.



Foll gladly I greet thee,  
Thou lovehest guest;  
Ah! long have I waited  
By thee to be bless'd!—  
Stern winter threw o'er us  
His heavy, cold chain;  
We longed to be brenting  
In freedom again.

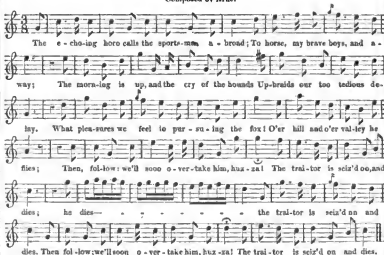
And then, O thou kind one,  
Thou camest, so mild;  
And mountain, and meadow,  
And rivulet, smil'd;

The voice of thy music  
Was heard in the grove;  
The balm of thy breezes  
Invited to rove.

Now welcome, thou lov'd one,  
Again and again,  
And bring us full many  
Bright days in thy train,  
And bid the soft summer  
Not linger so long;  
E'en now we are waiting  
To greet him in song.

## THE ECHOING HORN.

Composed by Arne.



Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
Like bacchanals, shouting and gay,  
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,  
And lose the fatigues of the day:

With sport, love, and wine, scickle fortune defy,  
Dull wisdom all happiness sours:  
Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.  
With flow'rs let's strew, &c.

## ENCOMPASSED IN AN ANGEL'S FRAME.

Composed by Jackson.

*Andante.*

En com-pass'd in an an-gel's frame, An an-gel's vir-tues lay; Too soon did Heav'n as-sert the claim, And call'd its own a-way, And call'd its own a-way. My An-na's worth, My An-na's charms, must ne-ver more re-turn, Must ne-ver more re-turn. What now shall fill these widow'd arms? Ah! me. Ah! me. Ah! me, my An-na's urn.

## THE WAKE OF TEDDY ROE.

*Moderato.*

In Dub-lin, that ci-ty of rich-es and fame, A fish-mong-er liv'd, Ted-dy Roe was his name; The neigh-bours all grieve'd, rich or poor, high or low, And to wake with poor Ted they re-solv'd for to go. Miss De-la-oy, Mis-tress Bia-ney, Mis-ter Fa-gan, and Miss Doe; Who in a coach all went, to wake poor Ted-dy Roe.

All bedizened so fine, in their best Sunday clothes, At poor Ted's they arriv'd, where they'd oft been before, Miss Doe's squint eye, and Mister Fagan's rednose; And Dogherty gave a loud thump at the door.

[SPOKE.]—Out hobble Phelim, (Teddy's uncle.) Arrah! is it yourselves that comes to wake with poor Ted; he's up stairs in the cock-loft, taking a parting glass of Innishone with a few friends; so be after walking up the ladder, if you please—scrape your feet—Judy, Judy, the quality is come—stick Teddy with his back against the wall—put his best wig on, and a pipe in his mouth!—walk up, ladies, tea will soon be ready.—What have you got for tea?—Herrings and prunes—d'ye think, you spalpeen, that that will satisfy—

Miss Delaney, &amp;c.

Now the whiskey went round, till they could not agree,

And from words fell to blows, just like Donnybrook fair;

Who were highest of rank, or of best pedigree;

And amongst them poor Ted came in for his share.

[SPOKE.]—Hubblehoo! Hubblehoo!—What the devil are you all about!—what are you doing! By the powers of Moll Kelly! if they beav'n't got poor Ted among 'em—they'll smother the poor critter—get off him!—get off him!—Judy, take hold of his leg, and help me to drag him from under the lump. Ach! see there now, they have given the corpse a black eye. I expected better behaviour from—

Miss Delaney, &amp;c.

Returning, a coach full of whiskey and gin, At home they arriv'd, and at length stagger'd in;

Such figures of fun, 'twill be said for their sake, Sure never before were seen at a wake.

[SPOKE.]—Bless us! Dogherty, what black drunken devils are you bringing home! Where did you pick 'em up!—Don't bother me, and you'll get the whole account as clear as mud; but first wash and put to bed the most beautiful—

Miss Delaney, &amp;c.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

Old Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Words by Ramsay.

*Moderato.*

An thou were my ain thing, O, I would lo'e thee, I would lo'e thee; *Fine.*

An thou were my ain thing, How dear - ly would I lo'e thee. Then

I would clasp thee in my arms, Then I'd se - cure thee from all harms; *Fine.*

bove all mor - tals thou hast charms—How dear - ly do I lo'e thee!

Of race divine thou needs must be,  
Share nothing earthly equals thee;  
So I must still presumptuous be,  
To show how much I lo'e thee.

An thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,  
To rule none whom they can save;  
O! for their sake, support a slave,  
Who only lives to lo'e thee.

An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,  
But that I love, and for your sake;—  
What man can more, I'll undertake,  
So dearly do I lo'e thee.

An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,  
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,  
Till fates my thread of life have spun,  
Which, breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.

An thou were, &c.

## O, TIBBIE! I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

The Poetry by Burns.—The Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

O! Tib-bie, I hae seen the day Ye wad na been see shy; For lack o' gear ye

light-ly me; But, troth! I care - na by. Yes-treen I met you on the muir, Ye spak na, but gae d

by like stoure; Ye geck at me be-cause I'm poor; But sent a hair care I!

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
That ye can please me wi' a wink,  
Whene'er ye like to try.

O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's see men,  
Although ye hae the name o' clink,  
Wha follows o'ny sancy queen,  
That looks see proud and high.

O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

Although a lad were s'er see smart,  
If he but want the yellow dirt,

Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
And answer him fu' dry.

O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

But, if ye hae the name o' gear,  
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,  
Be better than the kye.

O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

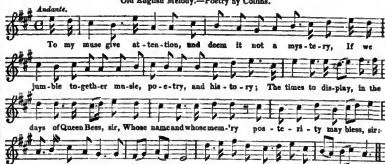
But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,  
Your daddie's gear makes you see nice,  
The dell a sne wad speir your price,  
Were ye as poor as I.

O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.



## THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

Old English Melody.—Poetry by Collins.



O! the gol-den days of good Queen Bess; Mer-ry be the mem-o-ry of good Queen Bess.

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of Dons and  
 armadas, [bravadoes;  
 With their gunpowder puffs, and their blust'ring  
 For we knew how to manage both the musket and  
 the bow, sir, [a crow, sir.  
 And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as  
 O! the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were  
 thatch'd, sir; [latch'd, sir;  
 Our windows were lattic'd, and our doors only  
 Yet so few were the folks that would plunder or  
 rob, sir, [sir.  
 That the hangman was starving for want of a job,  
 O! the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies, with large ruffs, tied round about  
 the neck fast, [breakfast;  
 We'd gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their  
 While a close quill'd-up colf their noddies just did  
 sit, sir, [spit, sir.  
 And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the  
 O! the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted  
 hose, sir, [beaus, sir;  
 With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of our  
 Strong beer they prefer'd, too, to claret or to  
 hock, sir; [sir.  
 And no poultry they pris'd like the wing of an ox,  
 O! the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood, then, was as plenty, too, as  
 beef, sir,  
 And the poor from the rich never wanted relief, sir;  
 While merry went the mill-clack, the shuttle, and  
 the plow, sir; [brow, sir.  
 And honest men could live by the sweat of their  
 O! the golden days, &c.

Then foot-ball, and wrestling, and pitching of the  
 bar, sir,  
 Were prefer'd to a fute, to a fiddle, or guitar, sir;  
 And for jaunting, and junketting, the fav'rite regale,  
 sir, [ale, sir.  
 Was a walk as far as Chelsea, to demolish buns and  
 O! the golden days, &c.

Then the folks, ev'ry Sunday, went twice, at least,  
 to church, sir; [lurch, sir:  
 And never left the parson, nor his sermon, in the  
 Far they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to  
 be good in, sir, [without a pudding, sir.  
 And they thought it Sabbath-breaking, if they din'd  
 O! the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men  
 were great, sir, [state, sir;  
 And the props of the nation were the pillars of the  
 For the sov'reign and subject one interest sup-  
 ported, [courted.  
 And our powerful alliance by all pow'rs then was  
 O! the golden days, &c.

Then the high and mighty states, to their ever-  
 lasting stain, sir, [Spain, sir;  
 By Britons were releas'd from the galling yoke of  
 And the rous'd British Lion, had all Europe then  
 combio'd, sir, [before the wind, sir.  
 Undismay'd, would have scatter'd them, like chaff  
 O! the golden days, &c.

Thus they ate, and they drank, and they work'd,  
 and they play'd, sir; [sir:  
 Of their friends not asham'd, nor of enemies afraid,  
 And little did they think, when this ground they  
 stood on, sir, [gone, sir.  
 To be drawn from the life, now they're all dead and  
 O! the golden days, &c.

## THE GOLDEN DAYS WE NOW POSSESS.

A Sequel to above, and adapted to the same Music.

In the praise of Queen Bess lofty strains have been  
 sung, sir; [sir;  
 And her fame has been echo'd by old and by young,  
 But from times that are pass'd we'll for once turn  
 our eyes, sir,  
 As the times we enjoy 'tis but wisdom to prize, sir:  
 Then, whatever were the days of good Queen Bess,  
 Let us praise the golden days we now possess.

Without armies to combat, or armadas to with-  
 stand, sir,  
 Our foes at our feet, and the sword in our hand, sir,  
 Lasting peace we secure, while we're lords of the  
 seas, sir, [sir.  
 And our stout wooden walls are our sure guarantees,  
 Such are the golden days we now possess.  
 Whatever were the days of good Queen Bess.

No bigots rule the roast now, with persecution  
dire, sir; [the fire, sir;

Burning zeal now no more heaps the faggot on  
No bishop now can hoid a poor Jew like a pigeon, sir;  
Nor harbours a Pagan, like a pig, for religion, sir.

Such are the golden days, &c.

Now no legendary saint robs the lab'rer of one day,  
Except, now and then, when he celebrates Saint  
Monday:

And good folks, ev'ry Sabbath, keep church with-  
out a pother, sir, [t'other, sir,

By walking in at one door, and stealing out at  
Such are the golden days, &c.

Then, for dress, modern belles bear the bell beyond  
compare, sir, [wear, sir;

Though farthingales end ruffs are got rather out of  
But when truss'd up, like pullets, whether fat, lean,  
or plump, sir,

'Tis no matter, so they've got but a merry thought  
and rump, sir.

Such are the golden days, &c.

Then for props of the state, what can equal in  
story, sir, [sir?

Those two stately pillars, call'd a Whig and a Tory,  
Though, by shifting their ground, they sometimes  
get so wrong, sir, [sir,

They forget to which side of the house they belong,  
Such are the golden days, &c.

But, as props of their strength and uprightness may  
boast, sir, [post, sir,

While the proudest of pillars may be shook by a  
May the firm friends of freedom her blessings  
inherit, sir, [merit, sir,

And her foes be advanc'd to the post which they  
Then shall the golden days we now possess  
Far surpass the boasted days of good Queen Bess.

### THE TOP-SAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.

Composed by Dr. Arce.

*Andantino.*

The top-sails shiv - er in the wind, The ship she casts to sea; But  
yet my soul, my heart, my mind, Are, Ma - ry, moor'd with thee: Fur,  
though thy sai-lor's bound a - far, Still love shall be his lead - ing star,—For,  
though thy sai-lor's bound a - far, Still love shall be his lead - ing star.

Should landmen flatter when we've sail'd,  
O, doubt their artful tales;  
No gallant sailor ever fall'd,  
If love breath'd constant gales:  
Then art the compass of my soul,  
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.  
Sirens in every port we meet,  
More fell than rocks or waves;  
But such as grace the British fleet

Are lovers, and not slaves:  
No foes our courage shall subdue,  
Although we've left our hearts with you.  
These are our cares, but, if you're kind,  
We'll scorn the dashing main;  
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,  
The power of France and Spain.  
Now England's glory rests with you;—  
Our sails are full, sweet girls, adieu!

### TO THE CLOUDS.

The Poetry by Goethe.—The Music by J. P. Lutz.

*Andantino.*

Clouds that sweep the mid - night heav-en, On your bright wings let me rove;  
Leave me not with an-guish ri-ven, None who love me, none to love.  
Oft, my sightly vigils keeping,  
I have watch'd you till the dawn;  
Through the far blue heavens sweeping,  
On your snowy pinions borne:  
Away, away, for ever speeding,  
Careless wanderers of the air;  
Human joy and woe unheeding,  
Ah! ye pause not at my prayer!  
Leave, O, leave me not in sadness,  
Heavenly longings in my breast;  
Bear me on your wings of gladness  
To the far home of my rest!

## MY FATHER'S HOME.

Arranged expressly for this Work, to an Air by Mozart.

*Moderato.*

A - cross the trou-ble'd loch I see A small white cot-tage, 'neath a gleam Of  
sun - light, rest - ing par - tial - ly; On that one spot—with foud-ling beam, There  
turn my thoughts where - 'er I roam—It is my fa - ther's chil - dren's home; There  
turn my thoughts where - 'er I roam—It is my fa - ther's chil - dren's home!

Like the chaf'd wave, 'twixt it and here,  
My surging spirit darkly swells;  
Yat one bright spot of love will ne'er  
Grow dim beneath its moody spells;—  
Howe'er the storm-cloud n'er me come,  
Bright be my father's children's home!  
There dwell the sisters, dower'd with aught  
Of love once warm'd a heart, now cold;  
Which still, for them, would think it naught

To coin its life-drops into gold;  
The bright-eyed urchins there, to roam,  
Woe glad a grey-haired father's home!  
My blessings on the much-lov'd spot,  
Because I love the dwellers there:  
When they are lov'd not, or forgot,  
Unanswer'd be my fondest prayer!  
Though ne'er within its cope I come,  
Heaven shield my father's children's home!

## BETTY WADE AND MR. SOLOMON.

Composed by Hook.

*Allegretto.*

I lov'd a maid, call'd Bet-ty Wade, So tall and per-pen-di-cu-lar: Her neck and waist  
did please my taste, In s-v-a-ry par-ti-cu-lar; Her roguish eye did seem to cry,  
' If you would have me, fol-low, man; ' Then at her feet I sigh'd, ' O, sweet, Do pi-ty Mister  
So-lo-mo-n, Mis-ter So-lo-mo-n, Mister So-lo-mo-n, Do pi-ty, pi-ty, Mis-ter So-lo-mo-n.'

I bought a fine  
New Valentine,  
And eightpence I paid for it;  
I sent her, too,  
Some verses new,  
Which I myself had made for it.  
The verses said,—  
' O, Betty Wade,  
I'm no deceitful hollow man!  
A lover true,  
I sigh for you,  
Your constant, faithful Solomon!'

A grenadier,  
As you shall hear,  
Her sweetheart was unknown to me,  
And him I met,  
With my sweet Bet,  
But she was like a stone to me.  
' Good sir, this maid  
Is mine,' I said,  
' Though you're a fencer and taller man; '  
Said she, ' you lie,  
It's all my eye,  
So hop off, Mr. Solomon!'

## IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

Hebrew Melody, adapted to the Poetry of Lord Byron.

*Cantabile.*

If that high world which lies be-yond our own, Sur - vi - ving love en-  
dears; If there the cher-ish'd heart be fond, The eye the same ex-cept in  
tears;—How welcome those un - trod-den spheres, How sweet this ve-ry hour to  
die; To soar from earth, and find all fears Lost in thy light, e - ter - ni - ty!

It must be so—'tis not for self  
That we so tremble on the brink,  
And, striving to o'erstep the gulf,  
Yet cling to being's breaking link.

O! in that future let us think  
To hold each heart the heart that shares;  
With them th' immortal waters drink,  
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

## DERE'S SOME ONE IN DE HOUSE WID DINAH,

As Sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders.

*Lively.*

Ole Joe sat at de gar-den-gate, He couldn't get in kase he com'd too late; He up wid a  
stone and knock at de door: 'I wants to come in,' says dis black Joe. 'Who's dere?'  
'Ole Joe.' 'What, ole Joe.' 'Yes, ole Joe.' Ole Joe kicking up be-hind and before, De yaller gal  
kicking up be-hind ole Joe. 'Dere's some one in de house wi' Di-nah, Dere's some one in de  
house, I know; Dere's some one in de house wi' Dinah, Play-ing on de ole ban-jo.

Out come Dinah—'What for you dere?'

'I want a gun to shoot dat hare;'

'Come, ole nigger, dat game won't do,

You'd better go home and mend your shoe.'

Ole Joe, &amp;c.

He came to town in a shocking fright,  
For he heard a noise, and he see'd a sight:

Some boys were running up and down,

Shouting, 'Ole Joe's jus come to town!'

Ole Joe, &amp;c.

In come a nigger wid a bine-tail'd coat:

'Caa you give me change for a five-pound note?'

'About your notes I do not know,

But I'll give you a note on de ole banjo.'

Ole Joe, &amp;c.

Ole Joe was a nice young man,

He used to ride ole dobbin Dan;

But he sent him spinning down de hill,

And I calculate he lies dere still.

Ole Joe, &amp;c.

## REMEMBER ME.

Poetry by G. J. De Wilde.—Arranged expressly for this Work, to the beautiful Air, 'Souvenir du Simplon.'

*Andante.*



Re-mem-ber me, at ev-'ning's set, When day-light's world-ly tasks are o'er, But  
while the sun is tint-ing yet The clouds be bath'd in light be-fore! For  
then a-cross the sil-ver sen I send my heart's best love to thee, For  
then a-cross the sil-ver sen I send my heart's best love to thee.

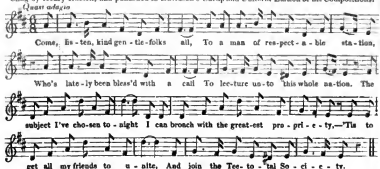
And look thou on the virgin moon,  
When faintly first her crescent gleams;  
Nor cease thy gaze, beloved, soon,  
But hold me ever in thy dreams;  
For there my heart that hour shall be,  
Dreaming of thee, love—only thee!

My lov'd, my beautiful, my own!  
In fancy thus we will unite,  
Even till the dreary hours are flown  
That keep thee from my anxious sight;  
And then my worshipp'd star shall be  
Thee only, dearest—only thee!

## THE TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

Song by Henry Russell, and published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*(Fast allegro)*



Come, Es-ten, kind gen-tle-folks all, To a man of res-pect-a-ble sta-tion,  
Who's late-ly been bless'd with a call To lec-ture us-to this whole na-tion. The  
subject I've cho-sen to - nigh I can broach with the great-est pro - pri - e - ty,—'Tis to  
get all my friends to u - nite, And join the Tee- to - tal So - ci - e - ty.

Once I took a great deal of stroog drink—  
Rum, brandy, and all of that ere, sir;  
But it now gives me pleasure to think  
Alcohol I scarcely can bear, sir.  
Neither wine, beer—nor cider, for me, sir;  
But I do sometimes take a moiety  
Of brandy mix'd into my tea,—  
'Tis allowed by the Teetotal Society.

Should you ask, 'why my nose looks so red'—  
One gentleman there I see winking—  
Now to tell you the reason I dread;  
'But it blushes to see so much drinking.'  
Should your cheeks be as red as a rose,  
And you stick to the strictest sobriety,  
The bloom will draw down to your nose,  
If you join the Teetotal Society.

In your limbs should you have any pains,  
Four rum on the part that's affected;  
Or brandy, internally, for strains—  
For rheumatism 'tis not rejected.  
You may always keep some in the house,  
Only use it with strictest propriety,  
And keep it as snug as a mouse—  
'Tis allowed by the Teetotal Society.

One night I'd been lecturing hard,  
I felt that my breathing grew shorter,  
I found that some wag, 'pon my word,  
Had put gin in my pitcher of water.  
I felt very faint, I declare,  
For you know I'm the pink of sobriety;  
I was carried home in an arm-chair,  
By some mems of the Teetotal Society.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## OCHOIN, OCHRIO.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—Old Scotch Melody.

*Moderato.*

O! wae up - on that fear - fu' deed, O on - o - chri, O! O  
on - o - chri, O! That caus'd my own true love to bleed; O on -  
o - chri, on - o - chri, on - o - chri, O! Our hands had scarce been join'd, when  
O! O on - o - chri, O! O on - o - chri, O! The ruth - less  
hand my love laid low, O on - o - chri, on - o - chri, on - o - chri, O!

I wander sad, and tears of woe,

Ochoin o-chri O! &c.

Blew my cheeks where'er I go;

Ochoin o-chri O! &c.

May death my grieving heart soon free,

Ochoin o-chri O! &c.

It's sweeter now than life to me,

Ochoin o-chri O! &c.

The murderous deed their lives shall stain,

Ochoin o-chri O! &c.

They broke my bower, my love they've slain;

Ochoin o-chri O! &c.

Bot ae lock o' his golden hair,

Ochoin o-chri O! &c.

Was a' they yielded to my prayer,

Ochoin o-chri O! &c.

## WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

Composed by Hook.

*Andantino.*

'Twas with - in a mile of Ed - in - burgh town, In the ro - sy time of the  
year, Sweet laylocks bloom'd and the grass was down, And each shep - herd woo'd his  
dear. Bon - ny Jock - ey, blithe and gay, Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay; The las - sie blush'd and  
frowning cried, 'No, no it will not do. . . . I cannot, cannot, wou not, wou not, mu not buckle to.'

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,  
Though loo'g he had follow'd the lass;  
Contented, she earn'd and eat her brown bread,  
And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,

Won her heart right merrily;

Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, 'No, no,  
It will not do;

I cannot, cannot—wou not, wou not—mu not buckle

Bot when he vow'd he would make her his bride,  
Though his flocks and his herds were not few,  
She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,  
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.

Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,

Won her heart right merrily;

At church, she no more frowning cried, 'No, no,  
It will not do;

I cannot, cannot—wou not, wou not—mu not buckle

## RED IS THE BILLOW SPRAY.

Native Hindostanee Melody, arranged by C. Horo to the Poetry of W. Reader.

*Moderato.*

Red is the billow spray, ting'd with the sun-ny ray, Sink-ing in mist o'er the hills of  
 light: But cold is its hue to the tu-lip cheek Or the rose-bud lip of the maid I seek; And  
 dim's the gleam which illumines the deep, To the love-lit smile in her eyes of sleep. Lin-ger not,  
 wea-ry hark! Speed, ere the wave be dark; Soon on her bo-som shall fleet the night.  
 See! the last blush has fled,  
 Far o'er the mountain's bend;  
 The moon breaks forth from her clouds awhile,  
 But I see not my musk-breathing maiden's isle.  
 Dark looks the moon through a gray cloud's shade;  
 Rave! when the dreary sea  
 Wearily flits the sea-fowl near,  
 Ho'ds me no more from thee,  
 And rests on the beak of my boat in fear;  
 Smile, and the hud of my woe shall fade!

## THE CANARY BIRD.

By Charles Dibdin.

*Andante.*

Glance fate of ani-mals now-ly va-ries, Lest doubts should wound my an-xious breast,  
 This pret-ty bird from the Ca-na-ries Jack brought to set my heart at rest: 'His life is  
 enarm'd, and when with sadness,' Cried he, 'his notes he mourn-ful gives, Then che-er-ful cure,  
 in-dulge ces-pair; But sweet-ly if they thrill with glad-ness, But sweet-ly  
 if they thrill with gladness, Rejoice, and know your lo-ver lives!' Attention, mark! Hark, hark!

## ALL AROUND THE MAY-POLE.

Composed by Dr. Arne.

*Allegro.*

All a-round the May-pole, how they trot, hint, pot, And brown ale have got;  
 Rout-ing, shout-ing. At you flout-ing, flee-ing, jeer-ing, and what not.



All a-round the May-pole, how they trot, hot, pot, And brown aie have got.  
 There is old bi-le-no frisks like a mad lad, glad to see us so sad;  
 Cup'ring, vap'ring, while Pul scrap-ing, coax-es the lass-es, as he did the dad.  
 All a-round the May-pole, how they trot, hot, pot, And brown aie have got.

## THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.

From the Opera of 'Love in a Village.'—Old English Air.

*Allegro Moderato.*

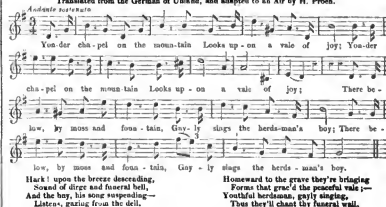


There was a jol-ly mil-ler once liv'd on the ri-ver Dee; He  
 work'd and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he: And  
 this the bur-den of his song For ev-er us'd to be,—'I care for  
 no-bo-dy, No, not I, If no-bo-dy cares for me.'

## THE CHAPEL.

Translated from the German of Uhland, and adapted to an Air by H. Proch.

*Andante sostenuto*

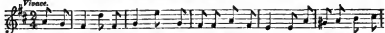


Yon-der cha-pel on the moun-tain Looks up-on a vale of joy; Yon-der  
 cha-pel on the moun-tain Looks up-on a vale of joy; There be-  
 low, by moss and foun-tain, Gay-ly sings the herds-man's boy; There be-  
 low, by moss and foun-tain, Gay-ly sings the herds-man's boy.  
 Hark! upon the breeze descending,  
 Sound of dirge and funeral bell,  
 And the hay, his song suspending—  
 Listen, gazing from the dell.  
 Homeward to the grave they're bringing  
 Forms that grac'd the peaceful vale;—  
 Youthful herdman, gayly singing,  
 Thus they'll chant thy funeral wail.

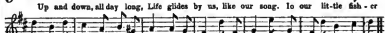


## FISHER'S SONG.

Translated from the German, and adapted to an Air by Voo Rhyn.

*Vivace.*


Up and down, all day long, Life glides by us, like our song. To our lit-tle fish - er



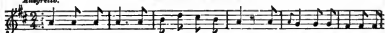
boat, on the rest-less sea we float: Up and down, all day long, Life glides by us, like our song.

Far from care, far from pain,  
Far from thoughts of greedy gain,  
Calmly, cheerfully, we ride

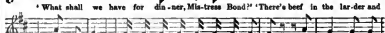
Over life's tempestuous tide;  
Far from care, far from pain,  
Far from thoughts of greedy gain.

## WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER, MRS. BOND?

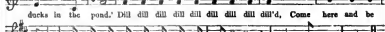
From 'The Mayor of Garrett.'

*Allegretto.*


'What shall we have for din-ner, Mis-tress Bond?' 'There's beef in the lar-der and



ducks in the pond.' Dill dill dill dill dill dill dill dill dill'd, Come here and be



kill'd. Dill dill dill dill dill dill dill dill dill'd, Come here and be kill'd.

'Send us the beef first, good Mrs. Bond;  
And get us some ducks dress'd out of the pood.'  
Dill dill, &c.

But they will out come to be kill'd, Mrs. Bond.  
Dill dill, &c.

'John Ostler, go and kill a dock or two.'  
'Ma'am,' says John Ostler, 'I'll try what I can do.'  
Dill dill, &c.

Mrs. Bond then flies to the pond in a rage,  
With plenty of onions, and plenty of sage.  
Dill dill, &c.

She cried, 'Little wagtails, come here and be kill'd.  
For you must be stuff'd, and my customers fill'd.'  
Dill dill, &c.

I've been to the ducks that are in the pond,

## THE NIGHT-WATCH.—A SONG OF THE SENTINEL.

Poetry by Alfred Creighton.—Arranged expressly for this Work, to a celebrated Air by Meyerbeer.

*Moderato.*


The night-watch! the night-watch! though dark and drear it be,



Glides swift-ly when the si-lent soul Com-munes with mem-o-ry:



Who com-eth from the caves of thought, to tell of mo-meets past; Whose



bright-ness bear-eth but one pain, And that,—they few too fast.

The night-watch! the night-watch!  
I love, I love it well,  
When the white moon, in the midnight Heaven,  
Falls on the deep blue swell:

And our bow: a cloud of milk-white foam  
Is dipp'd as dash along—  
As the port's wharfe soul explores  
The fairy realms of song.

## THE LITTLE HAY-MAKER.

*Allargretto.*

Composed by Reeve.

'Twas in June, ro-ey June, that I saan-ter'd one morning, All alone through the fields, just as  
Pho-r-hus was dawn-ing, When for-tune so fix'd it, for which the deuce take her, I must  
ad lib. a tempo  
fall deep in love with a pret-ty hay-mak-er—Yes in love, deep in love, deep in  
love with a pret-ty hay-mak-er, Deep in love with a lit-tle hay-mak-er.

She was fair and well form'd; nay, all lovely, I wait,  
And the grass here and there into hillocks had  
thrown it; [sake her;  
Her words were—'Stand by, sir.—I strove to for-  
But, no, I was caught by this pretty haymaker,—  
Yes, in love, deep in love, with a little haymaker.  
What to do I can't tell, for a case more perplexing  
Was sure never known,—no, nor truly more vexing;  
Pray, young men, have a care of the fields and each  
raker,

Lest you fall deep in love with some pretty hay-  
maker.— [maker.  
Yes, I'm trapp'd, fairly trapp'd, by a little hay-  
'Twas her figure, her mien, and two pretty black  
eyes, sir, [surprise, sir;  
With a blush the most sweet, took my heart by  
'Twas something bewitching, for which the deuce  
take her,  
Made me fall deep in love with this little haymaker,—  
Yes, in love, deep in love, with a little haymaker.

## WITH MY JUG IN ONE HAND.

Composed by J. Smart.

*Moderato Vivace.*

With my jug in one hand, And my pipe in the -ther, I drink to my neighbour and  
friend; My cares in a whiff of to-bac-co I smoth-er, For life, I know, short-ly must  
end. While Co-res most kind-ly re-fills my brown jug with good ale, I will make my-self  
mellow; In my old wick-er chair I will seat my-self snug, Like a jol-ly and true  
hap-py fel-low; like a jol-ly, like a jol-ly, like a jol-ly and true hap-py fel-low.

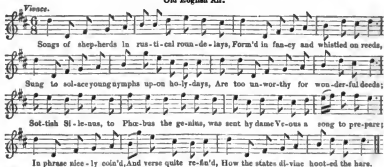
I see'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,  
My own being all I need mind;  
For the cares of this life are all grief and vexation,—  
To death we must all be consigned.

Then I'll laugh, drink, and smoke, and leave nothing  
But drop, like a pear that is mellow; [to pay,  
And, when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say,  
'He's gone! what a hearty old fellow!'

## HUNTING THE HARE.

Old English Air.

*Vivace.*



Songs of shep-herds in rus-ti-cal roun-de-lays, Form'd in fan-cy and whistled on reeds,  
Sung to sol-ace young nymphs up-on ho-ly-days, Are too un-wor-thy for won-der-ful deeds;  
Bot-tish Si-le-nus, to Phœ-bus the ge-nius, was sent by dame Ve-nus a song to pre-pare;  
In phrae nice-ly coin'd, And verse quite re-fu'd, How the states di-vine hoot-ed the hare.

Stars, quite tir'd with pastimes Olympical,  
Stars and planets that beautiful shone,  
Could no longer endure, that men only shall  
Swim in pleasures, and they but look on;  
Round about horned  
Lustins they swarmed,  
And her inform'd how mired they were,  
Each god and goddess  
To take human bodies,  
As lords and ladies to follow the hare.

Charis Diana applauded the motion,  
While pale Proserpine sat in her place,  
To guide the welkio and govern the ocean,  
While she conducted her nephews in chase;

By her example  
Their father to trample,  
The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air;  
Neptune the water,  
And wine liber pater,  
And Mars the slaughtered to follow the hare.

Young god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,  
Borrow'd of the muses with kisses and prayers;  
Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus,  
Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears:

Postilion of the sky,  
Light-heel'd Mercury,  
Made his courser fly fleet as the air;  
While tuneful Apollo  
The chase did follow,  
And hoop and hollow, boys, after the hare.

Drowned Narcissus, from his metamorphosis  
Rous'd by echo, new manhood did take;  
Scorning Somnus upstart from Cimmeries,—  
Before for a thousand years he did not wake;

There was clobfooted  
Muleiber booted,  
And Pan promoted on Corydon's mare;  
Æolus flouted,  
And Momus shouted,  
And Pallas pouted, yet follow'd the hare.

Hymen ushers the lady Astrea,  
The jest took hold of Latona the cold;  
Ceres the brow, with bright Cytheres,  
Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold;

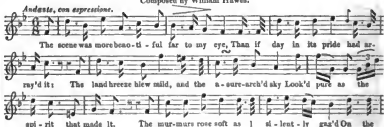
Shamefac'd Aurora,  
With witty Pandora,  
And Malla with Flora did company bear;  
But Juno was staid,  
Too high to be mated,  
Although she hated oot hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls to the Olympical rector  
The Troy-born boy presents on his knee;  
Jove to Phœbus carouses in nectar,  
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;  
Wherewith infused,  
I piped and mused,  
In language unused, their sports to declare;  
Till the house of Jove  
Like the Spheres did move;—  
Health to those who love hunting the hare!

## THE BEACON.

Composed by William Hawes.

*Andante, con espressione.*



The scene was more beau-ti-ful far to my eye, Than if day in its pride had ar-  
ray'd it: The land breeze blew mild, and the a-sure-arch'd sky Look'd pure as the  
spi-rit that made it. The mur-murs rose soft as a si-lent-ly gaz'd On the

shadowy wave's play-ful mo-tion, From the dim distant isle, till the bea-con fire  
 blas'd, Like a star in the midst of the o - cean. No long-er the joy of the  
 sal - lor - boy's breast Was heard in his wild - ly breath'd numbers; The sea - bird had  
 flown to his wave - gir - dl'd nest, The fish - er - man sunk to his slumbers. One  
 mo-moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope, All hush'd was the hill - lows e - mo - tion, And  
 thought that the beacon look'd love-ly as hope, That star in life's trem - u - lous o - cean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar;  
 Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star  
 That blas'd on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,  
 And death stills the heart's last emotion,  
 O then may the seraph of mercy arise,  
 Like a star on eternity's ocean!

### DEVOTION.

The Poetry by Sforza.—The Music founded on a Suabian Melody, by F. M. D'Alquen.

*Andante.*

Come to these arms, mine own true- heart-ed, Though all have from thee so cold - ly  
 part-ed, Like the leaves from a strick-en tree: O! think not I so false will  
 be: No, no, this breast shall be thy pil-low. And o'er the ri - ver as weeps the  
 wil - low, Till thy smile has wa - ken'd mine, I'll add my tears with joy to thine.

Hast thou not, dearest, told me often,  
 If I thy sorrows would share and soften,  
 Though all else might from thee fly,  
 Thou still shouldst feel too bless'd to sigh?  
 Then droop no more, for I am near thee,  
 With heart to love, and with voice to cheer thee;  
 And for me, where'er we roam,  
 Thy smiles will make a happy home.

Yes, though the path we roam be clouded,  
 If love's warm glances still keep unshrouded  
 They will cheer life's darkest hour,  
 And shine through ev'ry storm and shower;  
 Yet, as the ice drops on the mountain,  
 Stopp'd on its way to some summer fountain,  
 Should my home be wintry be,  
 I'll share it until death with thee.

## LONG I'VE BEEN AN ORPHAN POOR.

Composed by J. Davy.

*Largo Affettuoso.*

Long I've been an or-phan poor, Crav- log pi-ty At your  
door; Spent and wen-ry, down I lie And with cold and  
hun-ger die; Daugh-ters of cha-ri-ty, Sons of hu-ma-ni-ty, O  
pi-ty, O pi-ty the poor beg-gar boy! Daugh-ters of cha-ri-ty,  
Sons of hu-ma-ni-ty, O pi-ty, pi-ty the poor beg-gar boy!

No care nurs'd my growing years,  
No friend wip'd the flowing tears;  
Father, mother, all are gone,  
Left a beggar boy forlorn!  
Daughters of charity, &c.

Charity, charity, celestial maid,  
Dart a sunbeam in the shade;  
Light an outcast such as me,  
A wand'ring son of misery!  
Daughters of charity, &c.

## THE ENGLISH PADLOCK.

*All-gret.*

Since ar-tists, who see for the tro-phies of fame, Their wit and their taste and their  
ge-nius ore claim, At-tend to my song, where you'll cer-tain-ly find A se-cret dis-  
close'd for the good of man-kind, And de-ny it who can—sure the lan-rel's my due,—I've  
found out a padlock to keep a wife true, I've found out a padlock to keep a wife true.

Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your dame,  
With the ardours of youth all her passions inflame;  
Should her beauty lead captive each softer desire,  
And languishing lovers still sigh and admire; [see,  
Yet fearless you'll trust her, though thousands may  
When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.

Though the husband may think that he wisely  
restrains, [chains,  
With his bars, and his bolts, his confinement and  
How fatally weak must this artifice prove,—  
Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love?  
Throw jealousy hence, but suspicion aside,—  
Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,  
All emptying and kind, you must give her her way,  
While her taste and her judgment you fondly approve,  
—'Tis reason secures you the treasures of love;  
And, believe me, no coxcomb admission can find,  
For the fair one is safe if you padlock her mind.

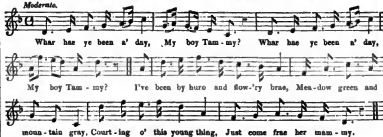
Though her virtues with foibles should frequently  
blend,  
Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend;  
Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,—  
'Tis the charm of indulgence that binds the soft sex,  
Thou art ca- prove false while this maxim's in view,  
Good honour's the padlock to keep a wife true.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## MY BOY TAMMY, ALSO KNOWN AS THE LAMMIE.

The Poetry by Hector Macneill.—The Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*



And whar gat ye that young thing,

My boy Tammy?

I got her dowo in yonder howe,

Smiling on a bonny knowe,

Herding as wi' lamb and ewe,

For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,

My boy Tammy?

I prais'd her een, sae lovely blue,

Her dimpl'd cheek and cherry mou;—

I preed it aft, as ye may trow!—

She said 'she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,

My young, my smiling lammie!

I hae a house, it cost me dear,

I've wealth o' plenishen and gear:

Ye've get it a', war'ten ten times mair,

Gie ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—

I manna leave my mammy:

She's gie me meat, she's gie me claise,

She's beco my comfort a' my days:—

My father's death brought monie wae—

I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,

My ain kind-hearted lammie;

We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,

We'll be her comfort a' her days.

The wee thing gie her hand, and says—

There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,

My boy Tammy?

She has been to the kirk wi' me,

And the tear was in her ee:

For, O! she's but a young thing,

Just come frae her mammy.

## HEY, JENNY, COME DOWN TO JOCK.

*Vivace.*



Jenny she gaed up the stair,

Sae privily, to change her smock,

And aye sae loud as her mother did sair,—

'Hey, Jocky, come dowo to Jock!'

Jenny she cam' down the stair,

And she cam' bobbin and beekin ben;

Her stays they were lac'd, and fu' jimp was her

And a braw ow-made manko-gowa. [waist,

Jocky took her by the hand;

Says, 'Jenny, lass, can ye fancy me?'

My 'ither is dead, and has left me some land,

And braw houses twa or three;

'And I will gie them a' to thee.'

'Abaith! quo Jenny, 'I fear ye mock.'

'Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee:

If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.'

Jenny lookit, and syns she leuch,—

'Ye first maun get my mither's consent.'

'Aweel, guidwife, and what say ye?'

Quo' she,—'Jock, I am weel content.'

Jenny unto her mother did say,—

'O mother, fetch us ben some meat;

A piece o' the butter was kirn'd the day,

That Jocky and I thegither may eat.'

Jocky unto Jenny did say,—

'Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;

It was nae for meat that I cam' here,

Bot a' for love o' you, Jenny, my dear.'

Jenny, she gaed up the gate,

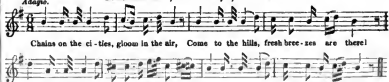
Wi' a green gown as long as her smock;

And aye sae loud as her mother did sair,—

'Wow, sirs! haana Jenny got Jock?'

## MOORISH GATHERING-SONG.

Peninsular Melody.—The Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.

*Adagio.*

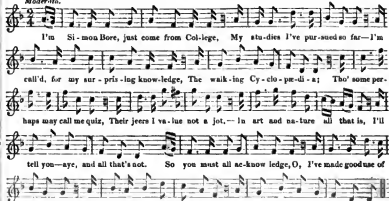
Chains on the ci-ties, gloom in the air, Come to the hills, fresh bree-zes are there!

Si-lence and fears in the rich orange bow-ers! Come to the rocks whose freedom hath tow'ra.

Come from the Darro!—chang'd is its tone;  
Come where the streams no bondage have known!  
Wildly and proudly, foaming, they leap,  
Singing of freedom from steep to steep!

Come from Alhambra! garden and grove  
Now may not shelter beauty nor love:  
Blood on the waters! death 'midst the flowers!  
Only the rock and the spear are ours.

## TRUISMS; OR, INCONTROVERTIBLE FACTS.

*Moderato.*

I'm Si-mon Bore, just come from Col-lege, My stu-dies I've pur-sued so far—I'm

call'd, for my sur-pris-ing know-ledge, The walk-ing Cy-clo-pe-di-a; Tho' some per-

haps may call me quiz, Their jeers I va-lue not a jot,—in art and na-ture all that is, I'll

tell you—aye, and all that's not. So you must all ac-know ledge, O, I've made good use of

Col-lege, O,—Whilst I was there, com-plete-ly bare I stripp'd the tree of know-ledge, O.

Hay is brought to town in carts,  
Ham sandwiches ar'n't made of tin;  
They don't feed cows on apple tarts,  
Nor wear gilt spurs upon the chin;  
Bu looks don't wear opera hats,  
Fiddles are not made of cheese,  
Nor pigeon-pies of water-rats—  
Boil'd salmon does not grow on trees.  
So you must all, &c.

Patty is not good to eat,  
Frying-pans ar'n't made of gauze;  
Penny rolls are made of wheat,  
Straw bonnets, too, are made of straws;  
Horses don't wear Hessian boots,  
Thames-water is not turtle-soup;  
A child can't eat an iron hoop,  
And pigs don't play the German flute.  
So you must all, &c.

Fifty pounds of yellow soap  
Weigh more than twenty-five of cheese;  
An oyster cannot chew a rope,  
Plur! eople have a right to sneeze;

Pigs don't read the Morning Post,  
Watch-chains are not roasting-jacks;  
They don't make boots of butter'd toast,  
Red herrings don't pay powder-tax.  
So you must all, &c.

Kittens are but little cats,  
Mousetraps are not county jails;  
Whales are full as large as sprats,  
They don't stuff geese with copper nails;  
A German waltz is not a hymn,  
The French are mostly born in France;  
Fishers ar'n't afraid to swim,  
And turkeys seldom learn to dance.  
So you must all, &c.

Twenty turnips make a score,  
Dustmen rarely drink champagne;  
A cow's tail seldom grows before,  
They don't make wigs of bamboo cane;  
Dutchmen sometimes lie in beds,  
A cabbage cannot dance a jig;  
Grass does not grow on ladies' heads,  
A bull-dog need not wear a wig.  
So you must all, &c.

## WHEN LURKING LOVE.

The Poetry by Mrs. Piozzi, the Music by Richardson

*Andante.*

When lurk-ing love in am-bush lies, Un-der friend-ship's fair dis-guise;  
 When he wears an an-gry mien, Im-i-ta-ting spite, or im-i-ta-ting  
 spleen, When he wears an an-gry mien, im-i-ta-ting spite, or im-i-  
 ta-ting spleen; When lurk-ing love in am-bush lies, Un-der friend-ship's fair  
 dis-guise, When he wears an an-gry mien, im-i-ta-ting spite, or  
 im-i-ta-ting spleen; When like sorrow he se-du-ces, When like plea-sure he a-  
 mu-ses;—Still, how-e'er the parts are cast, 'Tis but lurk-ing love at last;  
 Still, how-e'er the parts are cast, 'Tis but lurk-ing love at last.

## O! HOW SHALL I IN LANGUAGE WEAK.

From the Opera of Love in a Village.—Composed by Carey.

*Andante.*

O! how shall I in lan-guage weak My ar-dent passion tell? Or form my  
 falt'ring ton-gue to speak That cru-el word Fare-well. Fare-well! but  
 know, tho' thus we part, My thoughts can ne-ver stray: Go where I will, my  
 constant heart Must with my charm-er stay - - - must with my charm-er stay.



## JACK AND I SAW THEM NO MORE.

Composed by Hook.

*Moderato.*

Jack and I were both mess-mates a long time at sea, And ma-ny's the bat-tle we've  
fought; Yet fear, d'yemind, ne-ver touch'd him or me, Tho' oft on our sweet-hearts we  
thought: For Jack lov'd his Kit-ty as dear as his soul, And Poll was my com-fort on  
shore; And the an-gel of truth did our love-vows en-rol, Though Jack and I saw them no  
more.— And the an-gel of truth did our love-vows en-rol, Though Jack and I  
saw them no more, no more, no more; though Jack and I saw them no more.

'Twas long on the ocean, toss'd upwards and down,  
We'd been from our charmers away;  
Hail gain'd by hard service both gold and renown,  
Their fondness and love to repay;  
But, shame on report and each slanderous tongue,  
That whisper'd ill tidings on shore,  
For malice, too busy, our death-knell had rung,  
And Jack and I saw them no more.

Two landmen, to win their affectings, d'ye see,  
Had tried ev'ry art, but in vain;  
When falsehood gave out we were both wreck'd at  
And found a cold grave in the main. (sea,  
Poll and Kate heard the tale, but a word never spoke,  
Each fell like a lamb on the floor;  
The funerals of life from that moment were broke,  
And Jack and I saw them no more.

## THE GRASP OF A FRIEND.

The Poetry by William Jones.—The Music by Douzetti.

*Large n.*

'Tis friend-ship and worth That en-dear us to earth, And smil-ing-ly bright-en our way;  
All the sor-rows of life, And its feverish strife, The care of a friend will al-lay, While the  
beam of an eye, Or a pi-ty-ing sigh, May a zeal, a zeal for our hap-pi-ness prove.  
Yes 'tis the bro-ther-ly clasp Of a warm friendly grasp That tells his de-vo-tion and love.

While the man we believe  
With a look may deceive,  
Or in voice may betray his entrust,  
'Tis the touch of the hand  
That ankadies the brand  
Which glows on the altar of youth.

And soon ye may know  
If sincere is the glow  
Of affection, the tried of langsyne :—  
Yrs! by the joy when we meet,  
And companion-like greet,  
And the hands in each other that twice

# I COULD NEVER LUSTRE SEE.

From 'The Duenna.'

*All'egro.*

I could ne-ver lus-tre see In eyes that would not look on me; I  
ne'er saw nec-tar on a lip. But where my own did hope to sip. Has the  
maid who seeks my heart Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art? I will own the  
colour true, When yield-ing blush-es aid their hue. When yield-ing blush-es aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?  
I must press it, to be sure;  
Nor can I be certain then,  
Till it grateful press again.

Must I, with attentive eye,  
Watch her beaving bosom cry?  
I will do so when I see  
That beaving bosom sigh for me.

# HE LOVES, AND HE RIDES AWAY.

Composed by C. E. Horn.

*All'egro Moderato.*

At the Ba-ron of Mowbray's gate was seen A page, with a cour-ser black; There  
came out a knight of no-ble mien, And he leap'd on the cour-ser's back. His arms were  
bright, his heart was light, And he sang this mer-ry lay,— 'How jol-li-ly lives a  
fair young knight,—He loves and rides a-way; How jol-li-ly lives a fair young knight, He  
loves and rides a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way,—He loves and he rides a-way.

A lady look'd over the castle wall,  
And she heard the knight thus sing;  
The lady's tears began to fall,  
And her hands she began to wring :—  
And didst thou, then, thy true love plight,  
And was it but to betray?  
Ah! tarry awhile, my own dear knight,—  
In pity don't ride away.'

The knight of her tears he took no heed,  
While scornful laugh'd his eye;  
He gave the spur to his prancing steed,—  
'Good bye, sweetheart, good bye.'  
And soon he vanish'd from her sight;  
While she was heard to say,—  
'Ah! ladies, beware of a fair young knight,—  
He'll love, and he'll ride away.'

## CHUNDAH'S SONG.

A Hindostanee Melody, adapted by James Knox; the Poetry paraphrased from Sir W. Jones's Translation of the Persian of Hafiz.

*Allegretto non troppo.*

Sweet maid! if thou wouldst charm my sight, And bid these arms thy neck en-fold,  
That ro-sy cheek would more de-light Thy po-et's heart than stores of gold;  
More would he prize one beam ing smile, Or pres-sure of that li-ly hand,  
Than fair-est pearls of Sea-drih's isle, Than all the gems of Sa-mar-cand.

Boy! let you liquid ruby flow,  
And bid my pensive heart be glad;  
Minstrels, attend! Can Eden show  
A stream more clear than Rockabad?  
O! can bright honris' eyes display  
More dazling beams to rule the bless'd,  
Than those which steal my heart away,  
And rob my pensive soul of rest?

Speak not of Fate,—O! change the theme,  
And tell of odours, sing of wine;  
Think that the future 's but a dream,—  
To live and joy our thoughts confine:  
And O! sweet maid, my counsel hear,—  
Leaves the dull rule of wisdom's page  
While music charms the ravish'd ear,  
Be gay, and scora the frowns of age.

## MRS. WADDLE OF CHICKABIDDY LANE.

By Charles Dibdin the Younger.

*Moderato.*

Mrs. Wad-dle was a wi-dow, and she got so lit-tle gain; She kept a  
tripe and trot-ter shop in Chick-a-bid-dy Lane; Her next door neigh-bour,  
Tom-my Tick, a tal-ly-man was he, And he ax'd Mis-ses Wad-dle just to  
take a cup of tea, With a tick a tee, tick a tee, tick a tick a tee.

Mrs. Waddle put her chin on, and scot for Sam-sy Sprig.

The titivating barber, to frizify her wig;  
Tommy Tick he dress'd in pompadour, with dou-ble-channel'd pamps,  
And look'd, when he'd his jaxy on, just like the Jack of Trumps.

With a tick a tee, tick a tee, &c.

Mrs. Waddle came in time for tea, and down they sat together,—

They talk'd about the price of things, the fashion, and the weather:

She stay'd to supper, too—for Tommy Tick, with-  
out a doubt, ['em not.

Was none of them that axes you to 'tea and turn  
With a tick a tee, tick a tee, &c.

Thus Tommy Tick, he won her heart, and they were married fast, [could not last:

But all so loving were at first, 'twas thought it  
They'd weds, and with a large cow-heel she gave him such a wipe. [of tripe.

And he return'd the compliment with half a yard  
With a tick a tee, tick a tee, &c.

She took him to the justice such cruelty to cease,  
Who bound the parties over to keep the public  
peace; [muggy weather.

But Mrs. Tick, one day, inflam'd with max and  
She with a joint-stool broke the peace and Tom-  
my's head together.

SPOKEN.] There he lay, with about a dozen  
cow-heels round him—singing, Tick a tee, tick a  
tee, &c.

## LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap *Allegro Moderato*. and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

When at the so - cial board you sit, And pass a - round the wine, Re-  
mem - ber, though a - buse is vile, That use may be di - vine; That  
Heav'n in kind - ness gave the grape, To cheer both great and small—

That lit - tle fools will drink too much, But great ones not at all.

And when, in youth's too fleeting hours,  
You roam the earth alone,  
And have not sought some loving heart,  
That you may make your own,—  
Remember woman's priceless worth,  
And think, when pleasures pall,  
That little fools will love too much,  
And great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceiv'd you once,  
Absolve poor human kind,—  
Nor rail against your fellow man,  
With malice in your mind;

But, in your daily intercourse,  
Remember, lest you fall,  
That little fools confide too much,  
And great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,  
Your rule be still the same;—  
Your work not toil, your pleasures pure,  
Your love a steady flame;  
Your drink not madd'ning, but to cheer—  
So shall your bliss not pall;  
For little fools enjoy too much,  
But great ones not at all.

## THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

Poetry by C. Dibdin the Younger.—Music by W. Reeve.

The rose of the val - ley In spring-time was gay, But the rose of the  
val - ley It with - er'd a - way; The swains all ad - mir'd it, Its  
prai - ses re - peat, An em - blem of vir - tue, So sim - ple and sweet,  
An em - blem of vir - tue, So simple and sweet. But the blight marr'd the  
blos - som, And soon, well - a - day! The rose of the val - ley, It wi -  
ther'd a - way; The rose of the val - ley, It wi - ther'd a - way.

The rose of the valley  
A truth can impart;  
By the rose of the valley,  
I picture my heart:

The sun of content cheer'd the morn of its birth,

By innocence render'd a heaven on earth;  
But virtue and peace  
Left the spot, well-a-day!  
And the rose of the valley,  
It wither'd away.

## THE RICHEST PRINCE.

The Poetry translated from the German of Körner; the Music composed by Wolff.

*Allergretto.*

lo a state-ly hall at Worms one day, Sate German Princes four; With many  
speeches counted they Their lands and trea-sures o'er, Their lands and trea-sures o'er.

And first the prince of Saxony  
Extoll'd his rich domain:  
'My mountains teem with silver,' said he,  
In many a deep, dark vale.  
'Behold my land's luxuriance!' said  
The elector of the Rhine;  
'The valleys with golden grain o'er-spread,  
On the mountains noble wine.'  
'Great cities, rich cloisters, all must agree,'  
Said Lewis, Bavaria's lord,  
'Are prouder treasures: then to me  
The palm ye must accord.'

Old Eberhardt, with beard of snow,  
Lor'd lord of Wurtemberg, said,—  
'Few cities hath my land to show,  
No silver in mountain-bed:  
'Yet one rare jewel it hides:—I may,  
Where woods are most deep and drear,  
In the lap of the lowliest subject lay  
My head, and feel no fear.'  
Then out spake the lords of Saxony,  
Bavaria, and the Rhine:  
'Old count, we yield the palm to thee;  
Thy land bears jewels divine!'

## THE VILLAGE BELLS, OR MAY-DAY.

Written and composed by Thomas Welsh.

*Allergretto.*

The vil-lage bells ring mer-ri-ly round, And jo-cund sings each swain; The  
nymphs, with gay and fan-ci-ful bound, Trip o'er the dai-sy'd plain; The  
vil-lage bells ring mer-ri-ly round, And jo-cund sings each swain; The  
nymphs, in gay and fan-ci-ful bound, Trip o'er the dai-sy'd plain.

'Tis May-day morn, and innocent mirth  
Attunes the festive lay:  
Repose from toil, to pleasure give birth,  
And all is blithe and gay.

The milk-pail now no longer I'll bear,  
But fly to meet my love;—  
I'll dance and sing, the merriest there,—  
No care my breast shall move.

## NICE YOUNG MAIDENS.

The Words by P. I. Hodgson.

*Vivace.*

Here's a pretty set of us, Nice young mai-dens! Here's a pret-ty set of us,  
Nice young mai-dens! Here's a pret-ty set of us, All for hus-hands at a loss.  
Shall we long con-ti-nue thus? Nice young mai-dens! Nice young mai-dens!

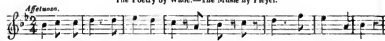
We have tender hearts and kind,  
     Nice young maidens !  
 We have tender hearts and kind,  
 And to marriage are inclin'd,  
 If we could but lovers find,  
     Nice young maidens !  
 We'll petition Parliament.  
     Nice young maidens !  
 We'll petition Parliament,  
 And a little argument  
 Will obtain us all we want,  
     Nice young maidens !  
 I'll no longer wish and sigh.  
     Nice young maidens !  
 I'll no longer wish and sigh :—  
 Would you know the reason why ?  
 I've a husband in my eye,  
     Nice young maidens !

Let me recommend a plan.  
     Nice young maidens !  
 Let me recommend a plan,—  
 When you get a little man,  
 'Tis to do the best you can,  
     Nice young maidens !  
 Thus I give you good advice,  
     Nice young maidens !  
 Thus I give you good advice,—  
 If you are not over nice,  
 You'll get husbands in a trice,  
     Nice young maidens !  
 Now I leave you all to choose,  
     Nice young maidens !  
 Now I leave you all to choose,—  
 When one offers don't refuse,  
 Else you may a husband lose,  
     Nice young maidens !

## O! TAKE THIS LEAF.

The Poetry by Wade.—The Music by Playel.

*Andantino.*



O! take this leaf, And then you'll see That hope, joy, grief, were known to me !  
 When morn-ing bright had cloud-ed eve, I saw hope's light, And ceas'd to grieve.

Oft, lying calm,  
 In bliss I slept,  
 Where flow'rs their balms  
 Around me wept ;  
 Then wak'd to find  
 Joy's smile had fled,  
 And left all behind  
 Gloomy and dead !

But O! remark,  
 With friendly care,  
 In scenes most dark,  
 One gleam was there :—  
 When mem'ry view'd  
 Thy friendship's truth,  
 I felt all renew'd  
 The joys of youth !

## THE OLD SWABIAN WARRIOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS SON.

The Poetry translated from the German of Stolberg ; the Music by Thibault Comte de Champagne.  
*Tempo di Marcia.*


Son, I give my spear to thee ; 'Tis too heavy now for me ;—Take the bat-tle-  
 sword and shield, Mount my steed, and forth to field ; Mount my steed, and forth to field.

See these whitened locks ; the helm  
 Fifty years hath covered them ;  
 Every year a fight hath made  
 Blunt my battle-axe and blade.  
 Never draw this sword in vain  
 For thy sires on battle-plain ;  
 Watch and dart with eagle's might ;  
 Be a thunderbolt in fight.  
 Seek the battle's heaviest shock,  
 Meet it firm as ocean-rock ;  
 Spare the suppliant, lying low ;  
 Hew in twain the stubborn foe.  
 When thy banner floats in vain  
 O'er thy faint and staggering train,

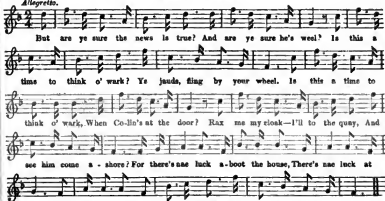
Theo do thou, a steadfast tower,  
 Brave the gather'd foemen's power.  
 By the sword thy brothers died,—  
 Seven sons,—their country's pride ;  
 Snak in grief, thy mother is  
 Dumb and stiff, and pass'd away  
 I am feeble now, and lone ;  
 Yet would thy disgrace, my son,  
 On thy father's heart-strings fall  
 Seven times heavier than all.  
 Fear not, then, though death be nigh ;  
 On thy God in faith rely ;  
 So thou bravely fight, my boy,  
 Thy old father dies with joy !

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegretto.*



a', There's lit-tie plea-sure in the house When our gudc-man's a' - wa.

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side;

Put on the muckle pot;

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday coat;

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,

Their hose as white as snaw;—

It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,

His likes to see them braw.

For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib,

Has fed this month and mair;

Mak haste and thrav their necks about,

That Colin weel may fare:

And spread the table neat and clean,

Gar like thing look braw;—

It's a' for love o' our gudeman,

For he's been lang awa.

For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigounet,

My bishop satin gown,

And then gae tell the bailie's wife

That Colin's come to town.

My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,

My stockin' o' pearl blue;—

And a' to pleasure our gudeman,

For he's baith leal and true.

For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,

His breath's like cauler air;

His very foot has music in't;

As he comes up the stair!

And will I see his face again?

And will I hear him speak?

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thoct—

In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,

That thrilled thro' my heart,

They're a' blawn by, I has him safe,—

Till death we'll never part.

But what pite parting in my head?

It may be far awa;—

The present moment is our ain,

The neist we never saw.

For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,

I has nae mair to crave;

Could I but live to make him bless'd,

I'm blest aboon the lave.

And will I see his face again?

And will I hear him speak?

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thoct,—

In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck, &c.

## THE BAIGRIE OT.

Scottish Melody.

*Vivace.*



When I think on this world's pelf, And how lit-tie o't I hae to myself, I

sigh and look down on my thread-bare coat; Yet the same tak the gear and the bai-grie o't!

## DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

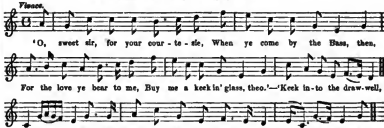
Johanie was the lad that held the pleanch,  
But now he has gowd and gear enouch;  
I mind weil the day when he was an worth a groat—  
And the shame fa' the gear and the balgrie o't!  
Jenny was the lassie that muckit the byre,  
But now she goes in her silken attire;

And she was a lass wha wore a plaiden coat—  
O, the shame fa' the gear and the balgrie n't!  
Yet a' this shall never dantoe me,  
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;  
While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,  
May the shame fa' the gear and the balgrie o't!

### MY JO JANET.

Ancient Scotch Song, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Flauto.*



'O, sweet sir, for your cour - te - sie, When ye come by the Bass, then,  
For the love ye bear to me, Buy me a keek in' glass, theo.—'Keek in-to the draw-well,  
Ja - net, Ja-net; And there ye'll see your bon - nie sel', My Jo Ja -net.'

'But, keekin' in the draw-well clear,  
What if I should fa' in, sir?  
Then a' my kin will say and swear  
I drow'd myself for sio, sir.

'Hand the better by the brae,  
Janet, Janet;  
Hand the better by the brae,  
My Jo Janet.'

'O, gude sir, for your courtesie,  
Comin' through Aberdeen, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pair o' sheen, then.'

'Clout the auld—the new are dear,  
Janet, Janet;  
As pair may gude ye hauf a year,  
My Jo Janet.'

'But if, dancin' on the green,  
And skipplin' like a mankin,  
They should see my clouted sheen,  
Of me they will be taukin'.'

'Dance aye laigh and late at e'en,  
Janet, Janet;  
Synae their fauts will no be seen.  
My Jo Janet.'

'O, kind sir, for your courtesie,  
When ye gae to the Cross, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pacie' horse, then.'

'Face upon your spinnin'-wheel,  
Janet, Janet;  
Face upon your spinnin'-wheel,  
My Jo Janet.'

'My spinnin'-wheel is auld and stiff,  
The rock a't winna stand, sir;  
Ta keep the temper-pin in tiff  
Employs richt aft my hand, sir.'

'Mak' the best a't that ye can,  
Janet, Janet;  
But like it never wale a man,  
My Jo Janet.'

### MY SPOUSE NANCIE.

Humorous Song, to the same Tune, by Burns.

'Husband, husband, cease your strife,  
Nor longer idly rave, sir;  
Though I am your wedded wife,  
Yet I'm not your slave, sir.'

'One of two must still obey,  
Nancie, Nancie;  
Is it man or woman, say,  
My spouse Nancie?'

'If 'tis still the lordly word,  
Service and obedience,  
I'll desert my sovereign lord,  
And so good-bye, allegiance!'

'Sad will I be, so bereft,  
Nancie, Nancie;  
Yet I'll try to make a shift,  
My spouse, Nancie.'

'My poor heart then break it must,  
My last hour I'm near it;  
When you lay me in the dust,  
Think—think how you will bear it.'

'I will hope and trust in Heaven,  
Nancie, Nancie;  
Strength to bear it will be given,  
My spouse Nancie.'

'Well, sir, from the silent dead,  
Still I'll try to daunt ye;  
Ever round your midnight bed  
Horrid sprites shall haunt ye.'

'I'll wed another like my dear  
Nancie, Nancie;  
Then all hell will fly for fear,  
My spouse Nancie!'



## NIGHT IS FALLING

Native Hindostanee Melody, arranged by C. Horn to the Poetry of W. Reader.

*Slow and with Solemnity.*

Night is fall-ing o'er the dark heath, Our wild path looks drear; Winds are howling round the  
couch of death, Hain pat-ters a'er the hier. Few, ah! few have part-ed from the red moor,  
Where we fought the death-ful fray; And, whilst we chaunt thy fause a'er, Scarce a  
voice shall swell the lay. The beam of thy youth has shone, We sha'l bear thee  
to thy hills; Thy fai-con eyes are dim and wan, And our lips thy cold cheeks chills.

When the dun d'er starts at ev'ning's wind,  
Thro' his branchy horns that sighs;  
When near him cow'rs the timid hind,  
And scarcely breathing lies;  
When the broad moon redd'n'g thro' the mists  
Let thy dim form be near;

Let a smile be in those pale eyes.  
Thy drooping friends to cheer—  
No sound is thy desolate halls  
Shall break the twilight gloom;  
But the ravens in their dark walls  
Shall find a boding home.

## FANCY DIPP'D HER PEN IN DEW.

The Poetry by C. Dibdin, the Younger; the Music by John Whitaker.

*Andantino con espressione.*

Fan-cy dipp'd her pen in dew, Distilled from leaves, from leaves of gayest flow-ers; Her  
pa-per from soft a-hres grew, Pur-loin'd from buds, purloin'd from buds in ro-sy  
bow-ers. Then she wrote a lay to prove Hearts might safe-ly  
toy with love; Arch-ly smil-ing, smil-ing, Love was there, And cried, 'Of Fan-cy,  
maids, be-ware; Be-ware be-ware; of Fan-cy, of Fan-cy, maids, be-ware.'

Roguish Love took May-day then,  
And, from his wing a feather taking,  
He dipp'd it in, and chang'd her pen,  
And all her lay seem'd Love's own making.

She wrote of love with such sweet art,  
She read, and sigh'd, and lost her heart;  
Archly jeering Love was there.  
And cried, 'Of Fancy, maids, beware.'

## THE WAY WAS DARK AND DREARY.

Composed by M. P. King.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

The way was dark and dreary, That Su-san jour-ney'd o'er, And she was cold and  
 wea-ry, Up-on the house-less moor. The wind was bleak and roar-ing, And  
 she had far to roam; She felt the tor-rent pour-ing, And sigh'd to reach her  
 ad lib. tempo.  
 home. 'Dear home,' she cried, 'dear home,' she cried, And kiss'd her babe with  
 joy: 'Home, home, where ends my la-bour; home, and where be-gins my joy.'

Now to her bosom pressing  
 Her babe in many a fold,  
 She heard his cry distressing,  
 She found his limbs grow cold;  
 Colder her heart was growing!  
 Despair gave double strength!

She saw the taper glowing,  
 She reach'd the door at length:—  
 'Dear home!' she cried, and kiss'd her babe with  
 joy!  
 'Here ends my pain, for here revives my boy!'

## THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.

The Poetry by G. S. Carey.

*Moderato.*

Life's like a ship in con-stant mo-tion, Sometimes high and some-times  
 low; Where ev'-ry one must brave the o-cean, What-so-e-ver wind may  
 blow. If un-as-sail'd by squall or show-er, Wast-ed by the gen-tle gales,  
 Let's not lose the fav'-ring hour, While suc-cess at-tends our sails.

Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,  
 Let us not give way to fear;  
 But let us all our patience muster,  
 And learn from reason how to steer.  
 Let judgment keep you ever steady,—  
 'Tis a ballast never false;  
 Should dangers rise, be ever ready  
 To manage well the swelling sails.  
 Trust not too much your own opinion,  
 While your vessel's under way;  
 Let good example bear dominion,—  
 That's a compass will not stray.

When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,  
 Or Borras on the surface ralls,  
 Let good discretion guide the rudder,  
 And providence attend the sails.  
 Then, when you're safe from danger, riding  
 In some welcome port or bay,  
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,  
 And care awhile ensumber'd lay;  
 Or, when each can's with liquor flowing,  
 And good fellowship prevails,  
 Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,  
 Drink 'success unto our sails.'

## THE ROSEBUDS.

Composed by Hook.

*Andantino.*

Two rose-buds, on their un-tive stem, Were gay-ly sweet-ly blow-ing; A-like they caught the fall-ing dew, No sep'-rate pleas-ure know-ing; The north-ern gales, one bit-ter night. These fra-grant flow'rs dis-se-ver; They rend the yield-ing branch in twain, And part the buds for e-ver, And - - - - - part the buds for e-ver.

So Laura and her swain had dwelt,  
Their little lives improving;  
Each own'd the passion either felt,  
And knew the bliss of loving:—

Till let's rest, like the stormy wind,  
Destroy'd the bonds they cherish'd,  
And, parting them for wealth and gold,  
Like buds the lovers perish'd.

## LIBERTY'S APPEAL.

Painful Melody.—The Poetry by John Bowring, Esq. L.L.D.

*Allegro Brillante.*

Li-ber-ty in-vites us, Li-ber-ty u-nites us, Hon-our calls and plights us to our coun-try's cause; Li-ber-ty in-vites us, Li-ber-ty u-nites us, Hon-our calls and plights us to our coun-try's cause; O'er her moun-tains hon-ry, Through her vales of sto-ry, For her an-cient glo-ry, And her sa-cred laws; O'er her moun-tains hon-ry, Through her vales of sto-ry, For her an-cient glo-ry, And her sa-cred laws. See the foe be-fore us, Tomb or tri-umph see! See the ban-ners o'er us, Death or Li-ber-ty, Death or Li-ber-ty, Death or Li-ber-ty.

Where the eagle soareth,  
Where the torrent roareth,  
Where the tempest roareth,  
Freedom's host shall be.

Every hand shall bear them,  
Every echo cheer them,  
Every breeze shall bear them  
Shouts of victory.  
See the foe before us, &c.

## THE CARRIER-PIGEON.

American Melody.—The Poetry by Perceval.—The Music by P. K. Morgan.

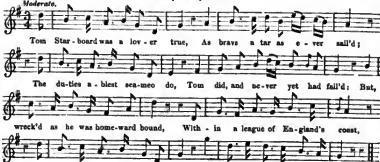
*Faster.*

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,  
And there is a sip of red wine;  
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,  
'Twill be faster when o'er'd by the vine:  
I have written on rose-scented paper,  
With thy wing, a soft billet-doux;  
I have melted the wax in love's taper,—  
'Tis the colour of true hearts' sky-blue.

I have fasten'd it under thy pinion,  
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck;—  
So go from me, beautiful mission,  
While the pure ether shows not a speck.  
Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeing,  
Like an arrow he hurries away;  
And, farther and farther retreating,  
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

## TOM STARBOARD.

Composed by Reeva.

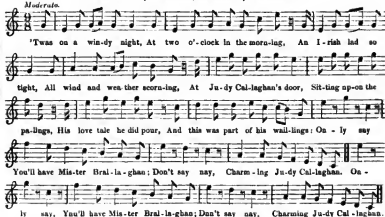
*Moderate.*

His strength restor'd, Tom hid with speed,  
True to his love as e'er was man;  
Naught had he sav'd, naught did he need,  
Rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan.  
But scarce five miles had poor Tom got,  
When he was press'd;—he heav'd a sigh,  
And said,—'though cruel was his lot,  
Ere flinch from duty he would die.'  
In sight Tom Starboard knew no fear;  
Nay, when he lost an arm, resign'd,  
Said,—'love for Nan, his only dear,  
Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.'

The war being ended, Tom return'd,—  
His lost limb acqv'd him for a joke;  
For still his manly bosom burn'd  
With love—his heart was heart of oak.  
Ashore, in haste Tom limply ran  
To cheer his love—his destin'd bride;  
But false reports had brought to shore,  
Six months before, that Tom had died.  
With grief she daily pin'd away,—  
No remedy her life could save,  
And Tom arriv'd the very day  
They laid his Nancy in the grave.

## BARNEY BRALLAGHAN'S COURTSHIP.

The Words by T. Hudson; the Music by J. Blewitt.

*Moderato.*


'Twas on a win-dy night, At two o'-clock in the morn-ing, An I-riah lad so  
tight, All wind and wea-ther scorn-ing, At Ju-dy Cal-laghan's door, Sit-ting up-on the  
pa-lings, His love tale he did pour, And this was part of his wail-ings: On - ly say  
You'll have Mis-ter Bral-la-ghan; Don't say nay, Charm-ing Ju-dy Cal-laghan. On -  
ly say, You'll have Mis-ter Bral-la-ghan; Don't say nay, Charming Ju-dy Cal-laghan.

Oh! list to what I say:—  
Charms you've got like Venus;  
Own your love you may,  
There's naly the wall between us.  
You lay fast asleep  
Song in bed and snoring;  
Round the house I creep,  
Your hard heart imploring.

Only say, &amp;c.

I've got nine pigs and a sow,—  
I've got a sty to sleep 'em;  
A calf and a brindle'd cow,—  
And got a cabin to keep 'em;  
Sunday hose and coat;  
An old gray mare to ride on;  
Saddle and bridle to boot,  
Which you may ride astride on.

Only say, &amp;c.

I've got an old tom cat,—  
Through ane eye he's staring;  
I've got a Sunday hat,—  
Little the worse for wearing;  
I've got some gooseberry wine,—  
The trees had got no riper on;  
I've got a fiddle fute,  
Which naly wants a piper on.

Only say, &amp;c.

I've got an acre of ground,  
I've got it set wi' praties;  
I've got of baccy a pound,  
And got some tea for the ladies.  
I've got the ring to wed;  
Some whiskey to make us gaily;  
A mattress feather bed,  
And a handsome new shella'!

Only say, &amp;c.

You've got a charming eye;  
You've got some spelling and reading;  
You've got—and so have I—  
A taste fur genteel breeding.  
You're rich, and fair, and young,  
As every body's knowin';  
You've got a decent tongue,  
Whenever its set a-going.

Only say, &amp;c.

For a wife till death  
I am willing to take ye;  
But, och! I waste my breath,—  
The devil himself can't wake ye.  
'Tis just beginning to rain,  
So I'll get under cover;  
I'll come to-morrow again,  
And be your constant lover.

Only say, &amp;c.

## THE VILLAGE SMITHY.

The Poetry translated from the German of Karner; the Music by Godfried Weber.



Shel-ter'd well by friend-ly moun-tains, Wash'd by clear and cool-ing fountains, In a  
nook so still and green, Love-her hamlet ne'er was seen, Love-her hamlet ne'er was seen.

Overhead, on ridges high,  
Old dark pine-trees hide the sky;  
Down below, the streams flow near,  
And the air is mild and clear.

House and yard swarm all day long  
With a busy bustling throng;  
Ever as the day comes round,  
Rings the anvil's restless sound.

And the bright sparks dart and quiver,  
And the steely splinters shiver,  
And the flood, with thunder-sound,  
Flings the ponderous mill-wheel round.

Earthly cares shall not molest.  
In this vale, my peaceful breast:—  
Joy within my heart shall dwell,  
As a pure untroubled well.

## HITHER, MARY, HITHER COME.

*Moderato, Con Espressione.*

Composed by Hook.

Hi-ther, hi-ther, Ma-ry, hi-ther, hi-ther come, And taste with me the  
ver-nal bloom; There the fra-grant haw-thorn blows, Here blows the  
pink and blush-ing rose. Hi-ther, hi-ther, come with me to prove The  
sweet de-light of mu-tual love, The sweet de-light of mu-tual love.

Hither, hither, Mary hither, come,  
And make this how'r thy peaceful home;  
Taste the bliss of rural ease,  
Matchless joys of love and peace.

Hither, hither, &amp;c.

Hither, hither, Mary, hither come,—  
No longer from thy lover roam;  
These delights come share with me,—  
Nature smiles to welcome thee!

Hither, hither, &amp;c.

## MOTHER, O! SING ME TO REST.

Peninsular Melody.—The Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.

*Andante.*

Mo-ther, mo-ther, O sing me to rest, As in my bright days de-  
part-ed! As in my bright days, In my bright days de-part-ed! Sing to thy  
child, the sick-heart-ed, Songs for a spi-rit op-press'd! Sing to thy child, the sick-  
heart-ed, Songs for a spi-rit, for a spi-rit op-press'd! Sing to thy child, to thy  
child, the sick-heart-ed, Songs for a spi-rit, for a spi-rit op-press'd! Sing to thy  
child, to thy child, the sick-heart-ed, Songs for a spi-rit, for a spi-rit op-press'd!

Lay this tir'd head on thy breast!  
Flowers from the night-dew are closing,  
Pilgrims and mourners reposing!  
Mother, O! sing me to rest!

Take back thy bird to its nest!  
Weary is young life when blighted,  
Heavy this love unrequited;—  
Mother, O! sing me to rest!

## LOVE'S RECRUITING.

Composed by J. Barnett.

*Adagio.*

Love, one day, re-cruit-ing went, For troops, to serve with plea-sure, And on the lure of  
beau-ty bent, He of-fer'd boun-ty rare: 'List, 'list with Love! 'List, 'list with Love!  
'List, 'list with Love! 'List, 'list with Love! Yes, come, young maids, en-list with Love! If  
you'd gain store of trea-sure, No hap-pier life you e'er can prove: Then, maids, to Love re-  
a tempo.  
pair! 'List with Love! 'List, 'list with Love! 'List with love! 'List, 'list with Love!

\* Come, maidens,—to Love's camp repair,  
Enrol yourselves recruits;  
But of deserting, ah! beware,—  
Love each deserter shoots!—  
'List, 'list with Love!

Beneath Love's gallant banner, then  
Enlisted many a tender maid,  
But found, when she'd go home agale,  
Smart-money sore she paid.  
Fly, fly, from Love.

## TOM STEADY.

Composed by M. P. King.

*Allegro Moderato.*

Tom Stea-dy left his na-tive shore, in search of gold to roam; And  
now he would re-turn no more, in her he lov'd at home. To her he lov'd at  
home, Till For-tune wail'd up-on his fate, And gave him wealth for  
love-ly Kate; Till For-tune wail'd up-on his fate, And gave him  
wealth for love-ly Kate, And gave him wealth for love-ly Kate.

Ere long they met the valiant ones,  
And such the foes they sought;  
What follows every Briton knows,—  
They conquer'd, for they fought.  
With honour now and wealth elate,  
Tom smil'd, and thought of lovely Kate.

Their joyous course now homeward lies,  
When, e'en the port discern'd,  
A storm o'erwhelms each gallant prize  
And Tom still poor return'd:  
But Tom yet smil'd, and bless'd his fate,  
Thrice welcom'd by his constant Kate.

## WATER PARTED FROM THE SEA.

Composed by Dr. Arne.

*Andantino.*

Wa - ter part - ed from the sea May in - crease the ri - ver's  
tide; To the bub - bling fount may flee, Or through fer - tile  
val - leys glide. Though in search of lost re - pose, Through the  
land 'tis free to roam, Still it mur - murs as it flows,  
Pant - ing for its na - tive home; Though in search of lost re -  
pose, Through the land 'tis free to roam; Still it mur - murs  
as it flows, Pant - ing for its na - tive home.

## IT IS THE HOUR.

Hebrew Melody, adapted to the Poetry of Lord Byron.

*Allegretto.*

It is the hour when, from the boughs, The night-in-gale's high note is  
heard; It is the hour when lov - ers' vows seem sweet in ev - ry whisper'd  
word, And gentle winds and waters oar Make mu - sic to the lone - ly ear: Each  
flow'r the dew have light - ly wet, And in the skies the stars are met.

And on the wave is deeper blue,  
And on the leaf a browner hue,  
And in the heaven, that clear obscure

So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
That follows the decline of day,  
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.



## REMEMBER, LOVE, REMEMBER.

Composed by Parke.

*Allegretto.*

'Twas ten o'clock one moon-light night, I e-ver shall re-mem-ber, When  
 ev'-ry star above twink-ling bright in fros-ty dark De-cem-ber, When  
 at the win-dow, tap, tap, tap, I heard a cer-tain well-known rap, And with it these  
 words most clear, 'Re-mem-ber, Ten o'clock, my dear; re-mem-ber, love, re-mem-ber.'

My mother don'd before the fire,  
 My dad his pipe was smoking.  
 I dare not for the world retire,—  
 Now, was not that provoking?  
 At length, the old folks fast asleep;  
 I saw my promiss'd word to keep;  
 And sure, his absence to denote,  
 He on the window-shutter wrote,—  
 'Remember, love, remember!'

And did I heed a treat so sweet?  
 O! yes, for mark the warning,  
 Which said, 'At church we were to meet  
 At ten o'clock next morning.'  
 And there we met, no more to part,  
 To twine for ever hand and heart:  
 And since that day, in wedlock join'd,  
 The window shutter brings to mind,—  
 'Remember, love, remember.'

## O, THINK NOT THAT THE FAIREST FACE.

Mozart's 'Das Madchen und der Vogel,' arranged by Muzio Clementi, to the Poetry of David Thomson.

*Allegretto.*

O, think not that the fair-est face Which ere my eye can see Thy  
 i-mage from my heart can chase, Or make me wish 'twere free! The bright est  
 charms of bean-ty's blaze That in the hall may shine, Will on-ly in my  
 bo-som raise A dear-er thought of thine, of thine, A dear-er thought of thine!

O, think not that the social hour,  
 When most the heart is free,  
 Can rule with gay oblivious pow'r  
 O'er those that love like me:  
 For, when the names to mem'ry dear  
 Shall crown the flowing wine,  
 A thought of thee shall still be near,  
 And softly whisper thine.

The sun that lights the land I love  
 Shall light a foreign sky;  
 And thus thy form, where'er I rove,  
 Shall beam on fancy's eye:  
 Yet be his changeeful course must run,  
 And sink when eve is nigh;  
 But, like a never-setting sun,  
 Thy image on'er shall die!

## THE WORLD IS A WELL-FURNISH'D TABLE.

From 'Love is a V'lage.'

*Allegro.*

The world is a well-fur-nish'd ta-ble, Where guests are pro-mis-cu-ously set:  
 We all fare as well as we're a-ble, And scam-ble for what we can get.  
 My sim-i-le holds to a tit-tle,—Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste; But, if I am  
 content with a lit-tle, Enough is as good as a feast, Enough, e-nough is as good as a feast.

THE ADVENTURES OF MAJOR LONGBOW, OR 'PON MY WORD  
IT'S TRUE—WHAT WILL YOU LAY IT'S A LIE?

By Haydn Corri.

*Vivace e Pomposo.*

I'm a Ge-ne-ral, 'tis well known, For e-ver in a bus-tle; My head's as  
 hard as stone, And, dam-mel lots of mus-cle. No-thing hurts me, d'ye see,—I can

a-ther walk or fly;—Up-on my life it's true,—What will you lay it's a lie?

I swam from Dublin Bay,  
 To the middle of the sea,  
 With three men on my back,  
 For, damme! there's nothing hurts me.  
 I fought a shark on my way,  
 And bung'd up his left eye;—  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie?  
 I met a ship in distress,  
 Bumping among the rocks;  
 I lifted her up (you may guess),  
 And carried her safe in the docks.  
 There I drank a whole punchoon of rum,  
 Eat an ox and a half—or nigh;—  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie?  
 To the mermaids, taught the quadrilles,  
 Their assembly-room the sea,  
 Their light the glorious sun,—  
 More brilliant what could be?  
 They dane'd and got so hot,  
 These fish began to fry;—  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie?  
 By way of a savoury dish,  
 I toasted a whale on a fork;  
 Drank thirty dozen of wine,  
 In the time you could draw a cork;

Pick'd my teeth with a Unicorn's hair,  
 Which by chance came trotting by—  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie?  
 I went to a play in Florence,  
 Where I saw such a tragedy fellow,  
 From the boxes, tears fell in such torrents,  
 In the pit I put up my umbrells;  
 But the tears fill'd the pit with water,  
 Not a thread in my clothes was dry;—  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie.  
 In the east I din'd with a friend,  
 Where they have so window-sashes;  
 The sunbeams enter'd the room,  
 And burn'd his wife to ashes;—  
 'Sweep your mistress away,' said he;  
 'Bring wine for my friend and I';—  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie?  
 I came home on a congrue-rocket;  
 So swift the seas I cross'd,  
 That, only for Nelson's pillar,  
 Dear London I'd surely lost;  
 With joy, shook hands with the statue,  
 Which instantly wisk'd its eye;—  
 Upon my life it's true,—  
 What will you lay it's a lie?

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## SAW YE MY WEE THING.

The Poetry by Hector Macneil.—The Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Andante Moderato.*

'Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing? Saw ye my true love down on yon  
lea? Cross'd she the men-dow yes-treen at the gloam-in'? Sought she the  
bur-ale whar flow'rs the haw-tree? Her hair, it is lint-white; her skin it is  
milk-white: Dark is the blue o' her soft roll-in' ee'; Red, red, her  
ripe lips, and sweet-er than ro-ses;— Whar could my wee thing wan-der frae me?'

'I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing.

Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;  
But I met my bonnie thing yestreen in the gloamin',  
Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree.  
Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;

Dark was the blue o' her soft-rollin' ee';  
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;  
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me!

'It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,  
It was na my true love ye saw on the lea:

Proud is her leal heart; and modest her nature!

She never lo'ed onie till aince she lo'ed me.

Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castie-Cary;

Aff has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee;

Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,

Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!

'It was, then, your Mary; she's frae Castie-Cary;

It was, then, your true love I met on the lea:

Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,

Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.

Sair gloom'd his dark brow—blood-red his cheek

grew—

Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rollin' ee'—

'Ye'ae rue sair, this moroin', your boasts and your

scornin'!

Defend ye, fense traitor! for loudly ye lie.'

'Awa wi' beguiling!' cried the youth, smiling:

Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee:

The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing—

Fair stood the lo'd maid wi' the dark rollin' ee'

'Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!

Is it my true love here that I see!

'O Jamie, forgie me: your heart's constant to me;

I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!'

## THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Written by Tannahill to the same Music.

KEEN blows the wind ower the braes o' Gleniffer,  
The sild castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;

How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover,

Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!

The wild flowers o' slimmer were spread a' sae bonnie,

The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken-tree;

But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear

Johnnie,

And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then lika thing round us was blithesome and cheerie,

Then lika thing round us was bonnie and braw;

Now naething is heard but the wind whistling

drearie,

And naething is seen but the wide-spreading

snaw,

The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and

dowie,—

They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they

flee;

And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my

Johnnie,—

'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.

You could seeecy cloud skiffs along the bleak moun-

tain,

And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky

brae,

While down the deep gien brawls the snaw-flooded

fountain,

That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.

It's na its loud roar, on the wintry winds swellin',

It's na the cauld blast brings the tear to my

ee;

For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scot's callan

The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

## A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Composed by Henry Russell; and published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.  
*Voice*

A life on the o - cean wave! A home on the roll - ing deep! Where the  
 scat-ter'd wa-ters rave, And the winds their re - vels keep! A home on the  
 roll - ing deep! Where the scat-ter'd wa-ters rave, And the winds their re - vels  
 keep! Like an en - gle cag'd pine, On this dull un-chang - ing shore—O!  
 give me the dash - lug brine, The spray and the tem-pest's roar. - - - A life on the  
 o - cean wave! A home on the roll - ing deep! Where the scat-ter'd wa-ters  
 rave, And the winds their re - vels keep!—the winds, the winds, the winds their re - vels  
 keep; the winds, the winds, the winds their re - vels keep.

Once more on the deck I stand  
 Of my own swift-gilding craft;  
 Set sail! farewell to the land!  
 The gale follows fair abaft!  
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,  
 Like an ocean-bird set free;  
 Like the ocean-bird, our home  
 We'll find far out on the sea.  
 A life on the ocean wave, &c.

The land is no longer in view;  
 The clouds have begun to frown;  
 But, with a stout vessel and crew,  
 We'll say, let the storm come down!  
 And the song of our hearts shall be,  
 While the winds and the waters rave,  
 A life on the heaving sea!  
 A home on the bounding wave!  
 A life on the ocean wave, &c.

## A LIFE BY DE GALLEY FIRE.

To the Melody of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'—Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

A life by de galley fire,  
 An' a home in de oin cahoose,  
 Is de one I much admire,  
 As I cook de captain's goose.  
 Like a lub-sick coon I pine,  
 Whenever I go ashore;  
 And I sigh for de possum soap  
 And de ole caboose once more.  
 A life by de galley fire, &c.  
 Once more in de midst I stand  
 Oh de stream, an' fire an' smoke;  
 An' s'first I crack de eggs,  
 An' den I crack de joke.

An' when dese Nigs on board  
 Huh all blown out dere skis,  
 In de corner I sit an' smoke,  
 An toast my han'some shin  
 A life by de galley fire &c.  
 An' sometimes, as I sit dere,  
 In injected mood I pine,  
 An' I tink ob my lubby Rose,  
 But I left in Caroline;  
 But soon my grief I cure,  
 Wid a slice of de pickle ham,  
 An' dere, till de right-bell strike,  
 Wid all tings nice I cram.  
 A life by de galley fire, &c.

## ICH DENKE DEIN—I THINK ON THEE.

The Poetry translated from the German of Goethe; the Music by C. Walther.

*Andante.*

I think on thee when, on the sea as-tem - - - bling, Bright sun - - -  
 - - - - beams play; I think on thee when, on the wa - ters  
 trem - bling, Pale moon - beams stray, Pale moon - - - - beams stray.

I see thy form when morn, in splendour smiling, When through the shades of fragrant grove I'm  
 All nature cheers, roaming.  
 Or midnight dark, some wanderer's steps beguiling, With thoughts of thee.  
 Spreads gloom and fears. Though far from thee in silent languor dreaming,  
 I hear thy voice when thundering waves are I am yet near!  
 foaming The sun has set, sweet stars on high are gleaming,—  
 Beneath the lee; O! wert thou here!

## LOVE'S APOLOGY.

Written and Composed by G. Nicka.

*Affettuoso.*

Yes; yes; 'twas pre-sump-ti-on in me, I con-fess, That to gain your af-  
 fec-tion I e'er could as-pire; But ah! pri-thee tell me how could I do  
 less?—Who can see you and not at the in-stant ad-mire? On your charms,  
 my sweet girl, not on me lay the blame, And do not con-si-der my love as a  
 crime: The mo-ment I saw you, my heart felt a flame, Which no-thing could  
 kin-dle but beau-ty like thine, But beau-ty like thine, But beau-  
 ty like thine; Which no-thing could kin-dle but beau-ty like thine.

I ne'er had a thought to offend you, I vow.—  
 Then do not, oh! do not be angry, I pray.  
 But with a sweet smile drive the frown from thy  
 brow,  
 As the sun clears the fog of the morning away.

And should a soft sigh from your bosom e'er stray,  
 Or one tender thought ever light upon me,  
 Indulge it, I beg, and think kindly, I pray.  
 For know, had I kingdoms, I'd give them to  
 thee!

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

Old Scotch Melody,—the Poetry by Ramsay.

*Moderato.*



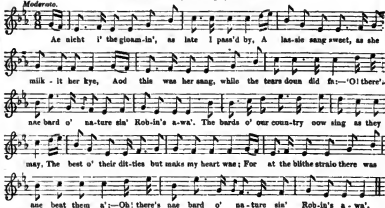
Without the help of art,  
Like flowers that grace the wild,  
She did her sweets impart,  
Whene'er she spak or saul'd:  
Her looks they were so mild,  
Free from affected pride,  
She me to love beguil'd:—  
I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I a' the wealth  
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,  
Insur'd lang life and health,  
And pleasure at my will;  
I'd promise, and falsify,  
That name but bonnie she,  
The lass o' Patie's mill,  
Should share the same wi' me.

## ROBIN'S AWA'.

Old Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*



Auld Wat he is wily, and plesses us fies,  
Wi' his lang-nebbit tales an' his feillics langsyne;  
Young Jack is a dreamer, Will sings like a crow,  
An' Davie an' Delta are dowie an' slaw;  
Trig Tam frae the Highlands was aince a braw man;  
Poor Jamie, he blunders and sings as he can;  
There's the Clerk an' the Sodger, the News-man  
an' a;  
They but gar me greet sairer for him that's awa'.  
'Twas he that could charm wi' the wauff o' his  
tongue,  
Could rouse up the auld an' enliven the young,  
An' cheer the blithe hearts in the cot and the ha'.—

O! there's nae bard o' nature sin' Robin's awa',  
Nae sangster amang us has half o' his art;  
There was nae fonder lover an' nae kinder heart:—  
Then was to the wight who wad wince at a daw,  
To tarnish the bonours of him that's awa'.

If he had some faults, I could never them see,—  
They're nae to be sang by sick gillies as me;  
He likit us weel, an' we likit him a',—  
O, there's nae sickan callan sin' Robin's awa'.  
Whene'er I sing late at the milkin' my kye,  
I look up to heaven an' say with a sigh,  
Although he's now gane, he was king o' them a',—  
Ah! there's nae bard o' nature sin' Robin's awa'.

## THEY TELL ONE DAY.

*Playfully.* The Poetry by J. A. Wade; the Music composed by Steibelt.

They tell, one day That Love at play, In bow'r of roses glow-ing, A gob-let found Up-  
 on the ground, With some-thing bright o'er-flow-ing! He would have sipp'd, But first he  
 dipp'd His ar-row in the stream;—Then wond'r-ing view'd, How it im-bu'd The  
 shaft with pur-ple beam! 'Oh! hol'said he, I've sought for thee, Thou source of heav'n-ly  
 ples-sure:—Then lift-ed up The flow-ing cup, And drank its ru-by tra-a-nce!  
 And, as he quaff'd,  
 He thought the draught  
 Than Psyche's lip was sweeter;  
 Not as'er were flow'ra,  
 Or happy bonas,  
 Than that wild transport flecter!  
 For ah! below,  
 These words of woe  
 Were on the goblet read:—

'Whose eager lip  
 This enp will sip,  
 Shall mourn his reason dead!'  
 Poor Cupid found  
 His head go round  
 By all his wit forsaken;—  
 And since that hour  
 This god-like pow'r  
 Is oft for Folly taken!—

## IN THE LAND OF HIBERNIA.

*Travels.*

Composed by Hook

Io the land of Hi-ber-nia Young Pat drew his breath, And sure e-ver since he has  
 tear'd me to death; Io the land of Hi-ber-nia young Pat drew his breath, And sure e-ver  
 since he has tear'd me to death; For so sweet-ly he sings, and makes love with such  
 art, By the faith of Saint Pa-trick he's shot thro' my heart, With his Gram-a-chree  
 Mol-ly, och! what can I do? With his Gram-a-chree Mol-ly, och! what can I do? By the  
 faith of Saint Pa-trick he's shot thro' my heart, With his Gram-a-chree Molly, och! what can I do?

He vows, if I'll enter the conjugal life,  
 He'll,—O! to be sure,—only make me a wife;  
 Then, so tender he looks when we lovingly chat,  
 That I long to be married—but won't tell him that;  
 With his Gramachree Molly, &c.

Last Sunday at church he must fain tell the priest;  
 In a week or two more we are wedded, at least;  
 And sure, since he said it, my conscience will say,—  
 'If he don't lend me there, I will show him the way.'  
 With his Gramachree Molly, &c.

## THE FALSE HEART.

Peoninsular Melody.—The Poetry by Mrs. Norton.

*Andante Sostenuto.*

O! thou whom my soul lov'd— In whom I fond - ly trust - - ed,  
 Waste is the life that is not, is not shar'd with thee; My  
 steed un - - bri - dl'd stands, My i - die sword is rust - ed; Did  
 I de - - serve that soch, that such my lot should be? O, no! that  
 such my lot should be? O, oo That such my lot should be.

Yet, while life may last, no vows of faith and  
 duty

Shall wio my heart to love some other smile;—  
 By all my idle dreams, when gazing on thy beauty,  
 No vision'd hope can now its pain beguile;—  
 O, no!—can now its pain beguile!

The streams which have flow'd to pure and sunny  
 ginsness

Change not their course when daylight's hour  
 is gone;

Though none may heed their truth—through mid-  
 night's gloomy sadness,

Deep, calm, and pure, they still keep flowing on;—  
 O, yes!—they still keep flowing on.

O! thus flows the stream of faithful love within me,  
 Though thou art false whose brightness made  
 my day,

And from my quiet love oobrow of light can win me.  
 Was such a heart a toy to fling away?  
 O, no!—a toy to fling away.

## LISTEN, LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Composed by Hook.

*Moderato.*

O! lis - ten, lis - ten to the voice of Love,—He calls my Daph - ne  
 to the grove; The prim - rose sweet be - decks the field, The  
 tune - ful birds in - - vite to rove; To soft - - er joys let splen -  
 dour yield.—O! lis - ten, lis - ten, to - - - the voice of Love.

Where flowers their blooming sweets exhale,  
 My Daphne, let us fondly stray;  
 Where whispering Love breathes forth his tale,  
 And shepherds sing their artless lay;—  
 O! listen to the voice of Love,  
 He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come, share with me the sweets of spring,  
 And leave the town's tumultuous noise;  
 The happy swains all cheerful sing,  
 And Echo still repeats their joys;—  
 Then listen to the voice of Love,  
 He calls my Daphne to the grove.



## DORSETSHIRE HOUSE.

Published by Lonsdale.

*Moderato.*

All the world has been ask'd to the par-ty to-night—'Twill be the most bril-liant dis-  
 play of the year: Mis-ses George will be there, though her daugh-ter's a fright; And  
 La-dy Jane Rook, with her three girls, I hear, Mis-ses Can-dour's in-vi-ted, tho'  
 no one knows why, And that for-ward de-tes-ta-ble lit-tle Miss Rouse! What can be the  
 rea-son my daugh-ter and I A-lone are ex-clud-ed from Dor-set-shire House?

My daughter is handsome,—a girl's so well dress'd;  
 Her gowns alone cost me a hundred a year!  
 'Mongst the waiters at Almack's she's reckon'd  
 the best,  
 And the women all envy her figure, I hear!  
 Yet, despite of her beauty, she often sits by,  
 Whilst the men are all crowding round little  
 Miss Rouse;  
 She's sure to be ask'd—whilst my daughter and I  
 Are always excluded from Dorsetshire House!  
 Ev'ry week I have call'd on his niece at his door;  
 I have ask'd all his cousins to dinner in turn—  
 Left my card with his sisters—what can I do more?  
 Since they never have visited me in return.  
 I don't care for the hall; but you all will agree,  
 'Tis enough to provoke one, when little Miss  
 Rouse  
 Comes sneeringly up to my daughter and me—  
 'Of course I shall meet you at Dorsetshire House!  
 'Tis in vain that we open our house all the year,  
 And give entertainments of every sort;  
 Have a box at the Opera, on the best tier,  
 And are seen at the balls and the parties at Court!

In spite of it all, still my daughter and I [Rouse  
 Are doom'd to neglect; whilst that little Miss  
 Has the world at her feet, and—I cannot tell why—  
 She is always invited to Dorsetshire House!  
 I would give up my efforts, abandon each hope,  
 And try to grow callous to every slight;  
 But I cannot endure that we only should moan.  
 When the town is all radiant with joy and delight.  
 They tell me my girl (and I think they are right)  
 Shares the heart of a Marquis with little Miss  
 Rouse:  
 O! he might have propos'd to my daughter to-night,  
 Had we been but invited to Dorsetshire House!  
 There's a rap at the door!—O! perhaps 'tis a card!  
 I am trembling with hope—and I'm breathless  
 with fear!  
 Nay—'tis only a note!—O! my fate is too hard!  
 Then we shall not be ask'd to this party, 'tis clear!  
 But what do I read?—O! I'm ready to fall!  
 The Marquis is going to marry Miss Rouse!  
 She tells me 'twas settled last week at the ball,  
 From which we were excluded, at Dorsetshire  
 House!

## MY OWN DEAR SOMEBODY.

*Larghetto.*

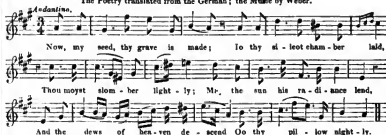
Was I o-blig'd to beg my bread, And had no where to lay my head, I'd creep where  
 you-der herds are fed, And steal a look at some-bo-dy, My own dear some-bo-dy, my  
 con-stant some-bo-dy; I'd creep where you-der herds are fed, And steal a look at some-bo-dy.

When I'm laid low and am at rest,  
Aod may be number'd with the bless'd,  
O I may thy artless feeling breast  
Thro' with regard for Somebody:  
Ah! will you drop one pitying tear,  
And sigh for the lost Somebody?

But should I ever live to see  
That form so much ador'd by me,  
Then thou'lt reward my constancy,  
And I'll be bless'd with Somebody;  
Then shall my tears be dried by thee,  
And I'll be bless'd with Somebody.

### BURIAL OF THE SEED.

The Poetry translated from the German; the Music by Weber.



Couldst thou speak, thou gentle one,  
Couldst thou feel what I have done,  
Thou wouldst whisper, weeping,  
\* Ah, green earth and bright blue skies  
Never more may greet my eyes.  
All in darkness sleeping.

Yet sleep on, thou seedling dear;  
Sweetly sleep, nor dream of fear;  
Soon, from slumber waking,

Once again shalt thou behold  
Morning sunlight, bright as gold,  
O'er the green earth breaking.

I at last must sink like thee;  
Hands of love shall bury me,  
Heaping cold earth o'er me;  
But when God, from yonder skies,  
Bids the slumbering dead arise,  
May I wake to glory!

### COME, CHEER UP, MY LADS.

Old English Air.



We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;  
They never see us but they wish us away;  
If they run,—why, we follow, and run them ashore,  
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.  
Heart of oak, &c.

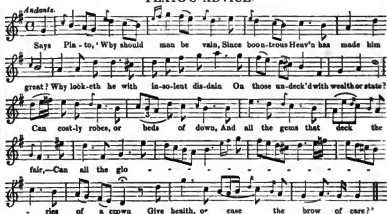
They swear they'll love us, these terrible foes;  
They frighten our women, our children, our beans;

But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,  
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.  
Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,  
In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette;—  
Then cheer up, my lads,—with one heart let us sing,  
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our King.  
Heart of oak, &c.

## PLATO'S ADVICE.

*Andante.*



Says Pla - to, 'Why should man be vain, Since boon-tious Heav'n has made him  
great? Why look-eth he with in-so-lent dis-dain On those un-deck'd with wealth or state?  
Can cost-ly robes, or beds of down, And all the gems that deck the  
fair,—Can all the glo -  
ries of a crown Give health, or ease the brow of care?'

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,  
The humble and the haughty, die;  
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,  
To dust without distinction lie;  
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest  
Who once the greatest titles wore,  
Of all their glories are bereft,  
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor through the skies,  
And spreads along a glided train;  
When shot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,  
Dissolves to common air again.  
So 'tis with us, <sup>city</sup> jovial souls,—  
Let friendship reign while here we stay,  
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls;—  
When Jove he calls, we must obey.

## DAYS OF YORE.

The Words from the Poem of 'Yore'; the Music by W. A. Nield.

*Andante.*



O! could I bid my mourn-ful heart For-get the dreams of for-mer  
days; Bid hope, and fear, and joy, do-part, As fade the morn-ing's  
sum-mer rays, As fade the morn-ing's sum-mer rays!  
No charms can bind the bro-ken spell; Love, once de-ceiv'd, re-turs no  
more; Dream of coo-sid-ing youth, fare-well! Fare-well the joys, the  
days, of yore! Fare-well the joys, the days, of yore.

## BRING ME THE WINE.

Hindustanee Melody, arranged by C. E. Horn to the Poetry of W. Rander.

*Con Anima.*

Bring me the wine,—the gob-let give;— Let me at length be-gin to live;—  
 Let the red juice in my cup swim, And not a sigh sul-ly its brim.  
 Morn or eve, by the gob-let's flow, The wea-ry wing'd hours I'll num-ber; Till the  
 dream-giv-ing grape, and my fan-cy's glow, Show me the rose in slum-ber.

Bid me not tell who lit this flame,—  
 Lips must not breathe my maiden's name,—  
 Musk in her locks,—sleep in her eyes;—  
 Who, without hope, looks on her—dies.  
 Morn or eve, &c.

Harp of my soul! thy lay awhile  
 Soothe me like Morua's languid smile;  
 Yon of the bow,—you of the spear,—  
 Court the death-fray,—fright the dun deer!  
 Morn or eve, &c.

## MARK THE SAD ROSE.

The Poetry from Forbes's Oriental Memoirs; the Music by Philip Knapton.

*Recitativo.*

Mark the sad rose, once sum-mer's dex-ter-ing pride, That threw its bloom-ing o-dours  
 far and wide; Now all its bright, its blush-ing ho-nours past, Too dex-ter-ing fair, a-  
 las! and sweet to last. But yet, though scat-ter'd be each silk-en  
 leaf, By cru-el time, that sad de-spoil-ing thief; But thief; Still  
 from those leaves ex-hales a rich per-fume; Still they are sweet, Still  
 they are sweet, Still they are sweet, tho' they have ceas'd to bloom.

So lov'd remembrances of joys long fled  
 O'er the sad heart their soothing influence shed;

While in the breast is sav'd each withered leaf  
 Of past delight, to soothe its present grief.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## BONNIE JEAN.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Fine.*

There was a lass, and she was fair, At kirk and market to be seen; When a' the fair-est

*Fine*

maids were met, The fair-est maid was Bonnie Jean. And aye she wrought her mammy's wark. And

*D.C. al Fine.*

aye she sang sae mer-ri-lie; The blith-est bird up-oo the bush Ne'er had a light-er heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;  
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,  
The flower and pride of a' the glen;  
And he had owen, sheep, and kye,  
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

There was a lass, &c.

He gned wi' Jeanie to the trysts,  
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;  
And lang ere wifless Jeanie wist,  
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream  
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,  
So trembling, pure, was tender love,  
Within the breast o' Bonnie Jean.

There was a lass, &c.

And ow she warks her mammy's wark,  
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;  
Yet wistna what her auld might be,  
Or what wad mak' her woe again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,  
And didna joy hlink in her ee,  
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,  
Ae e'en'ing, on the lily lee?

There was a lass, &c.

The sun was sinkin' in the west,  
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;  
His cheek to hers he fondly press'd,  
And whisper'd thus his tale of love:  
'O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;  
O canst thou think to fancy me?  
Nor wilt thou leave thy mammy's cot,  
And learn to tend the farms wi' me?

There was a lass, &c.

At harn oor byre thou shalt as drudge,  
Nor naething else to trouble thee;  
But stray among the heather-bells,  
And tend the waving corn wi' me.  
Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
She had nae will to say him na:  
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
And love was aye between them twa.

There was a lass, &c.

## HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

Hap-py we are a' the-gi-ther, Hap-py we'll be gin an' a'; Time shall see us a' the

*Fine.*

bl-ther, Ere we rise to gang a-wa! Here, a-round the lo-gie blec-zing, Whase hap-py

*D.C. al Fine.*

and sae free; Tho' the nor-thern wind haws free-zing, Frien'-ship warms haith you and me.

See the miser o'er his treasure,  
Gloating wi' a greedy e'e!  
Can he feel the glow o' pleasure  
That around us here we see?  
Cao the peer lo silk and ermine,  
Call his conscience half his own?  
His elaes are spun an' edged wi' vermin,  
Tho' he stae afore a throne!

Thus then let us a' be teasing  
Aff our stoups a' gen'rous flame;  
An' while roun' the board 'tis passing,  
Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.

Frien'ship maks a' us mair happy,  
Frien'ship gies us a' delight;  
Frien'ship consecrates the drapple,  
Frien'ship brings us here to-night.  
Happy we've been, &c.

## WHATE'ER MAY BE MY WAYWARD LOT.

The Poetry by David Thompson, arranged to Mozart's 'Wer unter eines Mädchens Hand.'

*Moderato.*

What-er may be my way-ward lot, When wand'-ring far a-way, The mem'-ry of this  
love-ly spot With years shall ne'er de-cay; Nor aught which can my breast in-  
vade Shall make that dear re-mem-brance fade,—No! no! no! ne-ver for a  
day; No! no! no, ne-ver for a day! If sor-row oft my heart shall prove, As  
on thro' life I stray, I'll then re-call the looks of love Which chas'd each tear a-  
way: Then can that dear re-mem-brance fade, To which my griefs shall lend their  
aid? No! no! no, ne-ver for a day; No! no! no, ne-ver for a day!  
If smiling scenes of joy I see, And feel their cheering power,  
I'll think how brighter they would be Within this happy bower:  
Then can that dear remembrance fade, To which e'en pleasure lends its aid?  
No, never for an hour! While mem'ry breathes her silent sigh,  
While grief the eye must shade, While love's soft magic fingers nigh,  
While hope shall lend her aid, And o'er that dear remembrance fling  
The brightest dyes that paint her wing,— No, never can it fade!

## OFT HAVE I MARK'D THE EVENING SHADE.

Composed by Dr. John Smith.

*Moderato.*

Oft have I mark'd the ev'ning shade Steal o'er some ru in gray, And watch'd the  
glow-ing sunbeams fade, In sad-ness soft a-way: Yet clings its lin-g'ring last em-  
ress A-round one beautiful au-tumn flow'r; A ray of glo-ry rich to bless,  
That em-blem of some hap-pier hour, That em-blem of some hap-pier hour.  
And so my fond heart loves to cling, Sweet Eris, still to thee,  
And in thy reins trace the spring Of all that once was free. I love to dream o'er other days,  
When chivalry and pride were thine; And from thy desolation raise  
A hope thy glory yet may shine.

## BACHELOR'S FARE.

Composed expressly for this Work by Henry West, R.A.

*Allegro.*

Fun-ny and free are a ha-che-lor's re-vel-ries; Ches-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly pass-es his life  
No-thing knows he of con-co-bi-al de-vil-ries, Trou-ble-some chil-dren and clam-our-ous  
wife. Free from sa-ti-e-ty, care and anx-i-e-ty, Charms in va-ri-e-ty fall to his share:  
Bac-chus's his-ses and Ven-us's kis-ses; This, boys, this is the ba-che-lor's fare;—  
Bac-chus's his-ses and Ven-us's kis-ses; This, boys, this is the ba-che-lor's fare.

A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,  
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,  
All bespattering, bumping, and hattering,  
Hurries and worries him till he is dead;  
Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,  
Young ones are new devils raising despair;  
Doctors and curses combining their curses,  
Adieu to full purses and bachelor's fare.  
Through such folly, days once sweet hojdays  
Soon are embitter'd by wrangling and strife:  
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,  
All perplexing and vexing ooe's life;

Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,  
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;  
Polly is squalling, and Molly is hawling.  
While dad is recalling his bachelor's fare.  
When they are older grown, then they are holdier  
grown,  
Turning your temper, and spurning your rule:  
Girls, through foolishness, passion, or malice,  
Purty your wishes and marry a fool.  
Boys will anticipate, lavish, and dissipate,  
All that your busy pate boarded with care;—  
Then tell me what jallity, fon, and frivolity,  
Equal le quality bachelor's fare?

## NEW ZEALANDER'S BATTLE-SONG.

The Poetry translated from the German of Burger; the Music by Samnthal.

*Allegro.*

Hal-lo, ye my fel-lows, a-rise and advance! See the white-crest-ed waven, how they stamp and they  
dance, High o-ver thereof there, with anger and might! So wi-l-dly we dance to the bloody-red fight.

Then gather! now gather! come, gather, ye all!  
Each thing that hath limbs and arms, come at our  
call! [sweeps by,  
Like reeds on the moor, when the whirlwind  
Our lances and war-axes darken the sky.  
Sharp, sharp as the tooth of the sea-hound and  
shark, [mark it  
They'll bore ye, they'll split ye. Fly, lance, to the  
Home, home to the heart! And thou, battle-axe  
grim, [and limb!  
Split, splintering and shivering, through brain-pan  
To-day we ask vengeance, to-day we ask blood;  
We ask it; we're coming to make our word good;  
The storm flinches not, though the woods choke  
its path;  
We ask it; we're coming; beware of our wrath!

At home, wives and children a hearth for us lay;  
A savory flesh-feast awaits us to-day.  
Behind yonder mountains e'en now the smoke  
streams,  
And the blaze of the brush-fire crackles and gleams.  
Long, long have we hunger'd and thirsted for you;  
At home the dogs lurk round the clean table, too.  
Loud-shooting, we eat you to-night, every one,  
Devour you clean, to the white ringing loaves.  
Rush, rush, ye my fellows, rush on them like hail!  
Soon, soon, shall their roasting your no-trils re-  
gale;  
The fire is flaring; the oven is a-glow!  
Heave to, now! hew through now! Hallelu! hallelu!

## THE ECHOES.

The Words by William Ball; the Music by Weber.

*Andantino.*

Far in the wild wood, Deep in yon dell, Haunt of my child-hood, Sweet e-choes  
 dwell; O ye, whose youthful song 'Mid their green bow-ers Would the fond charm pro-ling,  
 Through the calm hours, Whose lov'd lays re-bound-ed O'er the hill brow, By dear smiles sur-  
 round-ed, Where are ye now? Where are ye now? Where are ye now?

When eve was lending  
 Softness around,  
 When light was fading,  
 Sweet was the sound!  
 Sweet was the measure  
 That fairy ground nigh,

The call and the pleasure,  
 Of Echo's reply!  
 The soul of that pleasure,  
 What shall restore?  
 Mine is the treasure,  
 Oh, never more!

## THE KING AND THE JACKETS OF BLUE.

The Words by Douglas Jerrold; the Music by J. Blewitt.

*Allegro.*

Some na-tions may boast of their walls, Of their ar-mies may make much a-do, But  
 tell me the pow-er, when Li-ber-ty calls, Like the gal-lant stout jack-ets of blue: Our  
 sail-ers are lords of the sea, Tho' they roll in the old world or new; None  
 hold-er, none strong-er, none an-bler may be, Than the jol-ly stout jackets of blue, Tha  
 jol-ly stout jack-ets of blue, The jol-ly stout jack-ets of blue; None  
 bold-er, none strong-er, none an-bler may be, Than the jol-ly stout jack-ets of blue.

Each flag that flies over the main,  
 No matter whate'er be its hue,  
 Must strike, as it has struck, again and again,  
 To the gallant stout jackets of blue;  
 The jacket to Neptune is dear,  
 So he spoke thus to each of his crew,—  
 'All honour and glory and worth shall appear,  
 With my own jolly jackets of blue.'

The King, in his majesty great,  
 Remains to his own colour true,  
 And amidst all his robes and his crimes of state,  
 Remembers his jacket of blue:—  
 Then loud let each mariner sing,  
 In a chorus still honest though new, [King,  
 'Here's a health and long life to our blue-jacket  
 To our King in his jacket of blue!'



## FAITHLESS EMMA.

Composed by Sir J. A. Stevenson.

*Andante.*

I wan-der'd once, at break of day, While yet up-on the sun-less sea; In wan-ton  
sighs the breeze de-lay'd, And o'er the wa-vy, wa-vy sur-face play'd. Then first the  
fair-est face I knew; First lov'd the eye of soft - est blue; And ven-tur'd fear-ful  
first to sip The sweets, the sweets, that hang up - on the lip Of Faith-less  
*Espress. a tempo.*  
Em-ma! Of Faith-less Em-ma! That hang up-on the lip Of Faith-less Em-ma!

So mix'd the rose and lily's white,  
That nature seem'd uncertain quite,  
To deck her cheek what flower she'd choose,  
The lily, or the blushing rose!  
I wish I ne'er had seen her eye,  
Ne'er seen her cheek of doubtful dye;  
And never, never, dar'd to sip  
The sweets that hang upon the lip  
Of Faithless Emma!

For, though from rosy dawn of day  
I rove along, and anxious stray,  
Till night with curtain dark descend,  
And day no more its gleamings lend,—  
Yet still like her's an cheek I find;  
Like her's no eye, save in my mind;  
While still I fancy that I sip  
The sweets that hang upon the lip  
Of Faithless Emma!

## THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

Composed by John Emdin.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

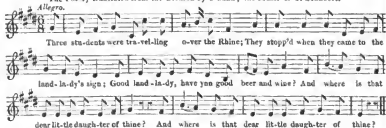
O! who would be a sail-or's wife, When clouds ob-scure the sky; When stor-my  
winds with an-gry breath Swell n-cean's bo-som high? O! who would be a sail-or's  
wife, a smil-ing babe to fold, Whose hap-less fa-ther, dis-tant far, a wa-t'ry grave may  
hold? O! who would be a sail-or's wife, a smil-ing babe to fold, Whose hap-less fa-ther,  
dis-tant far, a wa-t'ry grave may hold, a wa-t'ry grave may hold?

Who would not be a sailor's wife, when, storm and  
tempest o'er,  
To see him haste across the green, and reach his  
cottage door?

Who would not be a sailor's wife, while tears of  
transport start,  
To hear his voice, to see him smile, and clasp him  
to her heart?

## THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

The Poetry translated from the German by Uhland; the Music of T. Schubert.

*Allegro.*

'My beer and wine are fresh and clear;  
My daughter she lies on the cold death-bier!'  
And when to the chamber they made their way,  
There, dead, in a coal-black shrine, she lay.

The first he drew near, and the veil gently rais'd,  
And on her pale face he mournfully gas'd:  
'Ah! wert thou but living yet,' he said,  
'I'd love thee from this time forth, fair maid!'

The second he slowly put back the shroud,  
And turn'd him away, and wept aloud:  
'Ah! that thou liest in the cold death-bier!  
Alas! I have lov'd thee for many a year!'

The third he once more uplifted the veil,  
And kiss'd her upon her mouth so pale:  
'Thee loved I always; I love still but thee;  
And thee will I love through eternity.'

## THE PRAIRIE LEA.

The Poetry by Dr. J. K. Mitchell.—The Music composed by Joseph Philip Knight.

*Moderate.*

The trumpet's sound, the war-steed's bound,  
The flut'ring banner's starry field,  
The cannon's roar, the streaming gore,  
To some a stormy joy may yield!

But—O! give me the prairie lea,—  
Its peaceful scenes are dear to me;  
The hunter's cry, the cloudless sky,  
O! these are joys for me!  
O! the prairie lea, &c.

## MARY'S BOWER.

Composed by Hook.

*Andante.*

To Ma-ry's bow-er haste a-way, Deck'd with ma-ny a fra-grant  
 flow'r; To Ma-ry's bow-er haste a-way, Deck'd with ma-ny a fra-grant  
 flow'r. Na-ture smiles and all is gay. Na-ture smiles and all is gay. And  
 plea-sure calls to Ma-ry's bow'r: hark, hark, hark! Plea-sure calls, plea-sure  
 calls, plea-sure calls to Ma-ry's bow-er; plea-sure calls to Ma-ry's bow'r.

'Tis pleasure calls, and love invites,  
 To simple nature gives the hour;  
 Here she spreads her soft delights,  
 And pleasure calls to Mary's bower.

If fair Content's bright charms you seek,  
 The lovely nymph's within your power;  
 Here she dwells with ruddy cheek,  
 And pleasure calls to Mary's bower.

## OVERBOARD HE VENT, OR THE WATERMAN OF FOUNTAIN STAIRS.

The Words by Messar: the Music by J. Sanderson.

*Allegro Moderato.*

At Ratcliff Cross, the o-ther day, when scul-lers would not ply, I stood and hail'd a wa-ter-  
 man, who then was pass-ing by; Here's a shil-ling up to Hors-ley Down, says I, are you content? Yes,  
 Sir, I am; the o-ther cries, 'and o-ver board he vent.' Sing-ing, pull a-way, scull, a-way, Ri to! de  
 rid-dle lol, toi de doi, ds doi, de doi, de toi, de ds, and o-ver board he vent.

I took my seat, and 'gainst the tide he row'd away  
 in shore; [stant roar;  
 The song begun at Ratcliff Cross was now a con-  
 For ev'ry plying-place we pass'd, the boys their  
 voices lent [vent.  
 To hail us, as we row'd along, with 'over-board he  
 Singing, pull away, &c.  
 The waterman he row'd and swore, and look'd with  
 angry eyes,—  
 He wish'd their noisy tongues were tied, to stop  
 their stupid cries;

I wonder'd what it was about, and ask'd him what  
 they meant, [vent.  
 By calling, as he row'd along, 'and over board he  
 Singing, pull away, &c.  
 Says he, I'm call'd Ned Topper, and I ply at  
 Fountain Stairs; [such airs.  
 A wicked nephew I have got, that gives himself  
 That, one day in a wrathful mood, to strike him I  
 was bent; [I vent.  
 The running dog he step'd aside, 'and over board  
 Singing, pull away, &c.

## THE WOLF.

Composed by W. Shield.—Published by Davidson.

*Siciliano.*


At the peace-ful mid-night hour, Ev-e-ry sense and ev-e-ry pow'r Fetter'd in  
down-y sleep; Then our care-ful watch we keep, Then our care-ful watch we keep;  
While the wolf in night-ly prow! Bays the moon with hid-eous howl!  
While the wolf in night-ly prow! Bays the moon with hid-eous howl, While the wolf in  
night-ly prow! Bays the moon with hid-eous howl.

*Allegro con Spirito.*


Gates are barr'd,—a vain re-sis-tance; Fe-males shriek, but as-  
sis-tance. Si-lence, si-lence, or you meet your fate! Si-lence,  
or you meet your fate! Your keys, your jew-els, cash, and  
plate, Your keys, your jew-els, your jew-els, cash, and plate, your jew-els, cash, and  
plate,—your jew-els, cash, and plate. Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a-sunder; Locks,  
bolts, and bars soon fly a-sunder; Then to ri-sie, rob, and plun-der,—Then to  
ri-sie, rob, and plun-der! Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a-  
sunder; Then to ri-sie, rob, and plun-der; to ri-sie, rob, and plun-der;  
rob, and plun-der; to ri-sie, rob, and plun-der; to ri-sie, rob, and plun-der.

## THE APPEAL OF SPAIN.

Peninsular Melody.—The Words by John Bowring, LL.D.

*Allegro.*

Be ye rea-dy; your coun-try is call-ing; To her res-cue, he-ro-ic ones, fly!

O, she weeps! while her sad tears are fall-ing, Ye shall swear for your coun-try to

die— O she weeps! while her sad tears are fall-ing, Ye shall swear

for your coun-try to die! die! Yes, cheer-ful-ly die! die! Yes! cheer-ful-ly die.

O! how base and degraded the feelings Or be deaf when her plaintive appealings  
That would shrink from her accents of gloom, Might awaken the dead from their tomb!—  
The dead from the tomb, &c.

## THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

The Words by Henry Kirke White; the Music by J. Addison.—Published by Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

*Allegretto.*

O! yon-der is the well-known spot, My dear, my long, left na-tive home;

O! wel-come is my lit-tle cot, Where I shall rest, no more to roam.

O! I have tra-vel'd far and wide, O'er ma-ny a dis-tant fo-reign land; Each

place and pro-vince I have tried, And sung and danc'd my sa-ra-band. But

all their charms could not prevail, To lure my heart from yon-der vale; But

all their charms could not pre-vail, To lure my heart From yon-der, yonder vale.

Now safe re-tur'n'd, with wand'ring tir'd, No more my lit-tle home I'll leave;

And ma-ny a tale of what I've heard Shall wear a-way the woe-ter eve.

Of distant climes the false report  
It lur'd me from my native land;  
It bade me rove—my sole support  
My cymbals and my saraband.  
The woody dell, the hanging rock,

The chamois skipping o'er the heights,  
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,  
And oh! a thousand more delights,  
That grace you dear be-lov'd retreat,  
Have backward won my weary feet.

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The Music by Frederic Smith.

*Andante.*

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond re-col-lection pre-sents them to view! The or-ward, the meadow, the deep tan-gled wild wood, And ev'-ry lov'd spot which my in-fan-cy knew; The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill which stood by it; The bridge, and the rock where the ca-ta-ract fell; The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house nigh it; And e'en the rude buc-ket which hung in the well! The old oak-en buc-ket, the i-ron-bound buc-ket, The moss-co-ver'd buc-ket, which hung in the well,

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,  
For often at noon, when return'd from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

And now, far remov'd from the lov'd situation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;  
The old oaken bucket, &c.

## POOR MR. SPRIGGS.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin; the Music by W. Reeve.

*Allegretto.*

Mis-ter Spriggs, the gro-cer, he mar-ried Miss Re-vel; He thought her an an-gel, she turn'd out a do-vil; Poor Mis-ter Spriggs! She sang, par-lex-voud, danc'd wait-ees and jigs; She wast-ed the tea and the su-gar and figs, And said she'd be Mis-tress, please the jigs. Poor Mis-ter Spriggs! O, poor Mis-ter Spriggs!

Mrs. Spriggs gave parties to tea and to dinner,  
And play'd guinea whist, tho' she ne'er was a winner;

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

She lov'd silver muslin, French lace, and rich stuffs,  
Perfumes and tippets, and Chinchill muffs,  
And some say she lov'd Captain Brown of the Buffs.—

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

Mr. Spriggs and his wife fell out one night,  
And she vow'd she'd drown herself out of mere spite—

To poor Mr. Spriggs!

She ran to the river, but when she walk'd in,

Her courage grew cool as the wave touch'd her chin,  
And drowning herself she thought was a sin;

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

A fisherman saw her, and thought she'd be wet,—  
So he pull'd Sally out by a cast of his net;

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

Took her home half drown'd to her anxious dear,  
Who cried, when he saw she was looking so queer  
'Pray, sir, why the devil did you interfere

With poor Mrs. Spriggs!

O, poor Mr. Spriggs!

# THE HUMBLE THATCH'D COTTAGE, IN THE VILLAGE OF LOVE.

Written by a Gentleman; the Music by J. Sanderson.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

Far re-mov'd from the town, From its splen-dour and noise, Tho' for-tune may frown, It our peace ne'er de-stroys; Con-vinc'd that true plea-sure we on-ly can prove, At the hum-ble thatch'd cottage, In the vil-lage of Love; The hum-ble thatch'd cottage, The hum-ble thatch'd cot-tage, The humble thatch'd cot-tage, In the vil-lage of Love.

Honour dwelt in the breast of my parents, tho' poor;  
Unreliev'd the distress'd never went from the door;  
By which means alone, we true happiness prove,  
At the humble thatch'd cottage, in the village of Love.

Surrounded by suitors, they choose me a youth,  
A mirror of virtue, of honour, and truth;  
Bless'd with friendship's soft ties, contentment we prove,  
At the humble thatch'd cottage, in the village of Love.

## DER TRINKER,—THE TIPLER.

The Poetry translated from the German of Lungebein; the Music by C. Walther.

*Allegretto con espressione.*

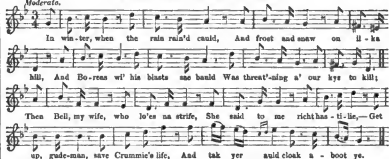
I and my bottle, we're-always u-ni-ted,—No one keeps clo-ser a friend-ship than we;  
Though by mis-for-tune my hopes should be blight-ed, Sooth-lag-ly still talks my bot-tle to me. Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck!  
Words how en-dear-ing, Bliss-ful and cheer-ing, E-qual-ly known to the Moor and Cal-muc, E-qual-ly known to the Moor and Cal-muc!

Some, by de-serv-ing love's pleasure enchanted,  
Blindly to woman's fair standard have sworn;  
But, when they think love and faith would be granted,  
Sadly they'll meet with derision and scorn.  
Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck  
Always speaks clearly, [cluck cluck cluck  
Gently and de-erly,  
And is far sweeter than love or good luck!  
Should dark'ning tempest obscure all my pleasure,  
Threat'ning the blossoms of peace to destroy,  
Quickly I'll hasten—and 'tis my sole measure—  
To my sweet bottle for comfort and joy

Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck  
cluck cluck cluck!  
These whis-pers hearing,  
No danger fearing,  
Destiny's surges I brave like the rock!  
From my dear bottle I'll separate never,  
Till life's enchanting scenes fall to my sight,  
And, in my last and sad dwelling, for ever,  
Horrible thirst joins with darkness and night.  
Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck  
Tones so endearing [cluck cluck cluck!  
Never more hearing,  
When my last day's parting knell shall have struck.

## TAK YER AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

Old Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

'My Crummie is a usefu' cow,  
And she is come of a good kin';  
Aft has she wet the beirne's roos',  
And I am laith that she should tyne;  
Get up, gude-man, it is fu' time,  
The sun shines frae the lift aye his;  
Sloth never made a gracious end;  
Gae, tak yer auld cloak about ye.'

'My cloak was ance a gude gray cloak,  
When it was fitting for my wear;  
But now it's scanty worth a groat,  
For I have worn't this thretty year;  
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,  
We little ken the day we'll dee:  
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn  
To hae a new cloak about me.'

'In days when our King Robert rang,  
His trows they cost but half-a-crown;  
He said they were a groat ower dear,  
And ca'd the tailor thief and loon:  
He was the king that wore a crown,  
And thou the man of laigh degree:  
It's pride puts a' the country down;  
Sae tak yer auld cloak about ye.'

'Ilka land has its sin lanch,  
Ilk kind o' corn has its sin bool;  
I think the world is a' gae wrang,  
When ilka wife her man wad rule:  
Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
How they are girded gallantlie,  
While I sit hurklin' i' the nook? —  
I'll hae a new cloak about me.'

'Gude-man, I wot it's thretty year  
Sin' we did aye anither ken;  
And we hae had atween us twa  
Of lads and bonnie lasses ten:  
Now they are women grown and men,  
I wish and pray weel may they be;  
If you would prove a gude husband,  
E'en tak yer auld cloak about ye.'

'Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,  
But she would guide me, if she can;  
And, to maintain an easy life,  
I aft maun yield, though I'm gude-man.  
Nocht's to be gain'd at woman's han',  
Unless ye gie her a' the ples;  
Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
And tak my auld cloak about me.'

## SAW YE AUGHT O' MY LOVE.

The Poetry by Thomas Dibdin.

*Moderato.*

Saw ye aught o' my love?  
Gude-man Pattle, Cummer Kattie?  
Saw ye aught o' my love,  
On his charger prancing?  
When trumpets blow, and drums go rap?  
He wears a feather in his cap;

Ye never saw a likelier chap,  
To set young hearts a dancing.  
Saw ye aught o' my love,  
Lucky Aggie, fair-hair'd Maggie?  
Saw ye aught o' my love,  
Marching o'er the border?



## THE MAID OF THE GREEN, PRETTY SALLY.

The Words by Upton; the Music by Hook.

*Vivace.*

I've tra-vell'd a - far from my dear na-tive home, And seen love-ly wo-men past tell-ing; In  
this place or t'e-ther, as fan-cy would roam, I wan-der'd and took up my dwell-ing. Sweet  
wo-men I prize, where-so - e - ver they be, Tho' jes-ters and coxcombs may rally; But she that's most  
charm-ing and pleas-ing to me, But she that's most charm-ing and pleas-ing to me, Is  
Sal-ly, my sweet pret-ty Sal-ly; Is Sal-ly, my sweet pret-ty Sal-ly, The  
maid of the green, The maid of the green, The maid of the green, pretty Sal-ly

When a - an meet by this beauty and that,  
My tongue in their praise never falter'd;  
With each one I prattled, and humour'd their chat,  
But still my fond heart never alter'd.  
No, no! for, in whatever climate or place  
I chanc'd when a rover to dally,  
I saw in my fancy the beautiful face  
Of Sally, my sweet pretty Sally,  
The maid of the green, pretty Sally.

And ever shall she be the pride of my song,  
Whose constancy nothing could ever;  
For, though far away from my chamber too long,  
Her love was as faithful as ever  
Then come to my bosom, thou maiden divine!  
A passion so true who can rally?  
For thee I can splendour and riches resign—  
For Sally, my sweet pretty Sally,  
The maid of the green, pretty Sally!

## RANZ DES VACHES.

The National Air of Switzerland, arranged by Samuel Webbe.

*Adagio.*

Bless'd day, thrice hap-py will it prove, That brings the ob-jects of my love: Bless'd day! Streams so  
clear, And cots so dear; Our hamlets gay, And moun-tains gray. Herds so rare, And flocks so  
fair, My shap-herd-ess as light as air; My fa-ther, mo-ther, sis-ter, and bro-ther. Wel-come;  
hap-py day! When shall we, I - sa - bel, dear maid, a - gain en - joy our elm-tree's shade.

O! when shall I so happy prove,  
And see the objects of my love?  
When, lofty hills,  
And purring rills;  
The lambs at play,

And scenes so gay;  
Herds so rare,  
And flocks so fair;  
My shepherdess as light as air.  
My father, mother, &c.

## THE WREATH YOU WOVE.

The Poetry by Thomas Moore; the Music by Michael Kelly.

*Andantino.*

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, Is fair, but oh! how fair, Is fair, but oh! how fair, If Pi-ty's hand had stol'n from Love One leaf to min-gle there, One leaf to min-gle there! If ev-ry rose with gold was tied, Did gems for dew-drops fall, That fad-ed leaf, where love had sigh'd, Were sweet-ly worth them all. The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, the wreath you wove is fair; The wreath you wove the wreath you wove, Our emblems well may be: Its bloom is yours, but hapless Love Must keep its tears for me, Must keep its tears for me. The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, is fair, but oh! how fair, If Pi-ty's hand had stol'n from Love One leaf to min-gle there! The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, the wreath you wove is fair.

## ATTUNE THE PIPE, ATTUNE THE GLADSOME LAY.

Composed by Playel.

*Larghetto.*

At-tune the pipe, at-tune the glad-some lay, - A kiss from Lau-ra shall thy mu-sic pay: Let o-ther swains to praise or fame as-pire, thou from her lips the sweet re-ward re-quire. At-tune the pipe, at-tune the glad-some lay, - A kiss from Lau-ra shall thy mu-sic pay. Accept my hand, and could I add beside What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide, On thee alone their glittering prize should shine, And I alone, a constant maid, be thine. Attune the pipe, &c.

## THE LAND IN THE OCEAN.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin; the Music by T. Attwood.

*March.*

In the midst of the sea, like a tough man-of-war, Pull a-way, pull a-way, yo  
ho there! Stands an is-land sur-pass-log all o-thers by far: If you doubt it, you've  
oo-ly to go there. By Nep-tune 'twas built up-oo Free-dom's firm base, And for  
e-ver 'twill last, I've a oo-tion: All the world I de-fy to pro-duce such a place—  
Pull away! pull a-way! pull away! pull, I say—As the snug bit of land in the o-cean.

From the opposite shore puff'd with arrogant pride,  
Pull away! pull away, so clever,  
They've oft sworn as how they would come alongside,  
And destroy the poor island for ever;  
But Britannia is made of such durable stuff,  
And so tightly she's rigg'd, I've a notion,  
She'd soon give the saucy invaders enough—  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say—  
If they touch'd at the land in the ocean.

There was Howe, ever bold in that glorious cause—  
Pull away, pull away so stout, boys!  
Who gain'd on the first day of Jone such applause,  
And Mounseer he put to the rout, boys.  
The next was St. Vincent, who kick'd up a dust,  
As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion; (must.)  
For they swore not to strike; says he, 'Dumme, you  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,  
To the lads of the land in the ocean.

Adam Duncan came next,—'twas in autumn, you  
Pull away, pull away, so jolly— [know—  
That he made big Mynbeer strike his flag to a foe  
'Gainst whom all resistance was folly! (dunce,  
And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite a  
But a sad story home, I've a notion;  
So Duncan he beat a whole winter at once—  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,—  
What d'ye think of the land in the ocean?

Now the Frenchmen again have come in for their  
Pull away, pull away, so hearty,— (share—  
For Nelson has set all the world in a stare,  
And land-locked e'en the great Bonaparte;  
And we'd beat them again, should their stomachs la-  
But they're all pretty sick, I've a notion; (clasp,  
Then may Victory's sword to the olive resign—  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,  
And Peace crown the land in the ocean.

## THE ADIEU.

Composed by Dr. Jackson.

*Largo con espress.*

One kind kiss be-fore we part, Drop a tear and bid a - dieu, Drop, drop a  
tear, drop, drop a tear, Drop - - a tear and bid a - dieu. Tho' you se-ver,  
my fond heart, Till we meet, shall pant for you; One kind kiss be-fore we  
part! Drop, drop a tear; Drop, drop a tear; Drop a tear and bid a - dieu.

Yet! yet, weep not so, my love;  
Let me kiss that falling tear;  
Though my body must remove,  
All my soul must still be here.  
Yet! yet, weep not so, my love;  
Let me kiss that falling tear.

One kind kiss before we part,—  
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;  
All my soul and all my heart,  
Ev'ry wish, shall part for you.  
One kind kiss, then, ere we part;  
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

### THE WEST-COUNTRY BUMPKIN.

The Words by Collins; the Music adapted by W. Reeve.

Vivace.

John Bull was a bump-kin born and bred, At a clod-hop-ping vil-lage in  
Glo's-tershire; And as for this world, or the world that's to come, For to puz-zle his nod-dle 'twas  
as-ter the ne'er, For he ne-ver was known to set foot in a church, Till the  
day he took Do-ro-ty there for a wife; And says John, 'By the Lord, I was  
ne-ver be-fore In a place like a church all the days of my life,'—Tol lol de rol,  
lol de rol, lol lol lol de rol, Tol de rol lol de rol lol de rol lol.

'For there I look'd up, and seed nine or ten fellows,  
A singing as loud as their lungs cou'd clink;  
So, thinking that I was got into an ale-house,  
I look'd up and ax'd, if they'd nothing to drink,  
When up come a man, and he pull'd off my hat,  
And be told me no drink was allow'd in the place:  
I thought that for certain he must be the landlord,  
Or else I'd have feeb'd him a punch in the face.

'Howsomdever, I fancied 'twas never the ne'er  
For to kick up a dust, and to frighten the bride;  
So I went further in for to look at the place,  
And, lord! what a comical sight I espy'd!  
There was men-folk and women-folk pessa'd up to-  
gether,

Like as many wethers and ewes at a fair;  
Besides a long booby-hatch built up for holding  
The whole corporation justases and mayor.

'Then up got a little man into a tub,  
And he look'd just as tho' he'd been roll'd in the dirt,  
For you cou'd not suppose he cou'd be very clean,  
When he'd got nothing on but a linn black shirt,  
Excepting a little white slobbering bib,  
Tuck'd under his chin, and slit in two:—  
To be perch'd in a tub, and to wear a black shirt,  
I was puzs'd to think what a plague he cou'd do.

'For while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,  
And for mercy upon us did heartily pray,  
Another below, that sat in a chest,  
Was mocking of every word he did say;

And when he had fairly tired him out,  
To the very last word, to do anything by halves,  
I verily thought he was going to fight,  
For he stood up and call'd for a couple of staves!

'But the little man, tho' he had a black shirt on,  
Whipp'd over'u another as white as a clout;  
And then in a twink, with a twist of his fist,  
He set open the tub, and he let himself out:  
Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,  
And as tho' he had got neither shame nor grace,  
He dipp'd his fingers into a trough,  
And splash'd the cold water all over his face!

'To be sure I thought 'twas a shameful thing  
To serve a poor babe such a woundy trick;  
For tho' he did squeak like a pig that is stuck,  
They did mind him no more than a goosemunchick.  
Odsbobs! and I thought if the meggot shou'd bite,  
And they wanted to make hot a child of a man,  
Who cou'd tell but in turn, such a baby as I  
Might be souz'd in the trough like a cop in a pan.

'So I took to my heels, and I scamper'd away,  
Like a lusty fellow, for sure and sure;  
And swore in my throat if they ever catch'd I,  
O' the inside of a church door any more,  
They shou'd plump me up to the ass in the hog-  
trough,

Just like a toast in a tankard then,  
And souz me and sop me, and sop me and souz me,  
A hundred times over and over again.'

## TAM GLEN.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegretto.*

My heart is a breaking, dear tit-tie! Some coun-sel un-to me come  
 len! To an-ger them a' is a pi-ty. But what will I do wi' Tam  
 Glen? I'm think-ing, wi' sic a braw fal-low, In pair-tith we might mak' a  
 fen! What care I in rich-es to wal-low, If Insun-na mar-ry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,—  
 Gude day to you, fool, he comes ben;  
 He brags and he 'brawls o' his siller,  
 But when will he dance like 'Tam Glen?  
 My minnie does constantly deceive me,  
 And bids me beware o' young men;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me—  
 But wha can think see o' Tam Glen?  
 My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;  
 But, if it's ordain'd I muna tak him,  
 O! wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentine's dealin',  
 My heart to my mou' gied a steen  
 For thrice I drew aye without failin'  
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.  
 The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'  
 My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;  
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin',  
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen.  
 Come, counsel, dear tittle, don't tarry;  
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,  
 Gif ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

## MACLAINE.

The Poetry and Music by Miss Ross.

*Slow, with energy.*

Ban-ners are wav-ing o'er Mor-ven's dark heath, Clay-mores are flash-ing from  
 ma-oy a sheath; Hark! 'tis the gath'ring,—On, on-ward! they cry; Far flies the  
 Chorus.  
 sig-nal to con-quer or die. Then, fol-low thee! fol-low! a boat to the sea! Thy  
 prince, in gien Mol-dart, is wait-ing for thee! Where war-pipes are sound-ing, and  
 ban-ners are free, Mac-laine and his chieft-men the fore-most you'll see.

Wildly the war-cry has startled you stag,  
 And waken'd the echoes of Gillian's lone crag;  
 Up hill and down gien, each brave mountaineer  
 Has huz'd his plaid and mounted his spear.  
 Then follow thee! &c.  
 The signal is heard from moor-tale to shore;  
 They rush, like the flood, o'er dark Corry-vohr;

The war-cote is sound-log, loud, wildly, and high;  
 Louder they shout, 'On to conquer or die.'  
 Theo follow thee! &c.  
 The heath-bell at morn so proudly ye trod,  
 Son of the mountaineer, o'er covert thy sod  
 Wrapt in your plaid, mid the bravest ye lie,—  
 The words, as ye fell, still conquer or die!  
 Then follow thee! &c.

## ADIEU, MY NATIVE LAND, ADIEU.

The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by Chandler.

*Andante.*

A - dieu, my na - tive land, a - dieu! The ves-sel spreads her swell - ing sails: Per-  
haps I ne - ver more may view Your fer - tile fields, your flow'-ry  
*Fine.*  
dales: De - lu - sive hope can charm no more; Far from the faith-less maid I roam, Un-  
friend-ed, seek some so - reign shore, Un - tied leave my hum - ble home.

Farewell, dear village, O, farewell!  
Left on the gale, the murmur dies;  
I hear thy solemn evening bell,  
Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes.  
Tho' frequent falls the dawning tear,  
I scorn to shrink from fate's decree;  
And think not, dear maid, that e'er  
I'll breathe another sigh for thee.

In vain, thro' shades of frowning night,  
Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore;  
Deep sinks the fiery orb of night,  
I view thy beacons now no more.  
Rise, billows, rise! blow, hollow wind!  
Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear;  
Ye friendly, bear me hence, to find  
That peace which Fate denies me here.

## BY A MURMURING BROOK.

Composed by Sir John A. Stevenson.

*Andantino.*

By a mur-mar-ing brook, in a val-ley's deep shade, Where the wood-swee and  
night-in-gale dwell; Where the harsh eye of en-vy may ne-ver per-vade, O!  
grant me some moss-co-ver'd cell, O grant me some moss-co-ver'd cell.  
Round the mouth of my cave let the i-vy entwine, With the wood-bine and sweet-scented  
rose; Let the bless-ings of health and con-stant-ment be mine, And no  
*ad lib.*  
cares shall dis-turb my re- pose, And no cares shall dis-turb my re- pose.  
But, free from the ills that attend on the great,  
And far from all folly and strife,  
With sweet solitude's charms, in this humble retreat  
Let me spend the remains of my life.  
Round the mouth of my cave, &c.

## THE POST CAPTAIN.

The Words by Rannie; the Music by W. Shield.

*Cap. Sprito.*

When Steer-well heard me first im-part Our brave Com-man-der's sto-ry,  
 With ar-dent zeal his youth - ful heart Swell'd high for na - val glo-ry,  
 Re-solv'd to gain a val-ant name, For bold ad - ven - tures es-ger. When  
 first a lit-tle cab-in boy, on board the Fame, He would hold on the jig-ger, While  
 ten jol-ly tars, with mu-si-cal Joe, Hove the an-chor a-peak, sing - ing, Yoe, heave  
 yoe! Yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, heave yoe! Ten jol-ly tars, with mu - si-cal  
 Joe, Hove the an-chor a-peak, hove the an-chor a-peak, sing-ing, Yoe, heave yoe!

To hand top-ga'nt-sail next he learn'd,  
 With quickness, care, and spirit;  
 Whose generous master then discern'd  
 And priz'd his dawning merit.  
 He taught him soon to reef and steer  
 When storms convuls'd the ocean,  
 Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,  
 Which mark'd him for promotion;  
 As soon to the pilot c'er answer'd like he,  
 When he gave the command, Hard a-port, helm a-lee!  
 Luff, boys, luff, keep her near,  
 Clear the buoy, make the pier!  
 None to the pilot answer'd like he,  
 When he gave the command in the pool or at sea,  
 Hard a-port, helm a-lee!

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,  
 The foe he oft defeated;  
 And now, with fame and fortune crown'd,  
 Post Captain he is rated;—  
 Who, should our injur'd country bleed,  
 Still bravely would defend her;  
 Now bless'd with peace, if beauty plead,  
 He'll prove his heart as tender.  
 Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,  
 To poor and wealthy, friend or foe;  
 Wounded tars share his wealth,  
 All the fleet drink his health.  
 Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,  
 And always are ready compassion to show  
 To a brave conquer'd foe.

## HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

The Poetry by David Thomson, arranged to Mozart's 'Süsse, heilige Natur.'

*Andante.*

Thou who lov'st the de - sert wild, Far from fol - ly's noi - sy train,  
 Mild thy haunts se - ren and mild, Let me woo thy gen - tle reign!

Where the hare-bell blooms unknowns,  
Through her silent summer days;  
Where the dun deer stalks alone,  
O'er his pathless ferny maze:

Sweet will be my morning dreams  
'Mid thy forest's shelter'd glade;  
Bright as are its op'ning glens,  
Peaceful as its holiest shade:

### THE WILD IRISHMAN.

The Words by Charles Dibdin, the Younger; the Music by John Whitaker.

*Allegretto.*

One moo-oh-shi-ny morn-ing I came from Tra-lee, With a hey pip aod sing Drim-in-doo  
whack! Small brains in de hat where my head chanc'd to be, And falt to my coat sure I'd  
on-ly ooe back! I'd a clum-sy she-la-ly pluck'd up by the root of it, For  
him who was saucy to taste of the fruit of it; And, thus from Tra-lee Trun-dled  
o-ver the sea, To Lon-doo so gay, Oi I trot-ted a-way; Where the streets, I was told, had all  
pave-stones of gold, But that was the blar-ney of Pad-dy O'Shann; And when I came  
there, How the peo-ple did stare, And what was it at? but de wild I-rish-man! With a  
to-ra-loo foo-ra-loo drim-in-doo whack! Och! sure how they star'd at de wild I-rish-man.

My Cousin Mulrooney he lived in de place,  
Wid a hey pip and a drimindoo whack!  
I ax'd the folks where, but they laugh'd in my  
face,—  
'Bad manners,' said I, 'of politeness don't crack.'  
At last wid a rammer I found him a heaving stones,  
And just knocking decency into the paving stones.

'O! Paddy,' says I,  
'Is it you?' when awry  
He cock'd up his phiz,  
Aod said, 'May be it is,—  
And pray what brought yourself?'  
'O! says I, 'want of pelf';  
Says he, 'Sarrah the rap, raise for you I can;—  
It's all spent at best,  
So I'll give you the rest!'

And small comfort was that for de wild Irishman;  
With tooraloo fooraloo drimindoo whack!  
O, small comfort was that for de wild Irishman.

I'd oot take to hay-making, a mere man of straw,  
Wid a hey pip and a drimindoo whack!  
Nor handle the hod; so a sergeant I saw,  
And 'listed into the horse-infantry pack;  
Wid my figure, and firelock, och, sure! want stupid, Oi  
De ladies all call'd me a cavalry Cupid, Oi

Aod falt I may say  
I'd a bothering way;  
And when I was sent  
To the grand continent,  
Half a score, without flams,  
Broke their hearts, or drank drams;  
And a howl like a wake thro' the pack of 'em ran.  
Aod when back I go,  
Made an officer, Oi!  
Musha grah! how they'll fight for de wild Irishman;  
With tooraloo fooraloo drimindoo whack!  
Musha grah! how they'll fight for de wild Irish-  
man!



## WEEP FOR THOSE.

Hebrew Melody.—The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by J. Nathan.

*Large con Expression.*

O! weep for those that wept by Ba-bel's stream, Whose shrines are  
de-so-late, whose land a dream; Weep for the harp of Ju-dah's bro-ken  
shell; Mourn,—where their God hath dwelt, the god - less dwell! And where shall Is-ra-el  
lave her bleed-ing fret? And when shall Zi-on's songs a-gain seem sweet? And Ju-dah's  
me-lo-dy ooce more re - joice The hearts that leap'd be - fore its heav'n - ly  
voice? Tribes of the wand'-ring foot and weary breast, How shall ye flee away and be at rest?  
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave, Mankind their country, Is-ra-el but the grave!

## ROSE OF THIS ENCHANTED VALE.

Hindustanee Melody, arranged by C. E. Horn, to the Poetry of W. Reader.

*Vivace.*

Rose of this en-chant-ed vale, Why so lone and mourn-ful? Fair-er than the dawn-star  
peer, Art thou chill and scorn-ful? 'I am not the Rose,' she said, 'Sleep his lids is  
steep-ing; I am but a cap-tive maid, The Rose's slum-bers keep - - ing. Go! I  
fear that, o'er his ear, Our heed-less tones are creep-ing; Go! nor let one accent fall, His  
charm-ed dreams dis-pel-ling; Go! 'tis sa-cred still-ness all, Thro' our mossy dwell-ing.'

But, though free to roam at will,  
Youthful hopes impelling,  
I would be a captive still,  
To my Rose's dwelling.  
Now, upon his arched brows,  
In breathless bliss, I ponder;

Now the music of his vows  
Makes my senses wander;  
No charm for me were liberty,—  
I'm of thralldom fonder.—  
Go! nor let one accent fall, &c.

## MY OLD AUNT SALLY.

Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

*Fine.*

A-way down in New Orleans, I gets up-on de lan-din,' And dere I spies my  
old Aunt Sal, up-on de track a stand-in'; I ax her, 'Wont you take a ride wid  
me, dis cot-ton sea-son;— I neb-ber spoke a - no - der word, a - cos I had no  
*Chorus.*  
rea-son; No reason, no reason, A - cos I had no reason; I nebber spoke an - o - der word, A -  
cos I had no rea-son— Sal-ly!

I hitch de bull afore de cart, like a cleber feller—  
Hit him a hit to make him go—de brute began to beller;  
I turn round to look for Sal—I nebber shall forget  
'em— [bottom—  
Dar I see her kickin' her heels upon de sandy  
Bottom, de bottom! upon de sandy bottom!  
Dar I see her kickin' her heels upon de sandy bottom.  
Sally, Sally, &c.  
Now I'd hab you all to gib de most partic'lar 'tention  
To a circumstantial fact dat I'm gwine jist to men-  
tion;  
I want to hab you all to know for pluck I ain't a lackin',  
'Cept when I'm ask'd to hab a fight—and den I wants  
good backin',  
Backin', backin', and den I wants good backin',  
'Cept when I'm ask'd to hab a fight—and den I wants  
good backin'.

Sally, Sally, &amp;c.

Up de hill, an' down de dale—I didn't seem to mind  
her, [behind her—  
De bull kept on a-chasing Sal—she nebber look'd  
Till he ran slick agin a stump, and found himself  
mistaken— [bacon—  
Den Sal dodg'd on tudder side, in hope to save her  
Bacon, her bacon—in hope to save her bacon;  
How Sal dodg'd on tudder side, in hope to save her  
bacon! Sally, Sally, &c.  
Sal stuck her back agin de stump—I envied not her  
lodgin'— [kept a dodgin';  
De bull kept prancing round de stump, and Sal she  
She jump a rod or two aside—you ought to see her  
bound it, [prancin' round it;  
And if de bull ain't slipp'd him breff, him still is  
Round it, round it, him still is prancin' round it;  
And if de bull ain't slipp'd him breff, him still is  
prancin' round it! Sally, Sally, &c.

## BY THE GAYLY CIRCLING GLASS.

The Poetry from Milton's 'Comus'; the Music by Dr. Arne.

*Fine.*

By the gay-ly cir-cling glass, We can see how mi-nutes pass; By the hol-low  
cask are told How the wa-ning night grows old, How the waning night grows old.  
Soon, too soon the ou-sy day Drives us from our sports a-way; What have  
we with day to do? Sons of care, 'twas made for you,—Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

## LOVE'S LIKE A SUMMER'S DAY.

The Poetry by George Macfarren; the Music by J. Blewitt.

*Vivace.*  
*ad lib.*  
 Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And scent-  
*a tempo.*  
*ad lib.*  
 ed by flow-ers; Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light  
 Zephyr's wing, And scent-ed by flow-ers. Where Love has fix'd its home, Pleasure is sure to  
 come, And sprinkle the spot with am-bro-sial showers; Where Love has fix'd its home, Pleasure is  
*ad lib.*  
 sure to come, And sprin-kle the spot with am-bro-sial show'rs. - - - - -  
*ad lib.*  
 Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And  
*a tempo.*  
 scent-ed by flow-ers; Love's like a sum-mer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray,  
 Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And scent-ed by flowers. Sometimes a gloomy cloud, Chill-blast, or  
 tem-pest loud, Darkens the azure sky, And hlights the gay scene; But, where the heart is true,  
*ad lib.*  
 Soon it regains its hue: Hope spreads a rainbow That makes all so-re-ne.  
*ad lib.*  
 Love's like a sum-mer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And  
*a tempo.*  
 scent-ed by flow-ers; Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light  
 Zephyr's wing, And scent-ed by flow-ers, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And scented by flow'rs, And  
*Cadenza ad lib.*  
 scent-ed by flow'rs, And scented by flow'rs, And scent-ed by flow'rs, And scent-ed by flow'rs.

## THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, Esq.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Con espressione e anima.*

If thou wouldst win a last-ing fame, And make the fu-ture bless thy name,—Be-gin thy  
 pe-ri-lous en-ter-prize, And walk thy way with-out a fear: And if thou hast a voice with-  
 in That e-ver whisper work and win;—If thou canst plan a no-ble deed, — And  
*ad lib. tempo.*  
 ne-ver flag till it suc-ceed; If thou canst struggle day and night, And keep thy  
 cy-no-sure in sight;—If thou canst dine up-on a crust, Nor pine that fortune is un-just;—

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,  
 The knave or fool in purple dress'd;—  
 If thou canst toil, the long-live day,  
 At thankless work, for scanty pay;—  
 If, in thy progress to renown,  
 Thou canst endure the scoff and frown,  
 And bear the treacherous embrace  
 Of those who run the selfsame race;—  
 If thou in darkest days canst find  
 An inner brightness in thy mind,  
 Whatever obstacles control,  
 Go on, true heart, thou'lt reach the goal.

But, if so bent on worldly fame  
 That thou must gild thy living name,  
 And hast not strength to watch and pray  
 To seize thy time and force thy way;—  
 If failure might thy soul oppress,  
 And make thee like thy soul the less;—  
 Should rivalry thy fame forestall,  
 And thou let tears or curses fall;—  
 Pause ere thou tempt the hard career—  
 Thy heart will break, thy brain will wear:—  
 Content thee with a meagre lot,  
 Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

## HOW FAIR THE HEAVENS.

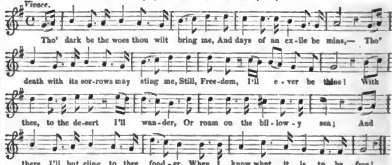
The Poetry by G. Soune, A.B.; arranged to the air 'Dolce Pensiero,' in Rossini's opera of 'Semiramide.'  
Published by Davidson.

*Allegretto.*  
 How fair the hea - vens, how sweet the flow - ers, To one who leaves - the  
 bed of pain! Ah! what joy is in the wel-come hours! I live and  
 breathe my-self a - gain, I live and breathe  
 my-self a - gain - I live  
 and breathe my-self a - gain, my-self a-gain.  
 In all around me itself revealing,  
 The spirit stirs of life and love;  
 Ah! in such an hour of blissful feeling  
 We seem more near the world above.

## THOUGH DARK BE THE WOES.

The Poetry by J. A. Wade; the Music by Playel.

*Vivace.*



Tho' dark be the woes thou wilt bring me, And days of an ex-ile be mine,— Tho'  
 death with its sor-rows may sting me, Still, Free-dom, I'll e-ver be thine! With  
 thee, to the de-sert I'll wan-der, Or roam on the bil-low-y sea; And  
 there I'll but cling to thee fond-er, When I know what it is to be free!

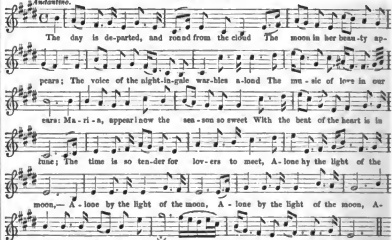
Is the glen of some far-distant mountain,  
 Like that where thy image first smil'd,  
 I will sing, by the fall of the fountain,  
 The songs thou hast taught me so wild:

For there is the place I will find thee,  
 Far, far from the courts of the slave;  
 And I'll think not of joys left behind me,  
 If bless'd with thy light o'er my grave.

## ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

Composed by Hook.

*Andantino.*



The day is de-parted, and round from the cloud The moon in her beam-ty ap-  
 pears; The voice of the night-in-gale war-bles a-loud The mu-sic of love in our  
 ears: Ma-ri-a, appear! now the sea-son so sweet With the beat of the heart is in  
 tune; The time is so ten-der for lov-ers to meet, A-lone by the light of the  
 moon,— A-lone by the light of the moon, A-lone by the light of the moon, A-  
 lone by the light of the moon, A - - lone by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel;  
 I sigh—can a lover do more?  
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,  
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.  
 Maria, my love, do you long for the grove?  
 Do you sigh for an interview soon?  
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me, as you rove  
 Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,  
 My bosom is all in a glow; [ear,  
 Your voice when it vibrates so sweet through mine  
 My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.  
 Ye pow'rs of the sky, will your bounty divine  
 Indulge a fond lover his boon?  
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,  
 Alone by the light of the moon?

## THE BRIDE AND HER LOVE, WHERE ARE THEY?

The Poetry by Neele; the Music by Robert William Dixon.

*Andante Grazioso.*

Did ye see the red rose on its bon-ny green stem, As it o-pen'd its lips to the  
dew? Tha new-ly fledg'd birds, did ye look up-on them, Just flutt'-ring their  
wings as they flew? Did ye mark the young light, dawn-ing dim in the east, With the  
clouds cold and si-lent a - bove? Did ye hear the bells ring at the vil-lage-spread  
feast? Did ye see the young bride and her love? Did ye hear the bells  
*Ritard. fin lento ad lib.*  
ring at the vil-lage-spread feast? Did ye see the young bride and her love?

O! the rose it has bloom'd—it is wither'd, is dead,  
And the leaves blown away with a breath;  
O! the birds they are grown—they are strong, they  
are fled,  
And the fowler has done them to death:

O! the light brighten'd forth over woodland and  
dell,  
Then it faded and faded away;  
And the bells that were ringing are tolling a knell,  
And the bride and her love, where are they?

## THE SIGH OF HER HEART WAS SINCERE.

*Largo Express.*

The Poetry by Peter Pindar; the Music by Sir J. Stevenson.

The sigh of her heart was sin-cere, When blush-ing she whis-per'd her love,— A  
sound of de-light in my ear, Her voice was the voice of a dove. Ah! who could from  
Phil-li-da fly? Yae I sought o-ther nymphs of the vale,— For-got her sweet blush and her  
sigh— For - got that I told her my tale, For-got that I told her my tale.

In sorrow I wish'd to return,  
And the tale of my passion renew:—  
'Go, shepherd,' she answer'd with scorn—  
'False shepherd, for ever adieu!

For thee no more tears will I shed;  
From thee to fair friendship I go:  
The bird by a wound that has bled  
Is happy to fly from its foe.'

## NANCY'S TO THE GREEN-WOOD GANE.

Scottish Melody.—The Words by Anslie.

*Moderate.*

Nan-cy's to the green-wood gane, To hear the gowd-splink chatt'-ring;  
 And Wil-lie he has fol-low'd her, To gain her love by flatt'-ring:  
 But a' that he could say or do, She geck'd and scoru-ed at him; And,  
 aye when he be--gan to woo, She bade him mind wha gat him.

'What ails ye at my dad?' quoth he,  
 My minnie or my auntie?  
 Wi' crowdy-mowdy they fed me,  
 Lang-kale, and ranty-tanty:  
 Wi' bassocks o' guid barley-meal,  
 Of thae there was richt plenty,  
 Wi' chappit stocks fu' butter'd wool,  
 And was not that richt dainty?

'Although my father was nae laird,  
 'Tis daffin to be vinty,  
 He keppt aye a guid kale-yard,  
 A ha' house, and a pantry:  
 A guid blue bonnet on his head,  
 An overlay 'bout his craigie;  
 And, aye until the day he dee'd,  
 He rode on guid shank's-naigie.'

'Now wae and wonder on your snout,  
 Wad ye hae bonnie Nancy?  
 Wad ye compare yoursel' to me—  
 A docken till a tannie?  
 I hae a wooer o' my ain,  
 They ca' him Souple Sandy;  
 And weel I wat his bonnie mou'  
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.'

'Now, Nancy, what need a' this din?  
 Do I no ken this Sandy?  
 I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin  
 Was Rab, the beggar-randy:  
 His minny Meg upon her back  
 Bare baith him and his billy;  
 Will ye compare a santy pack  
 To me, your winsome Willie?'

'My gutcher left a guid braidsword;  
 Though it be anid and rusty,  
 Yet—ye may tak' it on my word,—  
 It is baith stout and trusty;  
 And if I can but get it drawn,  
 Which will be richt uneasy,  
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
 That he shall get a heezy.'

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,  
 And said, 'Did Sandy bear ye,  
 Ye wadnae miss to get a clout;  
 I ken he dinnae fear ye:  
 Sae hand your tongue, and say nae mair;  
 Set somewhere else your fancy;  
 For, as lang's Sandy's to the fore,  
 Ye never shall get Nancy.'

## TULLOCHGORUM.

The Poetry by the Rev. John Skinner; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegro con Spirito.*

'Come, gie's a sang,' Mont-gome-ry cried, 'And lay your dis-putes all a-side; What  
 sig-ni-fies't for folks to chide For what's been done be-fore 'em? Let Whig and To-ry  
 all a-gree, Whig and To-ry, Whig and To-ry, Whig and To-ry all a-gree, To



'O, Tullochgorum's my delight;  
It gars us a' in aye unite;  
And ony sump that keeps up spite,  
In conscience I abhor him.  
For blithe and merry we's be a',  
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,  
Blithe and merry we's be a',  
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.  
Blithe and merry we's be a',  
As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
And dance, till we be like to fa',  
The reel of Tullochgorum.

'There need na be sae great a phrasie,  
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;  
I wadna gie our sin strathspeys  
For half a hundred score o' 'em.  
They're dooff and dowie at the best,  
Dooff and dowie, dooff and dowie;  
They're dooff and dowie at the best,  
Wi' a' their variorum.  
They're dooff and dowie at the best,  
Their allegros, and a' the rest;  
They canna please a Highland taste,  
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

'Let waridly minds themselves oppress  
Wi' fear of want and double cess,  
And sullen sots themselves distress  
Wi' keeping up decorum.  
Shall we see sour and sulky sit,  
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,—

Shall we see sour and sulky sit,  
Like auld Philosophorum?  
Shall we see sour and sulky sit,  
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
And canna rise to shake a fit  
To the reel of Tullochgorum?

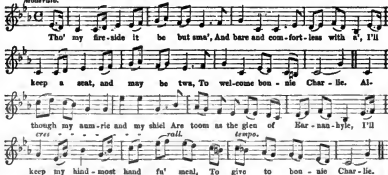
'May choicest blessings still attend  
Each honest-hearted open friend;  
May calm and quiet be his end,  
And a' that's good watch o'er him!  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty;  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
And dainties, a great store o' 'em!  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;  
And may he never want a groat,  
That's foud of Tullochgorum.

'But for the discontented fool,  
Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
And discontent devour him!  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow;—  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And a' the lijs that come frae France,  
Whae'er he be that wins a dance  
The reel of Tullochgorum!

### BONNIE CHARLIE.

Jacobite Song, ascribed to Capt. Stuart.—Arranged by Elizabeth Masson.

*Moderato.*



Although my lands are fair and wide,  
It's there nae longer I mean hide;  
Yet my last hoof, and horn, and hide,  
I'll gie to bonnie Charlie.

Although my heart is unco sair  
And lies fu' lowly in its lair,  
Yet the last drap o' blude that's there,  
I'll gie for bonnie Charlie.



## ZORCICO.—THE BISCAYEN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Peninsular Melody—The Poetry by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.



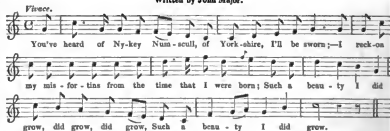
O! soft-ly falls the foot of love Where those he worships rest, More gen-tle than a  
mo-ther bird Who seeks her down-y nest; And thus I steal to thee, be-lov'd, Be-neath the  
dark, the dark blue night: O, come to our unconquer'd hills, For there the stars are bright.

O! pleasant 'tis to wander out,  
When only thou and I  
Are there, to speak one happy thought  
To that far silent sky!  
The valleys down beneath are full  
Of voices and of men;  
O! come to our untrodden hills;  
They will not tell again.

The balmy air may breathe as sweet,  
With perfume floating slow;  
But here, where thou and I may roam,  
The fresh wild breezes blow.  
O! here each little flow'ret seems  
To know that it is free;  
The winds on our unconquer'd hills—  
Are full of liberty!

THE YORKSHIRE BEAUTY, OR THE MISFORTUNE OF  
BEING HANDSOME.

Written by John Major.



You've heard of Ny-key Num-scul, of York-shire, I'll be sworn;—I reck-on  
my mis-for-tins from the time that I were born; Such a beau-ty I did  
grow, did grow, did grow, Such a beau-ty I did grow.

For when I was a little boy, at two or three years  
old,  
The people all admir'd me, as I have since been told,  
Such a beauty I did grow!

My Mother, she was frightful as the sun wou'd tan  
my skin,  
So she slouch'd my hat o'er eyes and all,—down to  
Such a beauty I did grow!

Then I were sent to school, in another year or two;  
But I ne'er cou'd learn my letters,—folks they made  
so much a-do,  
Such a beauty I did grow!

But, as for education, Mother said as that were  
naught;  
For the lad cou'd make his fortin, ay! as quick, as  
quick, as thought!  
Such a beauty I did grow!

Yet, ere I came to man's estate, my chance were  
a'most gone,  
For among so many lasses, I cou'd never fix on one,  
Such a beauty I did grow!

Then the girls pretend to hate me, lord! the cause  
were plain to see;  
'Twere such a disadvantage, when they stood beside  
Such a beauty I did grow!

O! the plague of being handsome there's but very  
few as knows;  
I cou'dn't walk about, but folks cried, 'Look! see—  
there he goes!'  
Such a beauty I did grow.

Some said it were a shame I wasn't made a prince's  
page;  
And some said I were fitter to be—show'd up on a  
Such a beauty I did grow!

So, tis'd quite wi' being praised (upon my life, it's  
true),  
I wish'd mysen as ugly—ay! as—any one o' you,  
Such a beauty I did grow!

Thus, tens'd and vex'd on all sides—lord! what  
cou'd a body do?  
I fretted sick, and made mysen—just—what you  
Such a beauty I did grow!

## HYMN TO FREEDOM

Irish Melody, 'Down beside me;' the Poetry by M. J. Barry, published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Nation.'

*Andante.*

God of love! low bending  
 To thy throne we turn—  
 Let thy rays descending  
 Through our island burn;  
 Let no strife divide us,  
 But, from Heaven above,  
 Look on us and guide us;—  
 Hear us, God of love!

God of battles! aid us;  
 Let no despot's might  
 Trample or degrade us.  
 Seeking this our right!  
 Arm us for the danger;  
 Keep all craven fear  
 To our breasts a stranger;—  
 God of battles! hear.

God of right! preserve us  
 Just—as we are strong;  
 Let no passion avenge us  
 To one act of wrong—  
 Let no thought unholy  
 Come our cause to blight;—  
 Thus we pray thee, lowly—  
 Hear us, God of right!

God of vengeance! smite us  
 With thy shaft sublime,  
 If one bond unite us  
 Forg'd in fraud or crime!  
 But, if humbly kneeling,  
 We implore thine ear,  
 For our rights appealing—  
 God of nations! hear.

## BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN.

The Words by Cross; the Music by J. Sanderson.

*Allergo.*


Bound man-of-war I enter'd next, and learn'd to  
 quaff good flip,  
 And far from home we scudded on so gay;  
 I ran my rips, but lik'd so well my captain, crew,  
 and ship, [away.  
 That, run what will, why—damme if ever I run  
 Singing, ri tol, &c.  
 With Drake I've sail'd the world around, and  
 learn'd a bit to fight,  
 But somehow I a prisoner was ta'en;

So, when the Spanish jailor to my dungeon show'd  
 a light, [again.  
 I blind'd both his peepers, and then ran away  
 Singing, ri tol, &c.  
 I've run a many risks in life, on ocean and on shore,  
 But always, like a Briton, got the day;  
 And, fighting in old England's cause, will run as  
 many more.  
 But, let me face ten thousand foes, will never  
 run away. Singing, ri tol, &c.

## TIME FLIES.

The Music arranged by T. Cooke.

*Allegretto.*



Old Time, to-day, 'twines slow'rs A - bout his scythe and glass, And all the lit - tie  
 hours On light - est tip - toe pass; It is our vil - lage fair, The world as - sem - bles  
 there, The world as - sem - bles there. Old Time, to-day, 'twines slow'rs A - bout his  
 scythe and glass, And all the lit - tie hours On light - est tip - toe pass. 'Come! catch me, still, 'Time  
 cries, 'Time cries; He smiles, but ah! ah! he flies, he smiles, but ah! ah! he flies.  
 The beaux will round me crowd, I blush of course, — and smile, —  
 To gaze on face so fair; But copy Time the while.  
 They sigh, they whisper loud, Old Time, to-day, &c.  
 And murmur'd raptures swear:

## IN THE WOODY WILDS WE DWELL.

Hindustanee Melody, arranged by C. E. Horn, to the Poetry of W. Reader.

*Vivace.*



In the wood - y wilds we dwell; Arch - er - sports the gloom dis - pel; Branch - lag no - bly  
 o - ver - head, Groves roof our leaf - y bed; Night - winds bum our ves - per knell; Bu - gles  
 blithe the dawn - ing tell; Scar'd wakes the dun deer up, That's couch'd in nook or cell.  
 Here, no breath of sor - row Taints the gale with fe - ver'd sigh; Harp, — and flask, — and  
 hunt - ing spear, — they make the mo - ments fly! In the wood - y wilds we dwell;  
 Arch - er - sports the gloom dis - pel; Scar'd wakes the dun deer up, that's couch'd in nook or cell.  
 From man's fitful gory game, Here, no hapless stranger  
 War, which spirits weep to name; Ever sought repose in vain;  
 Dreaming pride, whose antic toil Harp, — and flask, — and hunting - spear, — how swift  
 Fate views with pensive smile; they banish pain!  
 Love, whose hopes and wistful fears In the woody wilds we dwell;  
 Draw the Hours' vision - tears; Archer - sports the gloom dispel;  
 Fly from these to our green wood, which Joy's fair Scar'd wakes the dun deer up, that's couch'd in  
 taper cheers. nook or cell.

## DIE FEEN KONIGINN—THE FAIRY QUEEN.

The Poetry by T. H. Stirling; the Music by C. Walther.

*Allegretto espressivo.*

I am a Fal-ry Queen! my ma-gic pow-er Bound-less ex-tends o'er the  
 sea and the land; Thou-sands will hast-en from wood, cave, and bow-er,  
 Should my rals'd scap-tre their pre-sence com-mand; And swift-ly and st-leot-ly,  
 hush, hush, hush, hush! On air-y pin-ions, My fair-y min-ions Speed o'er the  
 heath, Through the woods and the bush,—Speed o'er the heath, through the woods and the bush.

When in deep midnigh, while mortals would slom-ber,

Sil-ry the full-moon beams over the mound;  
 Fairies about me, and countless in number,  
 Dancing in nice-fold ecirclets around;  
 With nimble and airy steps, trip, trip, trip, trip!

Silently gliding,

Circling and sliding,

Light o'er the grass, and the flowers they'll skip.

And when the mystical dance is concluded,

Each of the fairies relates her best feat;

Then, sent again 'mongst the sleepers deluded,

Haste! the assembly will make their retreat;

And in my mischievous quick, quick, quick, quick!

Good people pining,

But the bad teasing,

Or they will cherish, or play them some trick.

## I THOUGHT OUR QUARRELS ENDED.

From 'No Soog, no Sopper'; the Music by Gretry.

*Allegretto.*

I thought our quar-rels end-ed, And set my heart at ease; 'Tis strange you've thus of-  
 fend-ed! You take de-light to tease; Yes, yes! you take de-light to tease! Dear  
 sir, de-cide the strife Be-tween your child and wife; A-las! the grief I feel I  
 dare not to re-veal,—I know that you be-lieve For Fred'rick's loss! grieve—Psho, psho, psho,  
 psho; ve-ry well, ve-ry—well, as you please; ve-ry well, ve-ry well, thiek as yun please.

Io vain I'm always striving  
 To make our diff'rence cease;  
 If you're disputes contriving,  
 And will not live in peace,—  
 No, no!

You will not live in peace:  
 I'm vex'd, dear sir, for you,  
 But say, what can I do?  
 To none I can complain,—  
 How cruel is my pain!  
 I know that you believe, &c.

## IF FOR ME, IF FOR ME.

*Allegretto.*

The Poetry by William Marshall; the Music by Aug. Voigt.

If for me, if for me, o-ther maid thou shouldst leave, And be - tray the young  
heart thou hast taught to be - lieve, That no sigh for an - o-ther hath poi-son'd thy  
lip, Since from her's Love's first dew - drop you ven - tur'd to sip, Since from  
her's Love's first dew - drop you ven-tur'd to sip, No no, no! No, no, no! ne-ver  
come to my bow'r; No, no, no! No, no, no! ne-ver come to my bow'r.  
But, O! if to me, if to me thou canst bring A lip that hath ne'er broke the vow it could frame,  
A heart that first vibrates to love's dulcet string, An eye that, once fix'd, burns with one steady flame;  
Yes, you may come to my bow'r.

## AND THIS I THINK A REASON FAIR.

The Words by Capt. Morris; the Music by Dibdin.

I'm of-ten ask'd by plodding souls, And men of so-ber tongue, What joy I take in  
drain-ing bowls, And tipping all night long; But tho' these cau-tious knaves I scorn, For  
ance I'll not dis - dain To tell them why I sit till morn, And fill my glass a - gain, To  
tell them why I sit till morn, And fill my glass a-gain, And fill my glass a-gain.  
'Tis by the glow my bumper gives,  
Life's picture 's mellow made;  
The fading light then brightly lives,  
And softly sinks the shade.  
Some happier tint still rises there,  
With every drop I drain,  
And that I think 's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.  
My Muse, too, when her wings are dry  
No frolic flights will take,  
But round the bowl she'll dip and fly,  
Like swallows round a lake.  
Then, if each nymph will have her share,  
Before she'll bless her swain,  
Why, that I think 's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.  
In life, I've rung all changes through,  
Run ev'ry pleasure down,  
'Mid each extreme of folly, too,  
And liv'd with half the town:  
For me, there's nothing new nor rare,  
Till wine deceives my brain,  
And that I think 's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.  
There's many a lad I knew is dead,  
And many a lass grown old,  
And, as the lesson strikes my head,  
My weary heart grows cold:  
But wine awhile drives off despair,—  
Nay, bids a hape remain!—  
Why, that I think 's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.  
I find, too, when I stiat my glass,  
And sit with sober air,  
I'm pros'd by some dull reasoning ass,  
Who treads the path of care;  
Or, harder still, am doom'd to bear  
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain,  
And that I'm sure's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.

Though hipp'd and vex'd at England's fate,  
In these convulsive days,  
I can't endure the ruin'd state  
My sober eye surveys;  
But, through the bottle's dazzling glare,  
The gloom is seen less plain,  
And that I think 's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.

But now I'll tell, to end my song,  
At what I most repine;  
This war has been as other wars—  
No frised to good port wine;  
For port, they say, will soon be rare,  
As juice of France and Spain,  
And that I think 's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.

### 'NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL!'

The Poetry and Music by Miss Louisa H. Sheridan.

*Andante con Rapres.*

O, Love! I de-fy'd thee this bo-som to move, And dar'd thee my re-bel pre-  
sump-tion to quell; Now I yield! for I've seen one I could not but love, 'Not  
wise-ly, but too well!' I dare not en-coun-ter his eyes, nor re-prove The  
feel-ing their e-lo-quent glan-ces oft tell; But I'm told I  
must shun him, for hope-less I love, 'No' wise-ly, but too well!'  
In the dance there is joy,—if together we move;—  
In his voice, when we sing, there's a rapturous  
spell;  
His presence gives light to this soul; for I love,  
'Not wisely,—but too well!'

They tell me that I shall behold him no more,  
That Time's chilling hand may his image dispel;  
But they know not this heart! which was formed  
to adore  
'Not wisely,—but too well!'

### REMEMBER ME, WHEN FAR AWAY.

The Poetry by G. Walker; the Music by J. Whitaker.

*Andante con Rapres.*

Re-mem-ber me when, far a-way, I jour-ney thro' the world's wide waste; Re-  
mem-ber me at ear-ly day, Or when the ev'-ning sha-dows haste, Or  
when the ev'-ning shadows haste, When high the pen-sive moon ap-pears, And night, with  
all her star-ry train, Gives rest to hu-man hopes and fears, Gives rest to hu-man  
hopes and fears, Remem-ber I a lone com-plain, Re-mem-ber I a lone complain,  
Remember me, when'er you sigh,  
Be it at midnight's silent hour;  
Remember me, and think that I  
Return thy sigh, and feel its pow'r.

Where'er you think on those away,  
Or when you bend the pious knee,  
Or when your thoughts to pleasure stray,  
O! then dear maid, remember me.

## O! SWIFT WE GO.

The Poetry by J. T. Fields; the Music by Joseph Philip Knight.

*Allegro sprito.*

O! swift we go o'er the see - cy snow, When moon - beams spar - kle round; When  
hoofs keep time to mu - sic's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound, As mer - ri - ly  
on we bound, As mer - ri - ly on we bound. On a win - ter's night, when  
hearts are light, And health is on the wind, We loose the rein and sweep the plain, And  
leave our cares be - hind, And leave our cares be - hind. O! swift we go o'er the see - cy  
snow, When moon - beams spar - kle round; When hoofs keep time to music's chime, As  
mer - ri - ly on we bound, As mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on we  
bound, As mer - ri - ly on we bound. As mer - ri - ly on we bound

With a laugh and song we glide along,  
Across the fleeting snow;  
With friends beside, how swift we ride  
On the beautiful track below!

O! the raging sea has joy for me,  
When gale and tempest roar;  
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,  
And I'll ask for waves no more.  
O! swift we go, &c.

## THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

The Words by M. P. Andrews; the Music by Miss Abrams.

*Larghetto*

For thee, all the hard - ships of life I could bear, And brave the at - tacks of mis -  
for - tune and care; But care and mis - for - tune my mind would sub - duce, If the  
friend of my heart, If the friend of my heart, must partake of them too.

Had fate from its bounty propitiously lent  
Enough but to furnish the cot with content,  
The dictates of love in that cot I'd pursue,  
For the friend of my heart would partake of it too.

But Nancy, with naught but her truth to endear,  
With nothing to give to distress but a tear,  
Can ne'er look for comfort, with ruin in view,  
And the friend of her heart to partake of it too.

## WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE.

A Jacobite Song.

*Moderate.*

WHA wad - na fecht for Char - lie? WHA wad - na draw the sword? WHA wad - na  
up and ral - ly At the roy - al prince's word? Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes; Think on  
fo - reign foes re - pell'd; Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Who the proud u -  
surp - ers quell'd! WHA wad - na fecht for Char - lie? WHA wad - na draw the sword?  
WHA wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al prin - ce's word?

Rouse, rouse, ye pitted warriors;  
Rouse, ye serdes of the north;  
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,—  
'Tis your prince that leads you forth.  
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?  
Shall we own a foreign sway?  
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,  
While a stranger rules the day?  
WHA WADNA, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!  
See Glengarry and Lochiel!  
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!  
Highland hearts are true as steel!  
Now our prince has rais'd his banner;  
Now triumphant is our cause;  
Now the Scottish lion rallies,—  
Let us strike for prince and laws.  
WHA WADNA, &c.

## THE DE'IL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Vivace.*

The de'il cam sd - dila' through the town, And danc'd a - wa' wi' th' ex - cise - man;  
And il - ka wife cries—Auld Ma-houn, I wish you luck o' the prize, man! The  
de'il's a - wa', the de'il's a - wa', The de'il's a - wa', wi' th' ex - cise - man; He's  
danc'd a - wa', he's danc'd a - wa', He's danc'd a - wa' wi' th' ex - cise - man.

We'll mak our mast, we'll brew our drink,  
We'll dance, sing, and rejoice, man!  
And mony brow thanks to the meikle black de'il,  
That danc'd awa' wi' th' exciseman.  
The de'il's awa', &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;  
But the ae best dance s'er cam' to the laod,  
Was, 'The de'il's awa' wi' th' exciseman.'  
The de'il's awa', &c.



## THE HARDY SAILOR.

Composed by W. Shield.

*Gravioso.*

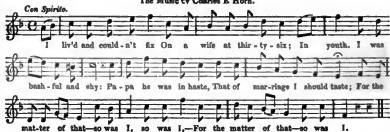


The har-dy sail-or braves the o-cean, Fear-less of the roar-ing wind;  
 Yet his heart with soft e-motion Throbs to leave his love behind;—throbs, throbs,  
 throbs, throbs; Yet his heart with soft e-motion throbs to leave his love be-hind, - - To  
*Fine.*  
 leave his love be-hind - - - - - To leave, to leave his love be-hind.  
 To dread of fo-reign foes a stranger, Tho' the youth can daunt-less roam, A-  
 larm-ing fears paint ev'-ry dan-ger In a ri-val left at home; A-larm-ing  
 fears paint ev'-ry dan-ger In a ri-val left at home. - - - The

## SALLY PELL.

The Music by Charles E. Horn.

*Con Spirito.*



I liv'd and could-n't fix On a wife at thir-ty-six; In youth, I was  
 beah-ful and shy; Pa-pa he was in haste, That of mar-ringe I should taste; For the  
 mat-ter of that—so was I, so was I,—For the matter of that—so was I.

So I thought with Sally Pell,  
 Whn was then a village belle,  
 My fortune in wedlock to try.  
 O, 'Will you be my bride?'  
 'I am ready, sir,' she cried;  
 Says I, 'Sweet Sally—so am I.'  
 But, for want of children, we  
 Never had a family,  
 For which Mrs. L. she would sigh:  
 So she took a little school,  
 And to follow such a rule,  
 For the matter of that—so did I.

But, alas! one relay day,  
 She talk'd her breath away,  
 And, when the breath is out, one must die.  
 'Tis pity—yet 'tis true,  
 Yet just the same must you; and,  
 For the matter of that—so must I.  
 The defunct Mistress L.,  
 As the tombstone will tell,  
 Now rests for a time—quietly;  
 And ever since the cough  
 That took my poor wife off,  
 For the matter of that—so have I.

## THE TIRED SOLDIER.

The Music by T. Coombe.

*Firce.*

The ti-red sol-dier bold and brave, Now rests his wea-ry feet, And to the shel-ter of a grave Has made a safe re-treat. To him the trum-pet's pierc-ing breath, Calls forth to arms in vain; Ned, quar-ter'd in the arms of death, Ned, quar-ter'd in the arms of death, Will ne-ver march, march a-gain, Will ne-ver, ne-ver, march a-gain. To him the trum-pet's pierc-ing breath Calls forth to arms in vain; Ned, quar-ter'd in the arms of death, Ned, quar-ter'd in the arms of death, Will ne-ver march a-gain, Will ne-ver, never, march a-gain.

A boy he left his father's home,  
The chance of war to try;  
O'er regions not retrod to roam—  
No friend nor brother nigh.  
Yet still he march'd contented on;  
Met danger, death, and pain;  
But now he halts—his toil is done,  
He'll never march again.

The sweets of spring by beauty's hand  
Lies scattered o'er his bier.  
His comrades, as they silent stand,  
Drop honest Ned a tear.  
And lovely Kate, poor Ned's delight,  
Chief mourner of the train,  
Cried, as she viewed the dreadful sight,  
He'll never march again.

## COME BUY MY BALLADS.

Composed by M. P. King.

*Andante affettuoso.*

Come, buy my bal-lads, in-dies kind; Like you they're ten-der, as you'll find. Here's tales of love, and tales of woe, That sure will melt your hearts to know.

Here's how young William went to sea  
In search of gold, for none had he;  
And how, alas, when he came home,  
He found his true-love—dead and gone.  
Here's next, how Edward, torn afar  
From her he lov'd by cruel war,

Said—Weep not, Mary, should we gain  
The vict'ry, then I—but he was slain.  
And now, here's how the wretched maid  
Each hour bewails her Edward's shade.—  
O ladies sweet! that maid behold,  
Whose tale is in this ballad told.

## JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Hebrew Melody.—The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by I. Nathan.

*Adagio.*



Since our country, our God,—O! my sire! De-mand that thy daugh-ter ex-pire;



Since thy tri-umph was bought by thy vow, Strike the bosom that's bar'd to thee now.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
And the mountains behold me no more;  
If the hand that I love lay me low,  
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, O, my father! be sure,  
That the blood of thy child is as pure  
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
Be the judge of the hero unbent!  
I have won the great battle for thee,  
And my father and country are free.

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,  
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,  
Let my memory still be thy pride,  
And forget not I smiled as I died!

## UNCLE GABRIEL; OR, O COME ALONG, O SANDY BOY.

Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

*Allegro.*



When I went down to San-dy Point, Some pret-ty rigs I run,—I fol-low'd all de



beau-ty-gals Like de sha-dnw roun'de sun; An' I thought I'd cotch'd a han-gel, For I



felt so wer-ry quar; But when I tried to touch her, By goash she was not dar.

*Chorus.*



O come a-long, O San-dy boy,—Now coms a-long, O do; O, what will



Un-cle Ga-hriel say? Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah!



What will Un-cle Ga-hriel say? Why, Jen-ny, can't you come a-long, too?

All night I nebbber sleep a wink  
Fur tinkin' oh dis ghost,—  
So I wander'd out by moonlight,  
And ran agalnst a post:  
I started werry much at dis,—  
And den I hear a groan;  
And, lookin' roun', I see dis gal  
A standin' like a stone!

I'm Dinah Ginger, well you know,  
(At least vot us'd to be.)  
Till you made lab to Julia Crow,—  
Now I'm a cherry-b—!

O! come along, &c.

And fust, she roll'd her eyes about,  
And den she abook her head:  
Says she, 'Don't stand ders shiverin',  
But go slick back to bed!

'But sh'ry night, atwist the hours  
Oh twelve n'clock and vva,  
I'll giv you one of my black looks,—  
O yes, I will, hy gum!

And though I leab her to her fate,  
She's faithful still to me;  
And eh'ry night, when de moon am bright  
Dat horrid sight I see!

O! come along, &c.

## O! HAD I JUBAL'S LYRE.

Composed by Handel.

*Allegro.*

O! had I Ju-bal's lyre, Or Mi-riam's tune-ful voice, O! had I Ju-bal's  
lyre, Or Miriam's tune-ful voice, 'Tis sounds like his I would as-pire, To sounds like  
his I would as-pire, In songs like her's, In songs like her's re-  
joice, . . . . . In songs like her's re-joice, . . . . .  
In songs like her's re-joice. O! had I Ju-bal's lyre, Or  
Miriam's tune-ful voice, O! had I Jubal's lyre, Or Mi-riam's tune-ful voice, To  
sounds like his I would as-pire, In songs like her's, In songs like her's re-  
joice, . . . . . In songs like her's re-joice . . . . .  
In songs like her's re-joice. My hum-ble strains but  
faint-ly show, How much to Heav'n and thee I owe; My hum-ble strains but  
faint-ly show, How much to Heav'n and thee I owe, How much to Heav'n and thee I owe.

## HARVEST-HOME.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin; the Music by J. Davy.

*Maestoso.*

The he-ro who, to live in sto-ry In search of hon-our dares to roam, And  
reaps a crop of fame and glo-ry,— His is the sol-dier's har-vest-home,  
His is the sol-dier's har-vest-home; The he-ro who, to live in sto-ry, In  
search of hon-our dares to roam, And reaps a crop of fame and glo-ry,—  
His is the sol-dier's har-vest-home, His is the sol-dier's har-vest-home.  
The tar who, on the ocean fighting. Braves billows while they tow'ring foam,  
And safe returns, his Port delighting,— His is the sailor's harvest-home.  
Let soldiers, sailors, farmers, meeting In arms, if e'er the foe should come,  
Give 'em a downright English beating, While laurels crown a our harvest-home.

## IN REMEMBRANCE OF THEE.

Adapted from a Waltz by Strauss, by T. B. Phelps.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

The last chord has fled of the sweet se-ronade, The e-choes are  
dead of the birds in the glade; But Love has an e-cho sound-ing  
near, That whis-pers a voice to re-mem-brance so dear! Those last words at  
part-ing—' Ev-er thine, Love, to be!' And with fond-est e-mo-tion re-spond-ed by  
me, 'Ev-er thine!' Oft e-choes my heart in re-mem-brance of thee, Oft  
e-choes my heart. From splendour's bright crowd Of the thoughtless and gay,  
From revelry loud, I turn me away, To hear a soft echo ever oigh,  
That whispers 'Again we may bleed the fond sigh.' Again rove the known vails,  
Sit beneath the known tree, O'er and o'er then to say, (O! what pleasure 't will be)  
'Ever thine! Oft echoed this heart in remembrance of thee.'

## THE BOLD DRAGOON.

*Vivace.*

There was an ancient fair, O! she lov'd a nate young man, And she could not throw aye  
looks at him, but oo-ly thro' her fan; With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx, her quizzing  
glass, her leer and si-dle, O! she lov'd a bold dra-noon, with his long sword, sad-dle, bri-dle,  
Whack row di dow dow, tal la la di raldi; Whack row di dow dow, tal de ral de ral de ral.

She had a rolling eye,—its fellow it had none;  
Would you know the reason why? It was, because  
she had but one.

With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,  
She couldn't keep her one eye idle,—  
O! she leer'd at this dragoon, with his long sword,  
saddle, bridle.

Now, he was tall and slim,—she, squab and short  
was grown;

He look'd just like a mile in length,—she, just like  
a mile-stone.

With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,  
Her quizzing glass, her leer and sidle,—  
O! she sigh'd to this dragoon, 'Bless your long  
sword, saddle, bridle!'

Sooe he led unto the church the beauteous Mrs. Flin,  
Who a walsot could have crack'd 'tween her lovely  
nose and chin;

O! then such winks! lo marriage links  
The four-foot bride from church did sidle,  
As the wife of this dragoon, with his long sword,  
saddle, bridle.

A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd, when he laid her  
under ground;

Soon he threw the colon from his eyes and touch'd  
ten thousand pounds;

For her winks and blinks her money, emicks,  
He does not let her cash lie idle;—  
So long life to this dragoon, with his long sword,  
saddle, bridle

## THOUGH WINTER BLAST THE WEEPING YEAR.

The Poetry by Dr. Wolcott; the Music by Dr. Busby.

*Moderate.*

Though win-ter blast the weep-ing year, Let Cyn-thia's pre-sence glad my soul; No  
howl-log winds a-round I hear, Un-beard the roar-ing tor-rents roll. With  
care-less eye the world I see, For love is blind to all but thee, to  
all but thee, all but thee; For love is blind to all but thee.

Though spring in gaudy hues be dress'd,  
And Sol the smiling world illumine,  
If far from thee, I rove unblest'd,  
The same the sunshine and the gloom.  
With careless eye, &c.

Though loud, in summer's radiant hour,  
The rival birds in concert vie,  
If absence hide thee from my bow'r,  
Amid the song I heave the sigh!  
With careless eye, &c.

## SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

Hebrew Melody.—The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by I. Nathan.

*Grazioso con moto.*

She walks in beau - ty, like the night Of cloud - less climes and  
star - ry skies; And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her  
as - pect and her eyes: Thus mel - low'd to that ten - der light, Which  
heav'n to gaw - dy day de - viles, - - - She walks in beau - ty  
like the night Of cloud - less climes and star - ry skies. One shade the  
more, one ray the less, had half im - pair'd the name - less grace Which  
waves in ev' - ry ra - ven tress, Or soft - ly light - ens o'er her - - -  
face; Where thoughts se - renely sweet ex - press How pure, how dear, their  
dwell - ing - place. - - - She walks in beau - ty  
like the night Of cloudless climes and star - ry skies.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,

But tell of days in goodness spent,—  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

## TO THE MAID I LOVE BEST.

Composed by Hook.

*Andantino.*

Ju - pid, love - ly charm - ing boy, Gen - tle god, be - friend my pray'r; Turn my  
bo - som's grief to joy,—Love a - lone should tri - umph there. Since thy



vo - t'ry sworn am I, Grant a lo - ver oos re-quest, Grant a lo - ver  
one re - - quest, Grant a lo - ver one re-quest: Bear a tear, and bear a  
sigh, To the maid that I love best; Bear a tear, and bear a sigh,  
To the maid that I love best, To the maid that I love best.

Softly whisper to her ear,  
How for her alone I burn;  
Tell her, by that sigh and tear,  
Love like mine should meet return;  
Then, to certify my bliss,—  
Then, to make me truly bless'd,  
Bring me back a tender kiss,  
From the maid that I love best.

Venus then shall thee repay,  
With a thousand kisses sweet;  
Then my soothe, night and day,  
Shall thy victory repeat.  
Haste thee! haste on wings of speed,—  
Haste, and calm my ruffled breast;  
Bear the charge to thee decreed,  
To the maid that I love best.

## SYMPATHY.

A Canonet, composed by Haydn.

*Andante.*



In thee I bear so dear a part, By love so firm, so firm am thine, That  
each af - fec - tion of thy heart By sym - pa - thy is mine, That each af -  
fec - tion, that each af - fec - tion of thy heart, By sym - pa - thy is mine, is  
mine, is mine. When thou art griev'd, I grieve no less; My joys, my  
joys, by thine are known, And ev' - ry good thou wou'dst pos - sess Be - comes in  
wish my own; And ev' - ry good thou wou'dst pos - sess Be - comes, be -  
comes in wish my own, Be - comes in wish my own, Be - comes in wish my own.



## WAKE, MY LOVE.

Composed by Weber.

Wake, my love! The moon of sum-mer Bright-ly glides the vault of night; Ev-'ry  
vale and ev-'ry moun-tain Mute-ly glo-ries in the sight. O! the night-wind  
breathes its am-'rous sigh, To each tree it whisp-'ring pass-es by, it whisp-'ring pass-es  
by: Then a - wake, the case-mat raise, Let me on thy beau - - - - - ty gaze.

Who would pass away to slumber  
Such a heavenly night as this,  
When the breeze that curls the waters  
Seems to breathe the soul of hills;

While the stars that meet in heaven above  
Shed on earth the mellow light of love  
Wake, then! let thy beauty's light  
Bless thy lover's longing sight.

## THE EQUIVALENT.

Composed by Reeve.

*Allegro Moderato.*

'Tis life, 'tis life, an e - qui - va-lent yields, And pain is hok'd to plea-sure; I thought a  
Na-boh flush with cash, I thought a Na-boh flush with cash, Was hap-py be-yond  
men-sure; But says he to me, 'You're wrong, my friend, — 'Tis true I've mo-ney pleo-  
ty, But gold won't cure my gon-ty pains, Bot gold won't cure my gon-ty pains, Or change three-  
score to twen-ty. Auhwheugh! auhwheugh! auhwheugh! Or change three-score to twen-ty.'

I once dio'd with a rosy Cit,  
Who drank till he was mellow;  
Says I, 'Yoo eat and laugh so much,  
Yoo must be a jolly fellow.'  
Says he to me, 'You're wrong, my friend:  
I've got at home a bride, sir;  
She's always coaxing with my clerk,  
And I get bespeck'd beside, sir.  
Cuckoo! cuckoo!  
And I get bespeck'd beside, sir.'  
A lawyer and a doctor too  
I met, hands full of fees;  
I thought professions so divine  
Would insure a heat of ease.  
The lawyer said, 'You're wrong, my friend:

Though poverty oe'er clogs us,  
Yet, somehow, when we go to bed,  
The devil always jogs us.

Claw! claw!

The devil always jogs us.'  
I met a sailor wan and pale,  
His two legs shot away;  
I said, 'I grieve to see a tar  
Thus perish and decay.'  
Says he to me, 'Cheer! cheer, my friend:  
The loss of limbs doo't sting, sir;  
I still have two supporters left,  
Old England and my king, sir!  
Huzza! huzza!  
Old England and my king, sir!'

## AWAY! WE KNOW THAT TEARS ARE VAIN.

The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by P. Walsh Porter.  
*Andantino con moto.* *ad lib.*

A-way! we know that tears are - - - vain, That death nor bears nor heeds - - - dis-  
 tress: Will this un - teach us to com - plain, Or make one mourn-er weep the  
 less? And thou, who tell'st me to for - get, Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

## LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

The Poetry from Sir Walter Scott's 'Pirate'; the Music by I. M'Murdie.

Love wakes and weeps, While beau - ty sleeps; O! for Mu - sic's soft - est num - bers, To  
 prompt a theme, For beau - ty's dream, Soft as the pil - low of her slum - bers.  
 Through groves of palm,  
 Sigh gales of balm;  
 Fire-flies in the air are wheeling;  
 While through the gloom  
 Comes soft perfume,  
 The distant beds of flow'rs revealing.

O! wake and live!  
 No dream can give  
 A shadow'd bliss the real excelling;  
 No longer sleep,—  
 From lattice peep,  
 And list the tale that Love is telling.

## THE WISH.

Composed by G. F. Pinto.

Mine be a cot be-side the hill! A bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine  
 ear; A willow brook that turns a mill, With ma-ny a fall shall lin-ger  
 near; The swal-low oft be-neath my thatch Shall twit-ter from her clay-built nest;  
 Oft shall the pil-grim lift the latch, And share my meal, a wel-come guest.  
 Around my ivy'd porch shall spring  
 Each fragrant flow'r that drinks the dew;  
 And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,  
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,  
 Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,  
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
 And point with taper spire to heav'n.

## THE TWO LOVERS.

The Poetry by Bishop Heber; the Music by Joseph Philip Knight.

*Andante.*

A knight and a la-dy once met in a grove, While each was in quest of a fu-gi-tive  
love; A ri-ver ran mournful-ly mur-mur-ing by, And they wept in its wa-ters for sym-pa-  
thy. O! never was knight such sorrow that bore; O! ne-ver was maid so de-sert-ed be-fore! From  
life and its woes let us in-stant-ly fly, And jump in to-ge-ther for com-pa-ny.

They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed—  
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;—  
'How tiresome it is,' said the fair with a sigh!  
So they sat down to rest them in company.  
They gaz'd on each other, the maid and the knight;  
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;—  
'One mournful embrace,' wobb'd the youth, 'ere we die!  
So kissing and crying, kept they company!

'O! had I but lov'd such an angel as you!'  
'O! had but my swain been a quarter as true!'  
'To miss such perfection how blinded was I!'  
Sure now they were very good company!  
At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,  
'The weather is cold for a watery bier;  
When summer returns we may easily die;  
Till then, let us sorrow in company!'

## TO DISTANT CLIMES.

The Poetry by T. Crofton Croker; the Music by Alexander D. Roche.

*Lento con espress.*

To distant climes, far, far a-way, Though I may thought-less roam, Still, still I  
feel a se-cret sway, That binds my heart to home: For, though I love my  
na-tive isle, And prize her sea-beat shore, Though dear to me that hap-py smile The  
scenes of child-hood were,— To dis-tant climes, far, far a-way, Though I may thoughtless  
roam, Still, still I feel a se-cret sway, That binds my heart to home.

Perhaps it yet may be my lot  
Down fairy's stream to glide;  
And former scenes may be forg'd  
On pleasure's waveless tide.

But to the friends I left behind  
Would mem'ry fondly stray,  
And fancy to my musing mind  
Recall them, though away.  
To distant climes, &c.

## BLIND MARY.

Irish Melody, to Moore's 'In the Morning of Life;' the Poetry by Thomas Davis, published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Nation.'

*Moderate.*

There flows from her spi-rit such love and delight. That the face of Blind Ma-ry is  
ra-diant with light, As the gleam from a home-stead thro' dark-ness will show, Or the  
moon glim-mer soft thro' the fast fall-ing snow. Yet there's a keen sor-row comes o'er her at  
times, As an In-dian might feel in our nor-ther-ly climes; And she talks of the  
sun-set, like part-ing of friends, And the star-light, as love, that nor chang-es nor ends.

Ah! grieve not, sweet maiden, for star or for sun,  
For the mountaineers that tow'r, or the rivers that run—  
For beauty, and grandeur, and glory, and light,  
Are seen by the spirit, and not by the sight.

In vain for the thoughtless are sunburst and shade,  
In vain for the heartless flow'r's blossom and fade,  
While the darkness that seems your sweet bring to  
Is one of the guardians, an Eden a-round. (bound

## NOBODY KNOWS.

Composed by Alexander D. Roche.

No-bo-dy knows, no-bo-dy knows For whom in thought-ful mood I sigh;  
No-bo-dy knows, no-bo-dy knows, If hush'd my song, the rea-son why. When  
from my mo-ther's fav'-rite tree, I steal her fair-est half-blown rose, She ne-ver  
*poco ritard.* *a tempo.*  
thinks of chid-ing me; Whom it is cull'd for, no-bo-dy knows,  
*a piacere.* *piu presto.*  
no-bo-dy knows, Whom it is cull'd for, no-bo-dy knows.

Nobody knows, nobody knows,  
Why muse on the zephyr founts;  
Nobody knows, nobody knows,  
Who breathes those wildly plaintive notes.

And when a bark glides o'er the lake,  
And kerchief white for pennon shows,  
If I'd at eve my home forsake,  
Whom would I go to? nobody knows.

## NO FLOWER THAT BLOWS.

Composed by Linley.

*Andante.*

No flow'r that blows is like, is like this rose; No flow'r that blows is  
like, is like this rose, Or scat-ter such per-fume, Or scat-ter such per-fume.  
No flow'r that blows is like, is like this rose; No flow'r that blows is  
like, is like this rose. Up-on my breast, ah! gent-ly rest, And e-ver,  
e-ver bloom, And e-ver, e-ver bloom. No flow'r that blows is like, is like this rose;  
No flow'r that blows is like, is like this rose. Dear pledge to prove a parent's  
love, A pleas-ing, pleas-ing gift thou art! Come, sweet-est flow'r, and  
from this hour Live hence-forth in my heart, Live henceforth in my heart. No flow'r that  
blows is like, is like this rose; No flow'r that blows is like, is like this rose.

## WHAT IS IN RICHES?

The Poetry by G. Soane, A.B; arranged to the air 'Giuro alfin!' in Rossini's opera of 'Semiramide.'  
Published by Davidson.

*Andante.*

What is in rich-es? What is in hon-our? Or in lau-rels won by  
glo-ry On the field of bat-tle go-ry? Pomp of  
state, or pride of form, Pomp of state, or pride of form.

Mine be the valley, mine be the cottage;  
Praise or blame, why should I heed them?

Wealth or state, I ne'er shall need them—  
Lowly shrubs defy the storm.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND FOR EVER, HURRAH!

Composed by Alexander D. Roche.

*Moderate.*

The En-glish may boast of their soft-scent-ed ro-ses, But, O! we have that we love  
bet-ter, by far, Than all their gay flow'rs, and their sweet-scent-ed po-sies—The  
this-tle of Scot-land for e-ver, hur-rah! But, O! we have that we love  
bet-ter, by far, But O! we have that we love bet-ter, by far—The this-tle of  
Scot-land for e-ver, hur-rah! The this-tle of Scot-land for e-ver, hur-rah!

The fair blooming roses enchant in their blossom;  
We feel it, and yet we love better, by far,  
The thistle uprear'd on the mountain's rough bosom—  
The thistle of Scotland for ever, hurrah!

Though rough and unseemly, yet sturdily rooting,  
To war with the highland blasts fitter, by far,  
Than the rose in full glory so tenderly shooting—  
The thistle of Scotland for ever, hurrah!

## PRINCE CHARLIE'S WELCOME TO SKYE.

Old Jacobite Song, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Vivace.*

There are twa bon-nie mai-dens, and three bon-nie mai-dens, Come ow'r the mitch, and  
come ow'r the main, Wi' the wind for their way, and the cor-rie for their hame, And  
they are dear-ly wel-come to Skye a-gain. Come a-long, come a-long, wi' your  
bon-tie and your song, My ain bonnie mai-dens, my twa bonnie maidens; For the night it is  
dark, and the red coat is gane, And ye are dear-ly wel-come to Skye a-gain.

There is Flora, my honey, sae dear and sae bonnie,  
And one that is tall, and comely withal;  
Put the one as my king, and the other as my queen,  
And they are dearly welcome to Skye again.  
Come along, come along, &c.  
Her arm it is strang, and her petticoat is lang,  
My ain bonnie maiden, my twa bonnie maidens;

But their bed shall be clean, on the heather sae green,  
And they are dearly welcome to Skye again.  
Come along, come along, &c.  
There's a wind on the tree, and a ship on the sea,  
My twa bonnie maidens, and three bonnie maidens;  
On the lee of the rock shall your cradle be rock,  
And you're welcome unto the Isle of Skye again.  
Come along, come along, &c.

## GRUSS AN DEN BRUDER—DOES MY BROTHER THINK OF ME.

The Poetry translated from the German of Prince Ernest, by W. Ball; the Music by H.R.H. Prince Albert.—Published by Lonsdale.

*Lento.*

Have I then the lyrs for - sa - ken, Whieb so oft my hours would share? All its  
sweet-ness let me wa - ken, All a bro - ther's love de - clare. Though a - far thy lot re -  
move thee, List the winds, from hence that see: They can tell how well I love thee!  
Does my bro - ther think of me? Does my bro - ther think of  
me? They, a - mid thy path of plea - sures, Still a - round thy heart shall come, Still re -  
call its ear - liest treasures, And thy dear, thy na - tive home, And thy dear, thy native home.

## BOYS, WHEN I PLAY, CRY, O CRIMINI!

Composed by W. Shield.

*Vivace.*

Boys, when I play, cry, 'O cri - mi - ni! Shelt's ebsauter squeaker - im - in - i; In love - tunes I'm  
so em - pha - ti - cal, Fin - gers shak - log quaver - at - i - cal, With a - gil - i - ty, Grace gen - til - i - ty,  
Girls shake heel and toe, Pipes I tic - kle so, My jigs fill a pate, Tit - il - ate, Pretty mate, My hops  
love mirth, Young bloods cir - cu - late, Toodle roo - die foo - die roo - die roo, too - die roo - die roo.

O! my chaunter sounds so prettily,  
Sweeter far than pipes from Italy;  
Cross the Tweed I'll bring my tweedledum,  
Striking foreign flute and fiddle dumb.

Modern Rixxiz so  
Pleasee ma'ams, misses, though;  
Peers can merry strum,  
Act plays very rum;  
I'll puff at square Hanover,  
Can over,  
Man over.

All the puny pipes from Italy.  
Toodle, roodie, &c.

I'm in talk a pendant musical,  
In fine terms I lug intrusical;  
Slap Bravura's alt, the rage about  
Haydn, Mara, Opera stage, about;  
Oratorios,  
Cramer's furios,  
Things at jubilee;  
Neither he nor she  
Die at Syren's note;  
Tiny throat  
Petticoat—

This is amateur high musical.  
Toodle, roodie, &c.

## IF MY SONG CAN FONDLY MOVE THEE.

The Poetry by David Thomson; the Music by Mozart.

*Allegro Moderato.*

If my song can fond-ly move thee, Mu-sic sure must min-gle there;

If it tell how much I love thee, Sweet must be its rap-tur'd air!

Mu-sic was the gift of hea-ven, Soft-ly thus the heart to move, to

move; All its sooth-ing notes were giv-en, As the gen-tle voice of love, the voice of

love! Would you Hope's bright lan-guage bor-row, What can breathe its joys so well?

Would you sigh the words of sor-row, sor-row, What is like its

plain-tive swell? Would you sigh the words of sor-row, What is like its

plain-tive swell? What is like its plain-tive swell? O! If, then, my song can

move thee, can move thee, can move thee, Mu-sic, sure, must

min-gle there; must min-gle, must min-gle, must min-gle; Mu-sic, sure, must

min-gle there, must min-gle there; If it tell how much I love thee,

Sweet must be its rap-tur'd air; its rap-tur'd air, its rap-tur'd air.



## SWEET LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

Composed by Hook.

*Allegro.*

O'er bar-ren hills and flow'ry dales, O'er seas and dis-tant shores, With  
mer-ry song and jo-cund tales, I've pass'd some pleasant hours. Tho' wand'ring thus, I  
ne'er could find A girl like blithe-some Sal-ly, Who picks and culls, and cries a-  
loud, Who picks and culls, and cries a-loud, 'Sweet lil-les of the val-ley,' 'Sweet  
lil-les of the val-ley;' Who picks and culls, and cries a-loud, 'Sweet lil-les of the val-ley.'

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,  
From nesting from each tree,  
I chose a soldier's life to wed,  
So social, gay, and free;  
Yet, though the lasses love as well,  
And often try to rally,  
None pleases me like her who cries,  
'Sweet lilies of the valley.'

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,  
To use my native toil,  
From fighting in my country's cause,  
To plough my country's soil.  
I care not which, with either pleas'd,  
So I possess my Sally,—  
That little merry nymph that cries,  
'Sweet lilies of the valley.'

## YOU ASK ME WHY THESE TEARS ARE FLOWING.

The Poetry by J. A. Wade; the Music by Steibelt.

*Adagio.*

You ask me why these tears are flow-ing, So late re-turn'd to love and joy;— Or  
why the flow'rs of hope, just blow-ing, With sor-row's blight I now de-stroy! It  
is not woe that's sad-ly weeping—'Tis joy that drops the tears of grief, Like  
plants that, af-ter night's cold sleeping, Have dew up-on their noon-day leaf!

My life was dark,—was drear and lonely;  
Its brightest hours had faded long;—  
I had but one sad comfort only,  
Such comfort as the maniac's song!

But peace, with light so new, returning,  
Illumines now my darken'd years;  
And joy but seems more purely burning,  
Reflected on my dropping tears!

## A WOLF WHILE JUTTA SLEPT.

The Words by M. G. Lewis; the Music by Michael Kelly.

*Andantino.*

A wolf, while Jut-ta slept, had made Her fav'-rite lamb his prize; Young Casper flew to  
give his aid, Who heard the trem-bling cries. He drove the wolf from off the door, But  
claim'd a kiss for pay, But claim'd a kiss for pay;— Ah! Jut-ta, bet-ter  
'twould have been, had Cas-per stay'd a-way; Ah! Jut-ta, bet-ter 'twould have been, Had  
Cas-per stay'd a-way, Had Cas-per stay'd a-way, Had Cas-per stay'd a-way.

They toy'd till day its light withdrew,  
When night invited sleep;  
Fond Jutta rose, and bade adieu,  
And homeward drove her sheep.

But, ah! her thoughts were chang'd, I ween,  
For thus they heard her say—  
'Ah! Jutta, better 'twould have been,  
Had Casper stay'd away.'

## YE GENTLE-FOLKS SO RICH.

Composed by John Davy.

*Allegretto.*

Ye gen-tle-folks so rich, on your la-zy pil-lows laid, O! think up-on the  
lot of a low-ly serv-ing maid; Ye gen-tle-folks so rich, on your la-zy pillows  
laid, O! think up-on the lot of a low-ly serv-ing maid: My la-bours they are  
great, and my wa-ges they are small; I hrew and bake, I mend and make, with lit-tle thanks for  
all; I hrew and bake, I mend and make, with lit-tle thanks for all; I brew and bake, I  
mend and make, with lit-tle thanks for all, with lit-tle thanks for all, with lit-tle thanks for all.

I've a sweetheart of my own, and he vows he will  
be true,  
But seldom can we meet, such a deal I have to do;  
My mistress loves to scold, and the children like to  
squall; [thanks for all!]  
I brew and bake, I mend and make, with little

I wish, I wish—I know my wish, but must not tell  
it here, [be near;  
For heaven help poor Marian, if her mistress should  
O! then I'd follow my dear lad, whatever might  
befall, [good bye to all.  
Nor brew, nor bake, nor mend, nor make but bid

## HOPE WITH HER RAINBOW.

The Poetry by J. A. Wade; the Music by Sir J. Stevenson.

*Allegro.*

Hope with her rain-bow beam-ing bright, Joy with his but-ter - fly wing, And mem'-ry  
dress'd in fa-ding light, Once met by a moun-tain spring!— Joy laid hold of the  
near-est bliss, For - get-ful of all that was past. Heed-less of what might be sweet-er than  
this, Or how he might sor-row at last! Or how he might sor-row at last!

Hope stray'd where the morning dews  
Were rising o'er the bill,  
And ting'd them with her rainbow hues,  
Then gas'd in rapture still!  
While Mem'ry sat in pensive mind,  
Retracing on marble urn  
The flow'ry vales she left behind,  
And days that would never return!

Love, in haste, was passing by,  
To wound some virgin breast,  
When our three wand'ers caught his eye,  
And made him pause to rest:—  
'O! these,' he cried, 'are the friends I've sought:  
Young Joy to seize bliss when it's near,  
Hope to smile on my ev'ry thought,  
And my death to have Mem'ry's tear!'

## CHLOE'S TO BE MY WIFE.

Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

*Animato.*

You must call me when de Ban-tam crows, Be sure you don't for - get, — To - mor - row 'll  
be de hap-pi-est day Dat eh-ber I lib'd yet, For Chloe vows she will be mine, So  
lung as she hab life, — So call me when de Ban-tam crows, And Chloe shall be my  
wife. So rouse me when de Ban-tam crows, And Chloe shall be my wife.

I'm sure I shall not sleep a wink  
For tinkling up de mora, —  
I nebber felt so cotton afore,  
Since de night when I was born;  
So I will rise at broke ob day —  
I will, upon my life,  
And make of fluv'rs a garland gay,  
For Chloe's to be my wife.  
So rouse me, &c.  
And Nelly she shall go wid us,  
And so shall Dinah Blue,  
And all de darkie friends I know,  
And all dere sweethearts too; —

And Joe shall bring him banjo dere,  
And Jim shall bring him fife,  
And I will gib you all tings aice,  
When Chloe is made my wife.  
So rouse me, &c.  
O! how poor Sam will tear him hair  
When dey tell him Chloe's mine;  
Bat he'd better not cast him eyes, I swear,  
On Chloe, my Wenus diwine!  
Bat if I nebber go to sleep,  
Why, I can nebber swake, —  
So call me when de bantam crows,  
Then Chloe my wife I'll make.  
So rouse me, &c.

## ROBERTO, DEAREST ROBERTO.

The Poetry by G. Soane, A.B.; arranged to the Cavatina 'Robert, Robert toi que j'aime,' in Meyerbeer's Opera 'Robert le Diable.'—Published in Davidson's 'Gems of Foreign Opera.'

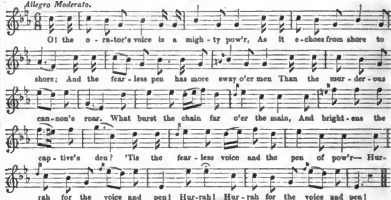
*Andante.*

Ro - ber-to, dear-est Ro - ber - to, who deem'd me once so fair, so fair, You see  
now my deep des - pair! Mer - cy, mer - cy for thy - self, I pray thee. Ah!  
mer - cy, ah! mer - cy, mer - cy, too, for me; for thee, for thee. De - ny it not,  
mer - cy for me, mer - cy for me, for me, for me. Can it be, can it be, That you have honour, love, truth, de -  
li - ty, All, all - - for - gotten? Ah! once you homage paid me, - Now I to you must  
kneel; - O! could you but i - ma - gine The pangs that now I feel To you I  
kneel, To you I kneel. Mer - cy, mer - cy for thy - self, I pray thee.  
Ah! mer - cy, - ah! mer - cy, mer - cy, too, for me; for thee, for thee. De - ny it  
not: mer - cy for me, mer - cy for me, for me, for me. Ah! Ro - ber - to, ah! Ro - ber - to Thou seest my deep des - pair; Thou seest my  
deep despair! Ro - ber - to, thou seest my deep des - pair! Ah! mer - cy, mer - cy  
for thy - self, I im - plore thee! Ro - ber - to, Ro - ber - to, mer - cy, too, for  
me! mer - cy, mer - cy, mer - cy, too, for me!

## THE VOICE AND PEN.

*Irish Melody, 'Is it the Priest you want?' the Poetry by D. F. M'Carthy, published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Nation.'*

*Allegro Moderato.*



The tyrant knaves who deny our rights,  
And the cowards who blanch with fear,  
Exclaim with glee, 'No arms have ye—  
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear!  
Your hills are ours; with our forts and tow'rs  
We are masters of mount and glen'—  
Tyrants, beware! for the arms we bear  
Are the Voice and the fearless Pen!

**Hurrah!**

**Hurrah for the Voice and Pen!**

Though your horsemen stand with their bridles in  
hand,  
And your sentinels walk around—  
Though your matches flare in the midnight air,  
And your brazen trumpets sound;  
O! the orator's tongue shall be heard among  
These listening warrior men,  
And they'll quickly say, 'why should we slay  
Our friends of the Voice and Pen?'

**Hurrah!**

**Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!**

When the Lord created the earth and sea,  
The stars, and the glorious sun,  
The Godhead spoke, and the universe woke,  
And the mighty work was done!  
Let a word be sung from the orator's tongue,  
Or a drop from the fearless pen,  
And the chains accords' assunder burst,  
That fetter'd the minds of men!

**Hurrah!**

**Hurrah for the Voice and Pen!**

O! these are the swords with which we fight,  
The arms in which we trust;  
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,  
Which time cannot dim or rust!  
When these we bore, we triumph'd before,  
With these we'll triumph again—  
And the world will say, 'No power can stay  
The Voice and the fearless Pen!'

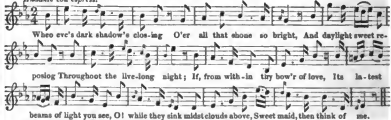
**Hurrah!**

**Hurrah for the Voice and Pen!**

## SWEET MAID, THEN THINK OF ME.

*Portuguese Melody.—The Poetry by G. E. Giffard.*

*Andante con espress.*



But when thy heart, for roving  
Through life's wild maze so bright,  
Feels fancy warmly moving,  
To kindle up delight,

Thy bow'r, like winter's leafless spray,  
Forgot and banish'd soon will be;—  
No more you'll heed each parting day,  
Or think, sweet maid, of me.

## FROM THE DANUBE WAS HE RIDING.

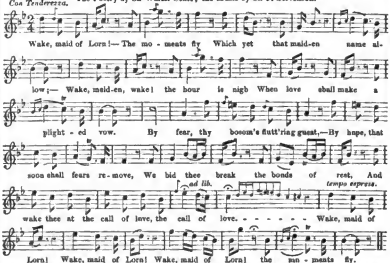
Composed by N. Corri.

*Andantino.*

'Well thou know'st, when last we parted,  
Dearest, what distress was mine;  
Almost was I broken-hearted,—  
Now the time is thine.  
Dear Cossack, no longer grieve me;  
Must I lose thee? canst thou leave me?  
Grief will sure of life bereave me,  
If I thee resign.'  
'Break not thus your hands with wringing,  
Hush that sob, and dry that tear;  
Soon from battle, laurels bringing,  
Love, expect me here.

Laurels bought with blood alarm me,  
Glory cannot tempt or charm me;  
O! there's naught in life could harm me,  
Wert thou safe, my dear.'  
Vain were tears, and vain was sorrow;  
Swiftly from her sight fled he,  
Crying, 'If I live, to-morrow  
I'll return to thee.'  
Then, with folded arms, and sighing,  
Home I wander'd, almost dying;  
How I found the way for crying,  
Still is strange to me.

## WAKE, MAID OF LORN!

*Con Tendenza.* The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott; the Music by Sir J. Stevenson.

Wake Edith, wake!—In yonder bay  
Lies many a galley gayly mann'd;  
We hear the merry pibroch play,  
We see the streamer's silken band.

What chieftain's praise these pibrochs swell?  
What crest is on thy banners wove?  
The harp the minstrel dare not tell,  
The riddle must be read by love.  
Wake, maid of Lorn! &c.

## POPE JOAN.

Written and Composed by Dibdin.

*Allegro.*

The board is dress'd—come, deal a-way; The trump's a club—come, who's to play? You're el-dest hand, Miss Gris-kin: Stay, I'll play, sir, in a min-ute. The three of hearts, and four, and five—And that's a stop, as I'm alive! And now the nine, and then the ten—And that, I vow's, a stop again! I cer-tain-ly shall win it, I cer-tain-ly shall win it! The king of trumps; let's see, what's there? I take up four; And now the knave: Well, I de-clare! That's just ten more!—I'll win the church, or lose the stee-pie!

[SPOKEN.] Well now, did you ever see anything like this! Ten upon the knave! Lord, miss, did you ever know a knave that was not rich? O! well, if that's the case,—

I'll play the deuce, and that's a stop! I'll play the deuce, and that's a stop! The four, and five, and six, and—pop! I'm out, so pay the peo-ple!

Now let me try if I can win:  
 The trump's a heart, you're to begin,—  
 The four and five, I can't come in,—  
 'Tis really now provoking;  
 I not a single thing can play,  
 I shall have for all my hand to pay;  
 Never was anything so hard,  
 I have not even a leading card!—  
 Nay, 'tis on time for joking.  
 Well, I should like to change my place,  
 I've not played one;  
 Eight cards, and every card an ace!  
 Of ill luck what a run!  
 I soon shall be a bankrupt, I know.

Well, then, I've not a single card in my hand!  
 Lord, ma'am, you have as many cards as anybody  
 else! How can you joke so; did you ever see such  
 luck in your life? Well, my love, bad luck at cards,  
 good luck in a husband. O! now you talk of hus-  
 bands, who did you say, ma'am, was the happiest  
 couple in the nation?

The Queen, and King, and that's a stop;

The ace, and deuce, and tray, and pop,—  
 I'm out, so hand the rhino.

Come, don't despair, but try again;  
 The trump's a spade,—the nine and ten,—  
 You'll come in soon.—The lord knows when!—  
 That venture was a bold one.  
 'Tis now my turn,—the two, the three,—  
 Well, that's a charming thing for me.  
 The four, five, six, and seven, and eight.  
 You'll be out quickly, at this rate.  
 O! she deals, sir, with the old one;  
 The game, in spite of all I try  
 So turns about,  
 That I can see, with half an eye,  
 That to be out I never shall be able.

Well, I had matrimony last time,—I shall have  
 intrigue next, I suppose. The natural consequence,  
 ma'am. I beg your pardon, but what unfortunate  
 old gentlewoman were you talking about?

The Pope, ma'am, and that's a stop;  
 And now the two, and three, and pop!  
 I'm out, and clear the table.

## HARK THE SONG.

Hindustanee Melody, arranged by C. E. Horn, to the Poetry of W. Reader.

*Andante.*

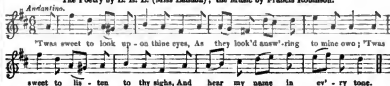
Hark! the song of the moan-ing ves-per gale, Through the wild-fern wav-ing;  
 Bill-lows, ting'd with the moon-beams clear and pale, Scarce the beach are lav-ing.  
 But, though lull'd the low'-ring o-cean's swell, Each rude tem-pest sleep-ing,  
 In my soul the storm-seeds e-ver dwell, Rest from these eye-lids keep-ing.

Morn-ing when will the languid winds that blow,  
 Waft thee a sigh from me, love?  
 Who in absence e'er our joy can know,  
 Nor one woe with thee, love?

Though this heart's no more a home to thee,  
 Though life's taper's waning,  
 Ev'ry faithful wish shall roam to thee,  
 While one thought's remaining.

## 'T'WAS SWEET TO LOOK.

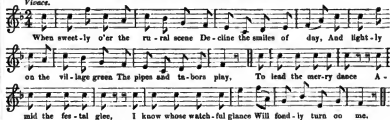
The Poetry by L. E. L. (Miss Landon); the Music by Francis Robinson.

*Andantino.*

'Twas sweet to look up-on thine eyes, As they look'd answ'-ring to mine owo; 'Twas  
 sweet to lis-ten to thy sighs, And hear my name in ev'-ry tone.  
 'Twas sweet to meet in yoo lone grove, But all this sweetness was not worth  
 While smiles the heart's best sunshine shed; The tears that dimm'd its after-light;  
 'Twas sweet to part and think again Love is a sweet star at its birth,  
 The gentle things that each had said. But one that sets in deepest night.

## SWEETLY O'ER THE RURAL SCENE.

The Poetry by W. Ball; the Music by Steibelt.

*Vivace.*

When sweet-ly o'er the ru-ral scene De-cline the smiles of day, And light-ly  
 on the vil-lage green The pipes and ta-bors play, To lead the mer-ry dance A-  
 mid the fes-tal glee, I know whose watch-ful glance Will fond-ly turn on me.  
 Amid the youths anon who start I cannot boast of worldly store,  
 Their rival skill to try, I can but humbly say  
 O! one there is, whose lightsome heart Affection's cares, my only dow'r,  
 Gives rapture to his eye; Still guide my youthful way;  
 And sure I am—though fair But he all else foregoes,  
 And rich our maidens be, As to the dance yu'll see,  
 'Twould be his pride to share To win the village rose,  
 The garland crowns with me. For me, for only me.



## THE MARSEILLOIS HYMN AND MARCH.

The National Air of France.

*Andante.*

Ye sons of France, awake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what my - riads bid you rise!

Your chil - dren, wives, and grandsires hon - ry, Be - hold their tears, and hear their

cries; Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries. Shall hats - fal - ty - rants, mischief

breed - ing, With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fan band, Af - fright and de - so - late the

land, While peace and li - ber - ty lie bleed - ing? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' -

aveng - ing sword un - sheath; March on, march on, all hearts re - solv'd on vic -

to - ry or death! March on, march on, all hands re - solv'd on vic - to - ry or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,  
Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise;  
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And, lo! our fields and cities blaze.  
And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?  
To arms, ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,  
To mete and vend the light and air;

Like beasts of harden would they load us;  
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore;—  
But man is man,—and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
To arms, ye brave, &c.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?  
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.  
To arms, ye brave, &c.

## MARCHE DES MARSEILLOIS.

Allons, enfans de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;  
Contre nous de la tyrannie,  
L'étendard sanglant est levé. (Bis)  
Entendez vous dans les campagnes,  
Mugir ces féroces soldats,  
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras,—  
Egorger vos fils, vos campagnes.  
Aux armes, citoyens!  
Formez vos bataillons!  
Marchez, qu'un sang impur (Bis)  
Abreuve nos sillons!

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,  
De traîtres de rois conjurés,  
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,  
Ces fers des long temps préparés; (Bis)  
Français, pour nous, ah, quel outrage!  
Quels transports il doit exciter!  
C'est sous qu'on ose méditer,

De rendre à l'antique esclavage.

Aux armes, citoyens, &amp;c.

Quoi! des cohortes étrangères,  
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers;  
Quoi! ces phalanges mercenaires  
Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers! (Bis)  
Grand Dieu, par des mains enchaînées,  
Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient;  
De vils despotes deviendraient,  
Les maîtres de nos destinées.

Aux armes, citoyens! &amp;c.

Trembles, tyrans, et vous perfides!  
L'opprobre de tous les partis,  
Trembles! vos projets parricides  
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix.  
Tout est soldats pour vous combattre,  
S'ils tombent nos jeunes héros;  
La terre en produit de nouveaux,  
Contre vous tous prêts à se battre.

Aux armes, citoyens! &amp;c.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes,  
Portés ou retenus vos coups ;  
Épargnez ces tristes victimes,  
A regret s'armant contre nous. (Bis)  
Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,  
Mais les complices de Bouillé,  
Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié,  
Déchirent le sein de leur mère.  
Aux armes, citoyens ! &c.

Amour sacré de la patrie  
Coudrai soutenir nos bras vengeurs ;  
Liberté, liberté chérie,  
Combats avec tes défenseurs. (Bis)  
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire,  
Accoure à tes mâles accents ;  
Que tes ennemis expirants,  
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.  
Aux armes, citoyens ! &c.

### CARLISLE WALL.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott ; the Music by P. Walsh Porter.

*Moderato.*



Bli-thely they saw the rising sun,  
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall ;  
But they were sad ere day was done,  
Though love was still the lord of all.  
Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,  
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;  
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,  
For ire that love was lord of all.

Bli-thely they saw the rising sun,  
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall ;  
But they were sad ere day was done,  
Though love was still the lord of all.  
That wine she had not tasted well  
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),  
When dead in her true love's arms she fell ;  
So love was still the lord of all.

### THIS COLD FLINTY HEART.

Composed by Dr. Arne.

*Andante.*

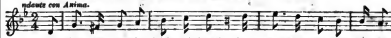


The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow ;  
From youth that is frost-nipp'd no raptures can  
flow ;  
Elysium to him but a desert will prove ;—  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

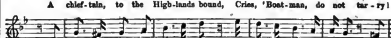
The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,  
Her birds and her flow'rets make blithesome sweet  
May ;  
Love blesses the cottage and sings through the  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

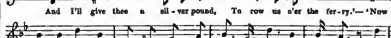
The Poetry by Thomas Campbell; the Music by G. Thomson.

*Andante con Anima.*


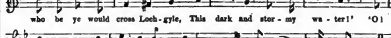
A chief-tain, to the High-lands bound, Cries, 'Boat-man, do not tar-ry!



And I'll give thee a sil-ver pound, To row us o'er the fer-ry!— 'Now



who be ye would cross Loch-gyle, This dark and stor-my wa-ter!' 'O!



I'm the chief of Ul-va's isle, And this Lord Ul-lin's daugh-ter.

'And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together;  
For, should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.  
'His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,  
When they have slain her lover?'  
Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady!  
'And, by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry.  
By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And, in the scowl of heav'n, each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.  
But still, as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,—  
Their tramping sounded nearer:—

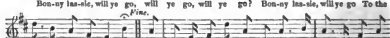
'O! haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,  
Though tempests round us gather:  
I'll meet the raging of the skies;  
But not an angry father.'  
The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,  
When O! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gather'd o'er her.—  
And still they row'd amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing:  
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—  
His wrath was chang'd to wailing.  
For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover:—  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.  
'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,  
Across this stormy water:  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief—  
My daughter!—O! my daughter!  
'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
Return or aid preventing:—  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

## THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

As sung by Mr. Wilson; the Poetry by Burns.

*Vivace.*


Bon-ny Iaa-ale, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go? Bon-ny Iaa-ale, will ye go To the



birks of Ab-er-fel-dy?—Now stin-mer blinks on flow'ry braes, And o'er the crys-tal



stream-lets plays; Come, let us spend the light-some days, In the birks of Ab-er-fel-dy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hang,  
The little birdies blithely sing,  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

The brues ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foamins' stream deep-roaring fa's,  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,  
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,  
White over the lin the burnie pours,  
And, rain', weets wi' misty show'rs  
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely bless'd wi' love and thee,  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

## ANNIE AND JAMIE.

Scottish Melody: the Music by J. Sanderson.

*Moderato.*

O! bless'd be the lad-sie, I man-na tell who, that told his soft  
pas-sion, So ten-der and true, Who call'd me his An-nie, the  
queen of his heart. And said 'Bon-ny las-sie,' And said 'Bon-ny  
las-sie,' And said 'Bon-ny las-sie, we ne-ver will part.'

O! bless'd be the meadow, so bonny and green,  
Where first the dear shepherd by Annie was seen;  
And bless'd be the day when his tongue did impart,  
'Tis Anne, fair Annie's the queen of my heart!

Though few are his pastures, and low his degree,  
The youth, the dear youth, is a monarch to me;  
For, O! gentle shepherd! 'twas love shot the dart,  
And Annie and Jamie—no, never will part!

## O! WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO THEE, MY LAD.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Vivace.*

O! whis-tle, and I'll come to thee, my lad; O! whis-tle, and I'll come to thee, my  
lad: Though feyther and mither and a' should gae mad, O! whis-tle, and I'll come to thee, my lad.  
But wa-ri-ly tent, when ye come to court me, And come na un-less the back-  
yett be a-jee; Syne ap the back stile, and let nae-bo-dy see, And come as ye  
were na com-in' to me, And come as ye were na com-in' to me.

At kirk or at market, when'er ye meet me,  
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a file;  
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O! whistle, &c.

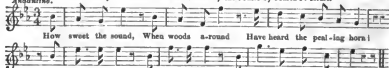
Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;  
But court an anither, though jokin' ye be,  
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

O! whistle, &c.

## BUGLE SONG.

*Andantino.*

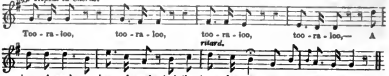
The Poetry translated from the German; the Music by Maria J. Kluit.



From bush and brake Glad e-choes wake, And hail the wel-come morn.  
 Each heart beats high, The sparkling rill  
 And gleams each eye Goes, murmuring still,  
 To catch the welcome tone; Through woodlands far a way.  
 Like mist that flies How sweet the sound,  
 From morning skies, When woods around  
 All sorrow now is gone. Have heard the pealing horn!  
 How fresh the breeze! From bush and brake  
 How bright the trees! Glad echoes wake,  
 How golden-bright the day! And hail the welcome morn!

## THE JUG OF PUNCH.

Sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, in Backstone's Drama of the 'Green Bushes.'—Published by Davidson.

*Andante.**Repeat in Chorus.*

jug o' punch, a jug o' punch; And the tune he sang was a jug o' punch.  
 What more divarshin might a man desire, But I'd give them all, just in a bunch,  
 Than to be sated by a nate turf fire; For a jolly pull at a jug o' punch.  
 And by his side a purty wench, Tooraloo, tooraloo, &c.  
 And on the table a jug o' punch.

Tooraloo, tooraloo, &c.  
 The Muses twelve, and Appollo fam'd,  
 in Castilian pride drinke pernicious strames;  
 But I would not grudge them tin times as much,  
 As long as I had a jug o' punch.

Tooraloo, tooraloo, &c.  
 Then the mortal gods drinke their nectar wine,  
 And they tell me claret is very fine;

The doctor falls, with all his art,  
 To cure an imprission on the heart;  
 But if life was gone, within an inch,  
 What would bring it back like a jug o' punch?  
 Tooraloo, tooraloo, &c.

But when I'm dead, and in my grave,  
 No costly tombstone will I ever crave;  
 But I'll dig a grave, both wide and deep,  
 With a jug 'o punch at my head and feet.  
 Tooraloo, tooraloo, &c.

## 'TIS THAT DEAR SONG.

*Andantino.*

The Poetry by Barry St. Leger; the Music by C. M. Sola.



My soul's self drank  
The sounds which sank  
From your lips in tone so sweet, love;  
And that eye of light  
Grew still more bright,  
As the lay caus'd our looks to meet, love!

Those eyes are shut,  
Those lips are mute,  
That voice for ever is flown, love;—  
O! never again  
Let me hear the strain,  
Which I used to call my own, love!

### THE RIGHT ROAD.

Irish Melody, 'Castle Thowen,' to Moore's 'Remember me;' the Poetry by Thomas Davis, published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Nation.'

*Moderate.*



If to rank or fame you soar,  
Out your spirit frankly pour—  
Men will serve you and adore,  
Like a king.  
Woo your girl with honest pride,  
Till you've won her for your bride—  
Then to her, through time and tide,  
Ever cling.

Never under wrongs despair;  
Labour long, and everywhere  
Link your countrymen, prepare,  
And strike home.  
Thus have great men ever wrought;  
Thus must greatness still be sought;  
Thus labour'd, lov'd, and fought,  
Greeks and Rome.

### SWEET NORAH OF LIFFY'S SIDE.

The Words by C. Dibdin, the younger; the Music by G. Broad.

*Alf. tempo.*

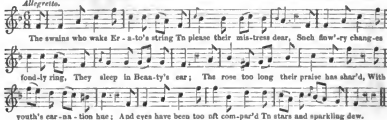


I sought my native cot again,  
But, ah! I sought for thee in vain,  
Sweet Norah!

The maid was false, though I was true,  
And peace for thee I bade adieu,  
Sweet Norah!

## THE SWAINS WHO WAKE ERATO'S STRING.

The Poetry by David Thomson | the Music to Mozart's Air, 'Kamm Lieber May und mache.'  
*Allegretto.*



The planet's mild and silent beam  
Still like thine eye may glow;  
But where's the soul-enchanting gleam  
That melts at joy or woe?  
And roses may be found as fair  
As those on which I gaze;  
But where's the flush that rises there,  
The smile that round it plays?

And still to close their passive lay,  
They say that, like a flow'r,  
The charms of youth must soon decay,  
And lose their 'witching pow'r':  
O! ne'er let thoughts like these be nigh,  
Thy frolic joys to shade;  
For many a rose shall round thee die,  
Before thy beauties fade.

## OUR YOUTH IS LIKE THE FAIRY TALE.

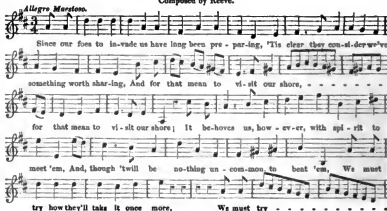
To the above Music; the Poetry by David Thomson.

Our youth is like the fairy tale  
Which charm'd the Sultan's ear;  
What blissful visions then we hail,  
What palaces we rear!  
Our splendid halls and lofty tow'rs  
Invite their youthful guest;  
As if the potent lamp were ours,  
The eastern youth possess'd.  
And when, alas! with fond delight,  
We n'er such wonders gaze,  
Like his our palace takes its flight,  
Nor leaves one distant trace!

Yet, though his flatt'ring dream of bliss  
Was soon in grief to close,  
The wondrous lamp again was his,  
Again his tow'rs arose.  
But when the dark magician Care  
Has swept our joys away,  
No genius of the ring is there,  
Its master to obey;  
When youth his vanish'd fabric mourns,  
In vain he sheds the tear;  
No lamp of hope again returns  
Its airy halls to rear!

## THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Composed by Reeve.



how they'll take it once more. . . . . So fill, fill your  
 glass-ees, be this the toast giv'n: 'Here's England for e-ver! the land, boys, we live in!' So  
 fill, fill your glass-ees, be this the toast giv'n: 'Here's England for e-ver, huz - za! Here's  
 England for e-ver, huz - za! Here's En-land for e-ver, the land, boys, we live in!'

Here's a health to our tars on the wild ocean rang-  
 ing.— [ing,—  
 Perhaps even sowsome broadsides they're exchang-  
 We'll on soapoard, and join in the fight;  
 And when with the foe we are firmly engaging,  
 Till the fire of our guns bulks the sea in its raging,  
 On our country we'll think with delight.  
 So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

On that throne where once Alfred in glory was  
 seated,  
 Long, long may our queen by her people be greeted;  
 O! to guard her we'll be of one mind:  
 May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,  
 And continue the blessings they first were intended,  
 In union the nation to bind.  
 So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

## BELIEVE ME, THE SPELL IS UNBROKEN.

Composed by Henry J. West, R.A. of Music.

*Moderato.*  
 Be - lieve me the spell is un - bro-ken, Which thy ma - gi - cal bean-ty has wrought;  
 Each scene but pre - sents me some to - ken, Some sweetness with which thou art fraught!  
 If I rove in the garden of Flo - ra, While charm'd with the bean-ties I see, I  
*Ritardando.*  
 think I should scarce - ly a - dore her, If her bean-ties re - sem - bled not  
*a tempo.*  
 thee. Then be - lieve me the spell is un-broken, Which thy ma - gi - cal bean - ty has  
 wrought; Each scene but pre-sents me some token, Some sweetness with which thou art fraught!  
 How often, in search of some pleasure,  
 On Gallia's banks I have stray'd;  
 Have danc'd to the light-bounding measure,  
 While the jets-d'can in sweet murmurs play'd.

But still there was something seem'd wanting,  
 Amidst all the radiance that shone;  
 'Twas the sound of thy voice so enchanting,—  
 I heard not its musical tone.  
 Believe me, &c.



## THE YORKSHIRE CONCERT.

*Allegretto.*

The Words by C. Dibdin, the Younger; the Music by W. Reeve.

l'xe a Yorkshire-man just come to town, And my com-log to town was a gay day; For  
For - tune has here set me down, Wait - ing - gen - tie - man to a fine la - dy. My  
la - dy gives ga - las and routs, And her treats of the town are the talk here, Bot nothing I'xe  
seeo here a - bouts, E - quals ooe that was giv - en in York - shire. Ri tol lol de rol  
lol de rol, Ri tol loi de rol, lol de rol, Ti tol lol de rol loi de rol.

Johny Fig was a green and white grocer,  
In business as brisk as an eel, sir;  
None than Jobo to the shop could stick closer,  
Bot his wife thought it quite ungentle, sir.  
Her neighbors resolv'd to cut out, sir,  
And astonish the rustic parishoners,  
She invited 'em all to a rout, sir,  
And ax'd all the village musiciansers.

Ri tol lol de rol, &amp;c.

The company met, gay as larks, sir,  
Drove forth all as free as blow roses;  
The concert commec'd with the clerk, sir,  
Who chaunted the 'Vicar and Moses.'  
The barber sang 'Gall'ry of Wigs,' sir;  
The gun'men all said 'twas the dandy;  
And the ladies encor'd Johny Fig, sir,  
Who volunteer'd 'Drops of Brandy.'

Ri tol lol de rol, &amp;c.

The baker he sang a good hatch,  
While the lawyer, for harmony willing,  
With the bailiff he join'd to a catch,  
And the ootes of the hotcher were killing.  
The wheelwright he put in his spoke,  
The schoolmaster hogg'd oo with furor;  
The coalman he play'd the 'Black Joke,'  
And the fishwoman sang a bravura.

Ri tol lol de rol, &amp;c.

To strike the assembly with wonder,  
The Miss Screams a quietette loud as Boreas  
Sang, and wak'd farmer Thrasher's dog Thunder,  
Who, starting up, join'd in the chorus;  
While a donkey, the melody marking,  
Chim'd in too, which made a wag say, 'Sir,  
Attend to the Rector of Barking's  
Doct with the Vicar of Bray, sir.'

Ri tol lol de rol, &amp;c.

A brise-toh half full of beef, salted,  
Madame Fig had trick'd out for a seat, sir,  
Where the tailor to sing was exalted,  
But the cov'ring crack'd under his feet, sir.  
Soip was sons'd in the brine, but, soon rising,  
Baw'd out, while they laugh'd at his grief, 'Sir,  
Is't a matter so monet'rous surpris'd,  
To see pickled cabbage with beef, sir.'

Ri tol lol de rol, &amp;c.

To a ball the concert gave way,  
And for dancing no souls could be riper;  
So struck up like 'The Devil to Pay,'  
While poor Johny Fig paid the piper.  
Bot the best thing came after the ball;  
To finish the whole with perfection,  
Madame Fig ax'd the gentilefolks all  
To sop on a nice cold collection.

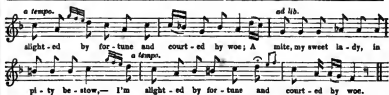
Ri tol lol de rol, &amp;c.

## BEAUTY IN TATTERS.

*Andante.*

The Words by F. Bryan; the Music by Augustus Voigt.

I'm a lit - tie for - lorn, and my tale is of sor - row: From vil - lage to vil - lage I  
stray; The clouds that ob - scure me to - day may to - mor - row En - tire - ly  
dark - en my way. *ad lib.* A mite, my sweet la - dy, in pi - ty be - stow, - I'm



Ah me! my poor bosom's for ever bewailing  
 The day my dear parents were heard;  
 For fate on the orphan her frowns are entailing,—  
 Of days, sure that day was the worst.  
 A mite, my sweet lady, in pity bestow,—  
 I'm slighted by fortune and courted by woe.

Theo in the next blast should your suppliant perish,  
 Remorse will not add to your grief;  
 Though vain the endeavour to comfort ana cheriah,  
 A laurel adorns the relief.  
 'Tis something, sweet lady, in pity bestow,—  
 I'm slighted by fortune and courted by woe.

### WHEN THE SPRIGHTLY FIFE AND DRUM.

The Poetry by Fox; the Music by Hook.



My Henry is a comely youth,  
 No one can him excel;  
 Good-nature, innocence, and truth,  
 Does ever with him dwell;  
 Though snavious maidens sometimes say,  
 Because he's far from me,  
 That I shall find, some future day,  
 He will inconstant be:  
 But they'll as'er mar my peace of mind,  
 Though they make much ado;  
 For something tells me I shall find  
 My Henry will be true.

Ye heav'nly powers! protect my swain,  
 Preserves him in the fight!  
 O! do not let him sow be slain,  
 But wait him to my sight;  
 Though he has left me three long years,  
 Soon as the war be o'er,  
 I hope to banish all my fears,  
 And from him part no more;  
 Then, nothing will our peace destroy,  
 But pleasure will ensue;—  
 O! how my heart will leap for joy,  
 To find my Henry true.

## DAY AGAIN IS ENDING.

The Poetry by G. Sonas, A.B.; arranged to the Air 'Al Mio Pregar' in Rossini's Opera of 'Semiramide.'  
Published in Davidson's 'Gems of Foreign Opera.'

*Andante.*

Day a - gain is end - - - ing, Light with dark-ness blend -  
a piece.  
ing; For all thy good-ness done, For all thy good - - - - -ness  
done, We bless thee then, we bless thee then, thou Ho - ly one.  
The earth its fruits has given, For all thy goodness done  
Refresh'd by dews from heaven; We bless thee then, thou Holy One.

## BE A GOOD BOY, AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

Composed by J. Whitaker.

*Allegro con Spirito.*

When I was at home with my father and mother, I beat the ould cou-ple and Tha-dy my  
brother—At larn-ing I mean, for I has-died my spade, And nate-ly I fol-low'd the  
turn-cut-ting trade: But ould Fa-ther Mur-phy, our pa-rish di-rec-tor, He now and then  
gave me a bit of a lec-ture: 'Ar-rah, Bar-ney,' says he, 'you're a froi-ic-some  
elf, But be a good boy, and take care of your-self. With your too-rie loi,  
too-rie loi, too-rie loi loo, too-rie loi, loo-rie loi, too-rie loi loo.'

My Judy I lov'd, and oft gave her a kiss,—  
'Pie, Barney,' says she, but we took it amiss;  
One night I took leave,—says I, 'Judy, I'm off,'  
But heard, as I thought, in the closet a cough;  
So I open'd the door, and I star'd like a pig,—  
There stood ould Father Murphy without hat or  
wig:  
'Arrah, Father,' says I, 'you're a frolicsome elf,  
But be a good boy, and take care of yourself,  
With your toorie loi,' &c.

I was going, but ould Father Murphy cried, 'Stay,—  
We'll settle this matter, I'll tell you the way:  
I'll marry you straight, and then, Barney, you  
know—  
'Thank'e, Father,' says I, 'but I'd much rather go.'  
So to ould Father Marpy I bade a good night,  
And to Judy, I said, what you'll own was quite  
right,—  
'Arrah, Judy' says I, 'you're a frolicsome elf,  
But I'll be a good boy, and take care of myself.  
With my toorie loi,' &c.

## SILLY MAIDS.—'BEATRICE'S SONG.'

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; the Music by Edward J. Loder.—Published by Davidson.  
*Allegro Scherzando.*

Sil - ly maids, would you grow wan For that thing of bu-mours, man? Sil-ly maids,  
would you grow wao For that thing of hu-mours, man? When they're best, we do oot  
*pie lents.*  
need them! When they're worst, may heav'n speed them! When they're worst, may heav'n  
speed them! Then let them go, with 'No, oo, no!' Then let them go, with  
'No, no, no!' And free as air, And free as air, We'll lead apes in— You know where,  
*ad lib.*  
you know where, you know where! We'll lead apes in— you know where!  
Men were only made to be If you trust meo, oear and far,  
Slaves to do us courtesy! O! what angels women are!  
When they come a wooing, try it,— That is till they're won, poor creatures!  
There's oot one will dare deny it. Then men change both soog and features!  
Then let them go, &c. Theo let them go, &c.

## DE DANDY BROADWAY SWELL.

Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

*Con Spirito.*

You've heard ob dan - dy Nig-gers, but you should see dis coon, A strut-tin' down de  
Broadway, some Sunday ar-ternoo!— I steal de hearts ob all de gals, I jealous all de men;—Do  
*Repeat in Chorus.*  
just oberbe me when I turn—De pink you'll call me deo. For I'm de flow'r, de pink, de rose, As  
all de gals can tell; De fair sex all ad-mire de cut Ob de dan-dy Broadway swell.  
I wears a splendid gold guard chain, dat I bought of Mister Peet;  
But my watch I leaves for safety wid my uncle down de street;—  
My ruffles and my collar, too, are like de lily white, And so dey ought, considerin' I wash 'em eb'ry night!  
For I'm de flow'r, &c.  
My coat is padded up a bit, to make my chest look broad,— [a sword;  
You'd take me for some oobleman if I ooly wore  
Moustachios, too, I sometimes wears, but lost 'em both ooe day— [away!  
De gum got wet, it blow'd a gale, and so dey blow'd For I'm de flow'r, &c.  
And if about some lady some gemman ask my card, He'll sod my oame is Julius Caesar Couot Lord  
Marquis Marr'd; [ob mioe  
So, darlie ladies, miod your eyes, for just a glance Would teach you what it is to gaze oo meo like me dat shine! For I'm de flow'r, &c.

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The Poetry by David Thomson, to Mozart's Air 'Qui vienno non s'aucende,' in the Opera of 'Il Flauto Magico.'

*Larghetto.*



Can na-tive scenes de-light me While sad I muse a-lone? No wel-comes  
now in-vite me, For all I love are gone! Each ro-sy bow'r, each sil-  
shade, The stream-let wind-ing through the glade, A-round me all ap-  
pear un-chang'd, As if by spells for e-ver spread, As if the sum-mer ne'er had  
fled; Nor e'en a way-ing leaf been shed, Since near them last I rang'd!

O! how those wilds enchanted,  
As there we rov'd along,  
By sweetest echoes haunted,  
That oft return'd our song!  
Methinks its plaintive notes I hear,  
Oft breath'd by lips I lov'd so dear;—  
Alas! its notes I may recall,  
But, ah! will Time my voice obey?  
Or light that evening's vernal ray,  
When love inspir'd each tuneful lay,  
And lent a charm to all?

When flow'rs, their charms resigning,  
Neglected round are cast;  
When nature, all declining,  
Awaits the wintry blast;  
The few last days that beam awhile,  
And leave us with a parting smile,

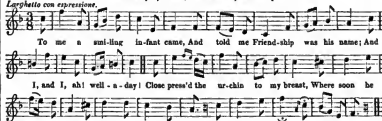
May oft recall the gleam of spring;  
But only show how bright it shone,  
To tell us that the spring is gone,  
That all its op'ning sweets are flown  
On Time's unwear'd wing!

And thus, when grief has shaded  
Our day, that swift declines;  
When all the flow'rs have faded  
Which ling'ring hope entwines  
If e'er by chance we sadly roam  
To hail again our native home,  
Its tranquil scenes may please awhile,  
But bring to mind our early day,  
And bloom so sweet, and look so gay,  
To tell that youth has pass'd away,  
Like summer's transient smile!

## TO ME A SMILING INFANT CAME.

The Poetry by Toms; the Music by M. Sharp.

*Larghetto con espressione.*



To me a smi-ling in-fant came, And told me Friend-ship was his name; And  
I, and I, ah! well-a-day! Close press'd the ur-chin to my breast, Where soon he  
rob'd my soul of rest;—'Twas Love, 'twas Love, 'Twas Love, 'twas Love,—Ah! well-a-day!

Then, should you e'er the traitor meet,  
Ah! ne'er believe his accents sweet,  
For he, ah! well-a-day!

Will flatter only to betray;  
He wounds the heart, then flies away!  
False Love,—ah! well-a-day!

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## MY AIN KIND DEARY, O!

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Affettuoso.*



Will ye gang o'er the lee rigg, Mine ain kind dea-ry, O? And cud -dle there sae  
kind-ly wi' me, my kind dea-ry, O? At thor - ny dyke and ber - ken tree, We'll  
daff and ne'er be wen-ry, O! They'll seugill seen frae you and me, Mine ain kind dea-ry, O!

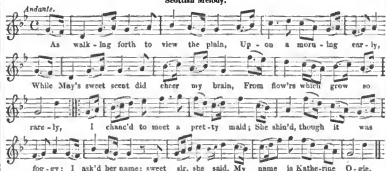
Nae herds wi' kent nor colly there,  
Shall ever come to fear ye, O!  
But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,  
Shall woo, like me, their deary, O!  
While others herd their lambs and caes  
And toil for warld's gear, my jo,  
Upon the lee, my pleasure grows,  
Wi' you, my kind deary, O!

When lads at e'en, wi' dancing keen,  
Court lassies for their gear, O!  
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,  
My ain kind deary, O!  
Forthough the night be ne'er so wet,  
And I am ne'er so weary, O!  
I'll go far o'er the ice rigg,  
Wi' thee, my kind deary, O!

## KATHERINE OGIE.

Scottish Melody.

*Andante.*



As walk - ing forth to view the plain, Up - on a morn - ing ear - ly,  
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain, From flow'rs which grow so  
rare - ly, I chanc'd to meet a pret - ty maid; She shin'd, though it was  
fog - gy; I ask'd her name; sweet air, she said, My name is Kathe - rine O - gie.

I stood awhile, and did admire,  
To see a nymph so stately;  
So brisk an air there did appear,  
In a country maid so neatly;  
Such natural sweetness she display'd,  
Like a lillie in a bogie;  
Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
Like this same Katherine Ogie.  
Thou flower of females, beauty's queen,  
Who sees thee, sure, must prize thee;  
Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,  
Yet these cannot disguise thee:  
Thy handsome air and graceful look  
Far excel any clownish rogue;  
Thou art a match for lord or duke,  
My charming Katherine Ogie.  
O, were I but some shepherd swain!  
To feed my flock beside thee,  
At boughten-time to leave the plain,  
In milking to abide thee,

I'd think myself a happier man,  
With Kate, my club, and dogie,  
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
Had I but Katherine Ogie.  
Then I'd despise the imperial throne,  
And statesmen's dangerous stations;  
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
I'd smile at conquering nations,  
Might I careen and still possess  
This lass, of whom I'm vorgie;  
For these are toys, and still look less,  
Compar'd with Katherine Ogie.  
But, I fear, the gods have not decreed  
For me so fine a creature,  
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
All other works in nature.  
Clouds of despair surround my love,  
That are both dark and fogie;—  
Pity my case, ye powers above,  
Else I die for Katherine Ogie!

## THE WIFE.

The Poetry translated from the German of Stolberg; the Music by Mozart.

*Andante.*

Let him thank his God for this  
Pure o'erflowing cup of bliss;  
Pain may never linger near,  
With such friend to soothe and cheer.

She, like moonlight, mild and fair,  
Smiles away each gloomy care,  
Kisses dry man's secret tears,  
And with flowers his pathway cheers

When his boiling heart heaves high,  
Flashing fire from his eye;  
When kind Friendship seeks in vain  
Passion's wild career to rein,—

Then her gentle step is near;  
Softly drops her soothing tear,  
As when evening dew comes down  
On the meadows scorched and brown.

Some have sought their bliss in gold;  
Some for fame their peace have sold;—  
Gold and glory in the hand  
Crumble like a ball of sand.

Heaven sends man the faithful wife;  
Life without her is not life;  
And, when life is o'er, her love  
Gilds a brighter scene above.

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The National Anthem; the Music ascribed to Dr. Bull.—Published by Davidson.

*Andante.*

O! Lord, our God, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall:  
Confound their politics;  
Frustrate their knavish tricks;—  
On Thee our hopes we fix;—  
O! save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store  
On her be pleas'd to pour—  
Long may she reign!  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing, with heart and voice,  
God save the Queen!

END OF VOL. I.







